When you reach 70
You’re always walking into the wind
Only to find yourself at the urinal
Again

And as one, then another
Young buck with stallion’s flow
Sidles up to the tank

You look longingly down
For the hydrant blow
Of long ago

So, stuck in the puddle
Of urge and age and time
You close your eyes
And catch a few zzzzs

Only to awaken
Strangely refreshed
And drained
Ready for more wind
More rain

*Martin Kohn, PhD*