

## RONALD WALLACE

### *Aging*

"I still think I'm twenty-seven.  
Some mornings I get out of bed  
and it's a good half hour  
before I can figure out  
why I can't straighten up."  
My grandfather pauses, saliva  
dripping from his chin,  
his thin lips quivering.  
"Or I lift the cereal to my mouth  
shaking, incoherent, and wonder who's  
the old fool holding the spoon."  
The evening lengthens,  
shadows slowly caving in between us.  
We do not turn on the lights.  
He cups his empty hands  
together in the dark  
as if they held an answer,  
something palpable.  
"Old age. No, I don't believe it.  
Though my wife has strangely aged enough  
to be her grandmother."  
His clear eyes spark.  
The darkness overtakes us.  
And I watch myself grow older,  
incomprehensibly grow older,  
by the light of my grandfather's voice.