

Suck it Up Grandpa

Aging Warrior

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There is pity for the fallen warrior...
Was his loss for naught?
What of the aging warrior who stood and fought
and now fights the night?

What angel values the geezer-warrior,
Old and gray, a relic of ancient wars?
Knees strain to lift, and fail, predicting weather in three states.
Back, a pulsing nerve like a kidney-punch squared.
Bones grinding, creaking, popping, aching with the weather.
Chemo and all that entails.
His smile upon grandkids a deformed grimace,
A mascaraed of normal.
Suck it up Grandpa.

Do angels of The Lord laugh?
Or fallen angels hope for a curse?
Does either give or plague or damn,
Or care to ease his pain if only for a moment?

The aging warrior draws comfort from simple things:
A pattering rain, a quiet house, majestic mountains forested in pine,
hope to stay awake when family visits (and waking to find the wife's
cat sleeping on his lap just to torment him), and *hope of hopes*
a good night sleep.

Fled youth and strong body to shuffling-dotage carcass in the cold,
and somewhere in between. A failing vessel sopped with seven
decades and more, yet a still sharp mind, to know his body is
upon the rocks of decades.

Suck it up Grandpa.