

**THE ...**

*(Tribute to old Age)*

The vision's almost blurred,  
diagnosed by trachoma.

The ear not always tuned,  
in most cases, out of convenience sake.

The lean and shaking hands,  
not anymore of a strong grip.

The feet so heavy and faltering,  
they have walked many paths before.

The heart that beats faster,  
not with passion or enthusiasm.

The chair he sits upon in solitude,  
lost in a labyrinth of reminiscences.

The dreams of past summer days,  
and long nights full of stars.

The Sports he liked to play,  
and the activities he enjoyed most.

The day his heart leapt  
for the love of his life.

The ups and downs of family strives,  
as children grew and left home.

The experience of failure and success,  
along those long and winding roads.

The day his eyes will forever close,  
as things presumed have all been done.

The chapters from his book of life will end,  
and then, finally, he can rest in eternal peace.

**Salv Sammut**