

Wobbly Old Men

A comfortable place
You've come to my friend;
Where the ceiling fans purr
And the wobbly old men
Murmur and stir

As a crowd gathers round
In the bar length mirror;
These are the memories
Distant and dear

The ripe old blend
Of tobacco and friend;
Hangs thick in the air
As the hearts slowly mend

Reliving the days
Again and again;
Gripping those moments
Avoiding the end

The moments, the fragments
The lives long ago;
Are polished and gleaming
Like lips in the snow

And every old minute
Is fondled and treasured;
Not missed
Not regretted
But greeted and measured

There is no regret
For the passing of time;
Every soul that was met
Was a step in the climb

It seems like a lot
To be asked on the spot;
Are the memories enough
Or is that all you've got

But our wobbly old men
Are not lost in confusion,
The life that they led
Is not an illusion

But merely an act
In a plot not their choosing

*