

## The Aging Stroke

Average and tired  
your letter  
commits your love for me  
to a bitter death  
of boredom. Those fragile years  
are another poem, now,  
weeping, belly down  
in the palms of my hands.

This is the part of growing old  
that maims me: the realization  
that our young hearts  
feared only  
time's physical demise,  
never this soft submission,  
this tired erosion  
of love.

MIKE HOWARD