

# Cranky Old Man

By Dave Griffith

What do you see nurses?  
What do you see?  
What are you thinking...  
when you're looking at me?

I'll tell you who I am  
As I sit here so still,  
As I do at your bidding,  
as I eat at your will.

A cranky old man,  
not very wise,  
Uncertain of habit  
with faraway eyes?

I'm a small child of Ten  
with a father and mother,  
Brothers and sisters  
who love one another.

Who dribbles his food  
and makes no reply.  
When you say in a loud voice  
'I do wish you'd try!'

A young boy of Sixteen  
with wings on his feet  
Dreaming that soon now  
a lover he'll meet.

Who seems not to notice  
the things that you do.  
And forever is losing  
A sock or shoe?

A groom soon at Twenty  
my heart gives a leap.  
Remembering, the vows  
that I promised to keep.

Who, resisting or not  
lets you do as you will,  
With bathing and feeding  
The long day to fill?

At Twenty-Five, now  
I have young of my own.  
Who need me to guide  
And a secure happy home.

Is that what you're thinking?  
Is that what you see?  
Then open your eyes, nurse  
you're not looking at me.

A man of Thirty  
My young now grown fast,  
Bound to each other  
With ties that should last.

## Aging Matters!

At Forty, my young sons  
have grown and are gone,  
But my woman is beside me  
to see I don't mourn.

At Fifty, once more,  
Babies play 'round my knee,  
Again, we know children  
My loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me  
My wife is now dead.  
I look at the future  
I shudder with dread.

For my young are all rearing  
young of their own.  
And I think of the years  
And the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man  
and nature is cruel.  
It's jest to make old age  
look like a fool.

The body, it crumbles  
grace and vigour, depart.  
There is now a stone  
where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass  
A young man still dwells,  
And now and again  
my battered heart swells.

I remember the joys  
I remember the pain.  
And I'm loving and living  
life over again.

I think of the years,  
all too few, gone too fast.  
And accept the stark fact  
that nothing can last.

So open your eyes, people  
open and see.  
Not a cranky old man  
Look closer..  
see... ME!!



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Aging People Matter!**

**So Beautifully Said, David! Thank YOU  
for sharing with the World!**