

# 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.

