

more often than not or at least as often
as we grow old
we grow odder.
our language changes in the minutiae
of the expanse
we are soon
to face.
words become reckless.
things come out of the shadows
knowing our first names.
we crumple up
invitations we used to accept
because we cannot get there
or if we can then we cannot stay awake
long enough for it to matter.
we do not fix things
that we will not be using much longer.
maintenance schedules get smaller.
where we go gets closer.
where we stop happens sooner.
we skip the supporting evidence
and just state the point as we
try to remember it.
the only increases in our existence
are in the solicitation prayers
about pain
and are in revenge prayers for those who ignore our first
prayers. our tastes become naked and honest
because dressing them takes too long and dishonesty

is not an effort you want to make on the way to the bathroom.
we begin to talk to animals more
if we remember to feed them
and if they stick around
long enough to become
faithful pets
or familiars.
everything they tell you that is
designed for easy access
becomes more difficult.
groceries become softer.
suspicions become facts.
things need to be hidden from
those who want to take
advantage of you.
you hide your possessions
but forget to make treasure maps.
you hear people talking about you
behind your back as they
stand in front of you
because they think you cannot hear
and so what if you did
what are you going
to do about it
if you want
another
blanket
to keep your legs warm.

and your
god becomes oh my god
and your
big dream is that
the enameled bedpan
belongs
to
someone else.
becoming odd would be odd if you did not
as you become
older.

more often than not.
wf.h.
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