

THOUGHTS ON GROWING OLD

I'm no different from countless others, better souls, many, I'm sure,
Who have trod this path before me.

I have no wisdom,
No witty sayings,
Deep thoughts,
Moving passages
To pass along to you.

When young, when I would look at pictures
of those of my people who had passed before me,
I always wondered who they were.
For some reason, in my imagination, at least,
They were great.
Not famous.
Nor rich.
Not a single entertainer or celebrity,
Sports star,
Or famous politician among them.

Which didn't even give me pause, because I knew,
From their faces,
The age of the photos,
Their simple, straightforward gaze,
Unassuming, yet proud
That, indeed,
They were great.
And because of them,
Because of their gifts to me,
I, too, was great.

And, yes, all the same caveats apply.

Now that I'm old, I look on photos of those coming behind me,
Our own girls,
Colin and Seán, Peter and Finn
And I see that same look.
That same gaze – yes,
That certain sense of something.
And I know I'm ready to move on – become one of those photos myself.

The path to greatness is as sure, as certain and as simple as that.