

## The Beginning Of Death

The beginning of death is a hair's breadth;  
is a word you can't hear;  
something in the distance you can't quite make out;  
someone's name you don't always remember;  
a forest trail that used to be easy as Tony Curtis;  
a mountain that's grown taller;  
a distance that's added a few miles;  
grand kids you've never met;  
a year that rushes by;  
your late mother visiting in dreams;  
saviours that change sidewalks;  
younger people that ensure you that you look well;  
the voluntary restraining orders you put yourself under;  
a host of things you used to enjoy;  
the many things you don't give a shit about;  
the free vision through one and all;  
your judgement on yourself growing ever more persistent;  
the troubled look in your spouse's face

---

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Ingvar Loco Nordin med Poeter.se id #114094 innehar upphovsrätten