



## THE AGING SOLOIST

There is a joyous song to life  
I could with passion sing.  
But now I fear I'm losing voice  
And melodic rendering.

I need a chorus to accompany  
That knows of staves and clefs.  
No longer dare I sing alone—  
No pitch, no range, no breaths.

So chorus sing your hymn of joy  
But let me hum along.  
Some part of me in harmony  
Prolongs my life in song.

*Raymond C. Roy, MD, PhD*