

# 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.

