

Not sure where this missive came from, but
I thought it appropriate for my age group.

A LETTER TO MY FRIEND

Just a line to say I'm living,
that I'm not among the dead.
Though I'm getting more forgetful
and more mixed up in the head.

Sometimes I can't remember,
when I stand at the foot of the stairs.
If I must go up for something
or I've just come down from there.

And before the fridge so often,
my poor mind is full of doubt.
Have I just put the food away, or
have I come to take it out.

There are times when it's dark outside
with my nightcap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring, or just
getting out of bed.

So, if it is not my turn to write to you,
there's no need of getting sore.
I may think that I have written
and don't want to be a bore.

So, remember I do love you
and wish that you were here.
But now it is nearly mail time
so, I must say goodbye, my dear.

There I stand before the mailbox
with a face so very red,
instead of mailing you my letter
I had opened it instead.

My bifocals fit,
My dentures are fine,
My hearing aids work,
But I do miss my mind.