

Crabby Old Man

What do you see nurses? . . . What do you see?
What are you thinking when you're looking at me?
A crabby old man, not very wise,
Uncertain of habit with faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food and makes no reply .
When you say in a loud voice "I do wish you'd try!"
Who seems not to notice the things that you do.
And forever is losing a sock or a shoe?

Who, resisting or not lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding. the long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking? . . Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse . . . you're not looking at me..

I'll tell you who I am. . . as I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding, . . . as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of ten . . . with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters who love one another.

A young boy of sixteen with wings on his feet
Dreaming that soon now a lover he'll meet..
A groom soon at twentymy heart gives a leap.
Remembering, the vows that I promised to keep.

At twenty-five, now I have young of my own.
Who need me to guide . . and a secure happy home.
A man of thirty My young now grown fast,
Bound to each other . . . With ties that should last.

Crabby Old Man – continued

At forty, my young sons . . . have grown and are gone,
But my woman's beside me . . . to see I don't mourn.

At fifty, once more, . . babies play 'round my knee,
Again, we know children . . . My loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me . . . my wife is now dead.

I look at the future shudder with dread..

For my young are all rearing . . . young of their own.
And I think of the years,. and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man and nature is cruel.

Tis jest to make old age look like a fool.

The body, it crumbles grace and vigour, depart.

There is now a stone where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass . . . a young guy still dwells,

And now and again my battered heart swells.

I remember the joys I remember the pain.

And I'm loving and living life over again.

I think of the years, all too few gone too fast.

And accept the stark fact . . . that nothing can last.

So open your eyes, people open and see.

Not a crabby old man. Look closer see **ME!!**