

# Ageing

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I think I must be ageing  
when I see these ancient spots  
Adorned upon a face once young  
and now I know it's not.

I guess I must be ageing  
when the wrinkles they appear  
Around my eyes, mouth and forehead  
and even near my ear!

I really must be ageing  
when I need to paint my hair  
For those colours keep on changing  
from dark, to grey, not fair!

I could be really ageing  
when chores are forgotten each day  
I get engrossed in my computer  
And lose too much time, some say.

I reckon I've got to be ageing  
when I forget a familiar name  
It's usually on the tip of my tongue  
that it puts my mind to shame.

I know that I am ageing  
when I feel those aches and pains  
It's our constant change in weather  
I know, especially those rains.

I accept that I'm still ageing  
for that's what my life's about  
With those wrinkles, aches and pains  
I'll keep on living, till I drop out.

I'm glad that I am ageing  
And how lucky can this be?  
That means I'm still alive today  
But can't live for eternity!

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