

Sixty seven
By Rob Bowley

And yes, sixty seven's a good age ...or ought to be.
They tell me of calm and solace and tranquillity,
and daughters bringing men and joy, or ought to do,
home to the hills, for Mum and Dad to judge and view.
And so what, a few new signs of body's ails and fade,
it's what it does, it's what it's for, no cause for those tirades.
If we can't see now where all this motion's going,
it must be us, it must be our unreason growing.
Reason says the years are spent, not banked away,
and reason shows that spend has bought honeyed decay.