

My Sell-by Date

when will I have reached
memory's slippery slope?
are there clear signposts?

point of no return,
death's door of choice will shut tight,
I'll lose exit's key

as sell-by date nears
or if hers precedes my own
we may share the plunge

I forget friends' names,
new games' rules befuddle me,
I repeat myself,

I like "the old way,"
I reveal more than I should,
as in this haiku

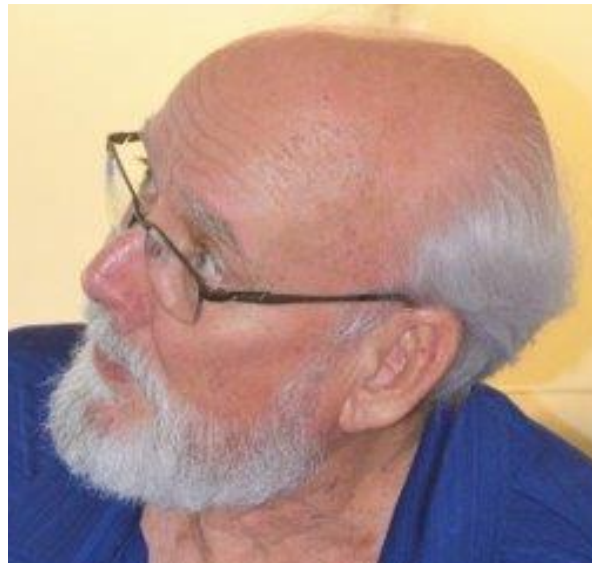


Photo 16 April 2023, age 77, thinking mortal thoughts

17 April 2023

