

meat rots...

no way to make the idea  
of aging clearer than that.

dress it up for an evening ballroom dance

take it for a nature walk in a flowering garden

comb its hair and let it accept honors

but nothing changes the facts.

so what...

i will not worry about it

until i cannot kill the flies faster than they gather

or i look down at the soles of my household slippers

and see they are coming to terms with time and the a

universe with wormholes.

no way.

wf.h.

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