

MY BIRTHDAY

If you're still are alive, when you reach sixty five,
You've done a lot of living,
It's a wonderful show, you learn as your go,
By some taking, and by much giving,

By making new friends, your life never ends,
But only grows more fully,
You live here and now, you have really learned how,
To prevent your brain growing wooly,

Though you think a bit less, of the world and it's mess,
It's a blessing to let it not get you,
You find there's more time, to play with a rhyme,
And do many things which you used to,

You find a new way, to enjoy every day,
It's a challenge to make it inviting,
And with some slight luck, you will never get stuck,
With a day which proves unexciting,

When some days bring rain, or an unusual pain,
You know they will not be lasting,
You turn them to gain, or at least in the main,
Let them go, and rejoice in their passing,

And if you are lucky, or a little bit plucky,
And pursue the dreams of your youth,
You will find all the time, to make a new rhyme,
And old Father Time put to spoof,

If you still are alive, when you reach sixty five,
It's not such a terrible fix,
Close your eyes and reach out, without any doubt,
You'll find you are soon sixty six.

by John D. Boenke
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