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The Beginning of a Mid-life Crisis

David A. Clayman

Thirty...
A single year past twenty-nine,
but in a summary light years away from fun.
The big three-o,
this is definitely a number with depression written all over it.
I can already feel it crawling up my legs
crashing straight into my brain.
Oh the Alzheimer’s stealthy reminder.
THIRTY!
The one word realization that in all actuality
I have not accomplished a single fucking thing in my previous twenty-nine years,
however, in doing nothing,
I did somehow accomplish with certainty to completely destroy my body.
My knees creak and clank with every movement,
fingers refuse to open all the way, eyes are blurry, hearing is shit,
and finally, to add insult to injury,
when I piss there is always a multiple of streams,
spraying all astray so that aiming has become a worthless task.
Which brings me back to my decrepit knees,
I am always having to bend down in agony to sop up all of my waywardly pissings,
and as if my manly ego had not taken a blow before,
I add a crack, a grunt, and an old man sigh to remedy this.
So now I sit like a woman.
And why not! The smell of urine just reminds me of a geriatric center,
and that is not a thought that I want lingering in my head
chomping away like a disease eating at my already fading pride.