

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.

