



THE RIME OF THE AGING MAY-WINTERER*

O, to seem old in the spring of life's
Not, I deem, yet, though the signs are rife...

How? I am young yet, yes? Can this frost
Ere the cold season buy me some time?
Yes, but, damn' dung! Let's see: What is lost?
Lo! There's no reason—sigh—only rime.

More to the point, kind friend: Take my hoar...
Please! It's for those who're ready for snow.
Yeah, in "*Le Joint*" they'd show me the door,
But: I ain't froze blue, pal; feel the glow!

Hark! 'Tis not seemly to rage at—what?
I have got years til its wars loom. "Cut!"

Blow, fair winds, blow! My sail is still taut;
No winter seas pound this barque...and, yet
Age (it is so) whitens all those caught
Where time's crests tease their frail craft: "Well met!"
(So, old chum, a fine Port for the storm...?)

—A. G. Swanson
3 August, 1997
(...or whenever...)

* An ode to maturational denial, with 1) a rhyme scheme after "Youth and Age", and 2) multiple apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge and other immortals not yet ready for retirement.