

BECAUSE OF YOU, LOVE, MUCH IS STILL TO BE

Each change my enemy bestows on me
Leaves less to salvage, more to try to mend
With failing muscle in the verb "to be."

Well-meaning pals insist no one can see
A difference; I've no cause to try to fend
Off changes tyrant time bestows on me.

Markind is his unwilling employee,
Without insurance, or a dividend
For failing muscle in the verb "to be."

We're pronouns subject to catasrophe.
Yet you teach me acceptance, you befriend
The changes tyrant time bestows on me.

Your smile belies you're age's legatee;
You stand, a model, you do not depend
On failing muscle in the verb "to be."

Though our accounts of years do not agree,
You show me dignity, the way to bend
With change, and you've begun to build in me,
Unfailing muscle in the verb "to be."