

Life's quite tough without enough,
Years that appear when time treats you rough;
Just as we strive to retire well off,
And celebrate Christmas without a cold or a cough.

Age is realising the stages we reach,
In eras that pass like the tide on a beach;
In all we behold, seems just but an inch,
When people are nice, then life seems a synch.

We hope to become all that we can,
And address every nation and win every man;
For age creeps upon us as it always has done,
So endeavour in love and remember the one.

What now must I do for my dreams to come true,
As age creeps upon me and gives me my due;
I believe in a God who I know will come through,
So I'll trust and obey till the times are anew.

Signed,

I'm thirty four