

## The Septuagenarian

My days no longer fit me:  
they pinch my toes,  
squeeze my waist,  
strangle my neck.

They've exposed my ankles and wrists,  
bared my fleshy girth and rubbed my pate  
so smooth nothing will adhere.

Economic factors beyond my control  
have closed the store supplying my days.  
I can't find another to outfit me,  
though the younger set sport new days  
they seem to find in abundance.  
How casually they wear their times  
as if they're owed an unlimited supply.  
Eventually, the economy sours.

But what choice do I have?  
I'll stick with my ill-fitting days  
till their buttons pop and their seams  
split, exposing me for what I really am:  
one naked to the light. Then off I'll be to that  
nudist colony where flesh is so unremarkable,  
in time it's as though it's not there.

Darrell Petska

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