

30th December, 2021.

How easy it is, to be is and then was

How easy it is,
To be is and then was,
To have one's hair, sometime ago,
So full of black,
Now fallen grey,
To have that skin once silky smooth,
Now crumpled clay,
To have those eyes once lively white,
Now sunken dull,
To have that face, once an angel's delight
Now a fading memory
Struggling to fight off those creasy lines,
To have that voice that once delivered money notes,
Now a croaked reminder of that smoky tone,
To have those chests, once a warrior's pride,
Now sagging past its prime,
To have those knees
Which once aided those elegant steps,
Now have a painful knock off
On each other, at every attempted step,
To have longed for a future
Which was now a remnant of the past,
To have been young and vibrant
Then to have life stifled out of you,
To have been here for a long time,
And then to be gone, in just one split second.