

## **WE HAD BEST BE GETTING ON WITH IT**

They told me I had only years to live.  
That I had best be getting on with it.  
That time was a-wasting.

It was sobering news.  
If I had ever had silly thoughts or childish notions, they vanished  
like the last vestiges of a late winter's snow  
on the first full sunny day of spring.

My parents took me home,  
laid me in the crib so carefully prepared for my arrival  
and went off somewhere  
to celebrate the coming of their first-born son.

I was left alone to contemplate.  
Years ... that was my fate.  
Sentenced to death in the very moment my life had begun.

I cried.  
I cried often, I think.  
And swore, then and there,  
to live out my life in silence,  
not a word,  
ever,  
would pass my lips.  
I'd not give them that satisfaction.

Years passed, with seldom an idle moment.  
My resume more like a weather forecast.  
Yet, here I stand,  
old, crumbling, long since full of speech,  
with little time to tarry.

They said I'd best be getting on with it.  
They were right.

Time is a-wasting ... for all of us.