He Ages

by Philip F. Clark

The face will fall and the body weaken, slough, soften, ease into its age

against all our refusals.

What matters is acceptance:

the feel of bone, of surges in the blood; sex is still alert,

but only watches from the slow eye of once, of then. The eloquence of a body

at rest; no, not rest - an encumbrance - until some touch stills him human, surprised; reminded that love is when the body goes away.