Smaller and Smaller

I find myself becoming smaller and smaller

Less than before, too soon to fade
Farewell senses, my age on parade

My eyes once true, tell me they lied
Perceptions once knew, fade away, hide

Fingers frozen, reach out to grasp
Slow motion, sloth-like, always the last

No one left to touch, or to hold with care
Catching conversation clues, just empty air

Ears once quivered, by rustling tones
Strain unanswered, to hollow moans

Scream for your voice, yet no refrain
Scent lilac perfume, memories disdain

Is this all? Is this all that's left?
Shrinking smaller, diminished, bereft

Of motion, meaning and such
Of wisdom, of compassion’s touch

Statue carved of memories youth
Subject to time, collapsing in truth

Headstone diminished, rubble abounds
Smaller and smaller, wrestling the ground

Before I go, to dance with the wind
Make age smaller, to bend, to rescind

All that it stole, while I slept awake
In this life stealing, my youth it did take
Folding in unto myself to quit

If I stop my breath to a faint whistling pinhole
And peel my skin back to reveal the death beneath

Would anyone know I was once a girl’s soul?
A person just like you, once alive underneath.

Muscled champion legs
Now barely step

They sway with knees that gave up their fight

My carved torso aches
With numb limbs so still

Sometimes hope is just enough
My fingers carried,
my perceived your message
my ears listed to your words
My body gave birth and now it knows death

A relic visited on calendars mark

You never came to see me

I used to dance like the wind
Model and preen

Took strangers as my own
Forget names with a laugh

Cause crashes with my walk
And turned heads one by one

Now those memories are done
And I'm older and set
Have a family of four
With money to spend

Developed talents and skills
But am lost with out youth

Regret is my shame
I wish I could trade
Give me one day without age
And I'll be thin smooth and sweet
A day without age and I'll dance like the breeze
A day timeout age and I'll beheful again
But please don't leave me here God
In the sad worn a t she'll
For I don't know what to do
In this horrible living hell

Laugh at my self for becom ping as the mother I'd feared
Unable to mov or to dance
Just a slope to n my grim stat of loss
Pdf Entry Information

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Notes: