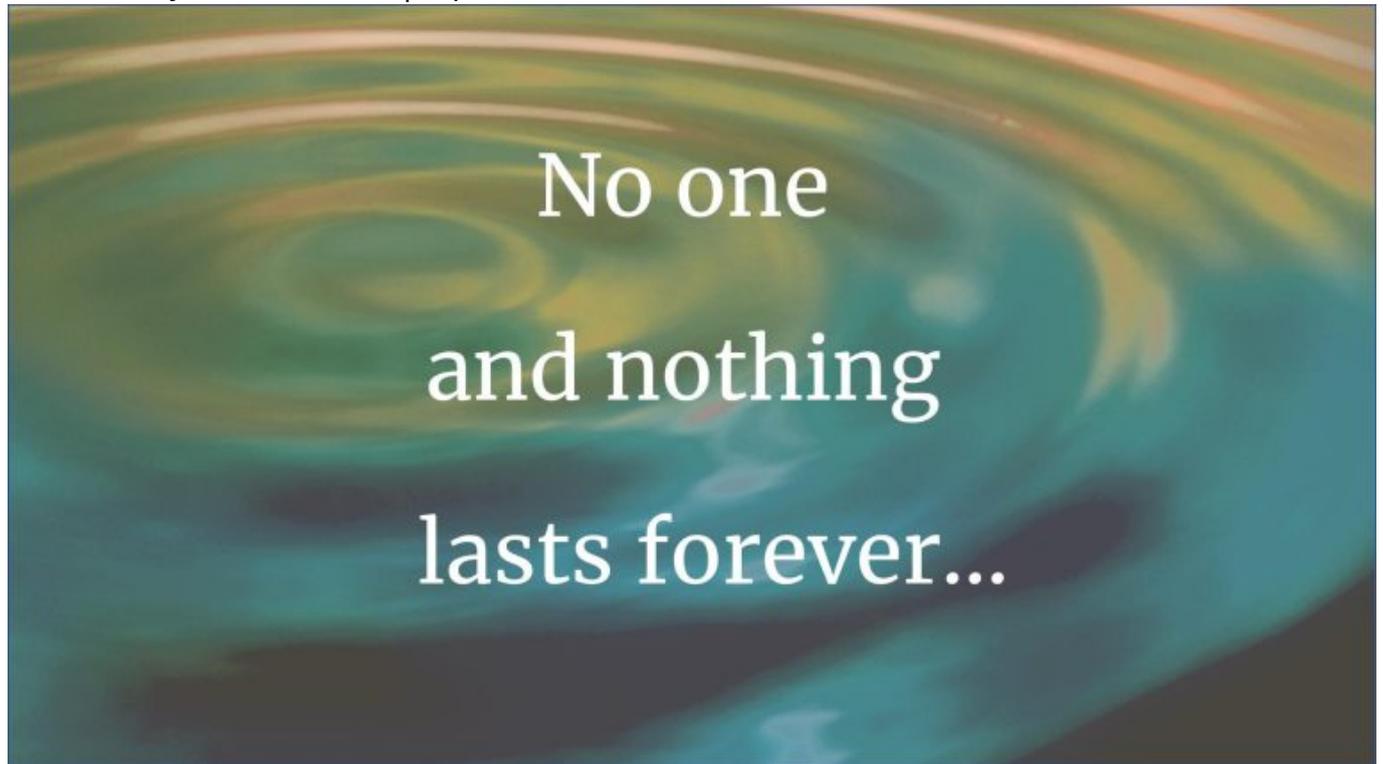


In the Regression of Aging Bodies

Category: Poems

written by Roz Levine | April 8, 2022



There are buttons he can't slip in notches
And zippers he forgets to zip
There are broccoli stalks that need slicing
And urine stains scoured from floors
There are socks that need feet
And shoes that need their socks
There's a body that thirsts for oiling
And strong arms to aid in the rise up
There are nights of tucking into bed
There's wake me if you need me
There's a good night kiss on gaunt cheeks
And always, "I love you"
Before all the lights go out.