

On Growing Older

Strawbs

The scarecrow stood with its head held high
Admiring the view from the hill
The waterfall scattered its glistening jewels
As the heron stood gracefully still
It seemed I looked without seeing
I failed to grasp what I saw
For all of Nature's beautiful gifts
I blissfully chose to ignore.

As sandy beaches and soft swelling tides
Invite the inquisitive young
And caviar, oysters and pate de fois
Invite the discerning tongue
So comes the desire to be lost awhile
In the depths of the forest glade
Midst the cool deep greens where ancient oaks
Cast wondrous spells in their shade.

And if sometimes I feel in retrospect
A regret for the waste of my youth
Then I pause to reflect that I still have time
Before growing long in the tooth
To achieve all the things that I should have achieved
When idleness led me astray
And being aware of what I have missed
I'm extending my use of the day.