

Ode to an aging body



Good morning to you
corpus meam.
Let's arise and carpe diem!
Now awaken
legs of lead!
Help me clamber
from my bed.
Stretch, contracted
plantar fasciae;
flex now, joints, and oil my bursae
as I mount
on my calcanae.
Forward, now, you staggery gait
Rheumy eyes, accommodate
Beneath each one's a bag
matching my
(slight) submental sag.
Sit now with a sigh
On unpadded glutei.
Protect my flaking epidermis
From cuts and bruises and
ecchymoses.
Teeth, don't crumble when I bite,
Bladder see me through the night.

—Myron F. Weiner, MD

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