

BACK ROADS

I stroll these back roads of my mind
As the young step to their treadmills
Dash along cosmopolitan thruways
Jockey for position
Rush to get there
Headed for the same fate
A gulf of misunderstanding
Forever disjoins us
Haughty with age and sagging skin
I stop to rest search empty hallways of mind
Recite old memories which are like
Withering leaves on a blighted tree
I don't disparage the young like a hologram
I appear in their mirrors to foretell
The coming of their own age like a storm cloud
Which never leaves the horizon

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