Portrait of An Old Man

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Abstract

Age, the eager chisel of the Sculptor, Hollows out the face, Sharpens the edges, Puckers the left-over substance...
marred by pylon, Veishea-ometer or balloon) where students and faculty could enjoy a quiet, undisturbed tea (less ridiculous?) and exclaim how nice it is to not have to go to class, teach class, or skip class because of Veishea preparations. Everyone would be in fine condition the very next day, and there wouldn’t be a person — committee chairman or “peon” — who’d have to worry about next year’s celebration.

Portrait of an old man

Age, the eager chisel of the Sculptor,
Hollows out the face,
Sharpens the edges,
Puckers the left-over substance.
Disease, the universal flux,
Welds the joints,
Corrodes the flesh,
Chokes the blood from the limbs.
Pain, the master torturer,
Warps the body,
Drugs the movements,
Mocks the life.
The eyes, age and pain immune,
Alone remain untouched —
Two live coals in a cooling cinder.