

THANKS TO YOU, LOVE, MUCH IS STILL TO BE

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

I try to tell myself no one can see
The difference; there's no reason to defend
Each change my enemy has made in me.

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

We're pronouns subject to catastrophe.
Yet you teach me acceptance, you befriend
Each change my enemy has made in 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've shown me dignity, the way to bend
Each change my enemy has made in me,
Each failing muscle in the verb "to be."