

Countdown

by Angela Brett

I'm ninety eight years old, and I am dying.
I'll do the things I still have time to do.
I'll grab life and I'll dance,
for I will not have the chance
to do the rest
before I rest
I knew that in advance.

I'm eighty eight years old, and I am dying.
I'll do the things I never dared to do.
There's still some room to grow,
so I won't lie down below
scared to use,
afraid to lose
the things that soon will go.

I'm seventy eight years old, and I am dying.
I'll be the me my elders never knew.
I'll shatter expectations
of already dead relations
and they would die
to see that I
enjoy such deviations.

I'm sixty eight years old, and I am dying.
I'll do the things I've learnt so well do to.
I'll satisfy my hunger
to be a wisdom-monger;
refine the gold
of getting old
and glitter for the younger.

I'm fifty eight years old, and I am dying.
I'll do the things I always wanted to.
Put the uniform away
and go outside and play

I've saved it up
Now giddy-up
It's not a rainy day!

I'm forty eight years old, and I am dying.
I'll do the things I came alive to do.
I won't live in haste,
'cause there's no time to waste
getting stressed
to be the best
to someone else's taste.

I'm thirty eight years old, and I am dying.
I'll do the things I really want to do.
My time will not be spent
to only pay the rent.
Find my groove
and make the move.
It's time to reinvent.

I'm twenty eight years old, and I am dying.
I'll do the things I don't have time to do,
If I want to be a writer,
I'll pull a near all-nighter
writing rot
of life's garrotte,
the dead line pulling tighter.

I'm now eighteen years old, and I am dying.
I'll do the things it interests me to do.
I've got some things to learn
and I will not miss a turn
bored to tears
by sev'ral years
of what they think will earn.

I'm only eight years old, and I am living.
I'll do the things you show me how to do.
Show me what to do
so I can be like you,

so I'll be free
to be like me.
Live long, live short, live true.

