

A poem for my birthday

Another year passed

Oh how they rack up

They rack up so fast

“You’re as old as you feel”

And “time is subjective”

Tell that to my skin

And the wrinkles collecting

So just once a year

And we’re precisely exact

I’m reminded my age

As a sad point of fact

But nobody knows

What it’s like to be me

Feeling twenty two

Being thirty three