

One day you realize he's like
a worn out shoe, a flannel shirts years
past keeping.
Not so much a prize, this old man
next to you,
His mouth half-open as he's sleeping.

He's almost broken now,
 eyes failing
palsied hands,
muscles slack where
once was power.
You watch him wondering
how knowing
that life ends commands
your fears deep
in this morning hour.

But something
in him
keeps you
thinking of him kindly.
in the rising sun
a teardrop gleams.
You touch him as
he sleeps
he reaches
for you blindly, taking you
with him in his dreams.