



Old Love

Where she lies,
My love at 75
And I near 80.
Her jeans-clad leg
Swung across the bed
Climbing my withered frame
Reaching for the pacemaker of my
Heart.
Caressing the taut blue-veined skin revealing
The battery that drives my pulse;
Seeking closeness to the scarred, imperfect heart
of me.
With hands distorted by use and aging;
And love transcending time,
Youth,
And old age.

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