

JAM'S PLAYGROUND THE EMAIL FILE

Seniors' Lament

Just a line to say I'm living - that I'm not among the dead,
Though I'm getting more forgetful and mixed up in the head,
For sometimes I can't remember when I stand at the foot of the stairs,
If I must go up for something or...I've just come down from there.

And before the fridge...so often my poor mind is filled with doubt,
Have I just put the food away, or have I come to take it out?
And then there are times it's dark out with my nightcap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring... or, just getting out of bed.

So if it's my turn to write you, there's no need getting sore,
I may think I have written, and don't want to be a bore.
There I stood beside the mail box with my face so very red,
Instead of mailing you my letter, I had opened it...instead.