

Old but Not Obsolete

By Kim Blanchard

(Dedicated to my 10-year-old grandson, Toby)

I figured out why we're alone when we're old
Our kids find us boring, not fun, I am told
From the mouth of a babe to the ears of a granny
The emotions his words stirred were varied and many

(Am I really that old in the eyes of a child?
Have I forgotten how it feels to be young, free and wild?)

We wouldn't have thought so, I still feel like a girl
Still finding adventure and exploring my world
Can it be that I'm obsolete like the 8-track and such?
Can it really be possible, have I changed all that much?

I suppose that we all reach a stage in our lives
When we no longer matter, all that's left is to survive
But I'll fight tooth and nail, to the death if you will,
To maintain my essence, to keep feeling the thrill
Of my life day to day – from daybreak to nightfall
To them I may be boring, but my life is delightful!

I'm still active and curious and face each day with no fear
So please don't count me out, not as long as I'm here

I look older, move slower, but I can keep up with you
In fact, I might venture, I can run circles around you
For when you've given up out of frustration or boredom
I will keep going strong for I've gained more momentum

I have learned how to pace and to watch for the turns
To see 'round those corners and avoid bumps and burns
What you have in abundance is speed and agility
But I have the patience to stay the course to infinity

So make no mistake though I'm older than you
I am not obsolete, just broken in and not new
Getting better with time if you don't look at me close
Though I can't outrun you, I can out think you, no boast!