Christy Young

Adult

Looking Back

Who is that person looking at me?
I don't feel any older, but that old looking glass don't lie.
In my mind I travel back to a simpler time,
When the fish were biting, bucks were fighting.
The creeks and forest call for my return
While my stiff, aching legs constantly burn.

As I wander in my mind, I'm drawn mentally to my old haunts of
Pinnacle Creek, White Oak, and Guyandotte.
Days and nights spent casting a reel, spinning a yarn, or climbing' that hill.
The deer, bass, coons, rabbits and trout,
Climbing those trees as we tried to scout.
We ran, we played, we fought and won as others came and tried to ruin our fun.

The years at first seem to slowly crawl by
Then faster 'n faster time flows as storm clouds in the sky.
Life, love, family, friends and death become the pattern over the years.
Till one day you are left alone, it seems, with no one near.
Those closest to you have passed over to another place,
Nothing to do but wander the halls, the yard, and reside in your "space".

The end is drawing near as my body is gives out.
Tied to a cord I wish I would like to burn.
Breathing is difficult, movement can be agonizing
Many days I do not recognize me.
The end is near, as I've made my peace

While I look forward to the next life, where I will never grow old.

Dreams are just that, dreams.

A way of leaving reality behind, while occupying the mind.

Each day is a gift to be embraced, cherished and shared.

Live life, enjoy the day, expect nothing less than the best of memories.

They will sustain you as you near the end of the journey.