

Age Poem

When I was young my slippers were red,
I could kick up my heels right over my head.

When I was older my slippers were blue,
But I could still dance the whole night through.

Now I am old, my slippers are black,
I walk to the store and puff my way back.

The reason my youth is now all spent?
My get up and go got up and went.

But I really don't mind, when I think with a grin,
Of all the grand places my get up has been.

Since I've retired from life's competition,
I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up in the morning and dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the obits.

If my name's not there, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.