Lament

it all goes away

the blade gets dull with use

even as the cut gets better with practice.

it is the universe’s stupidity at work —

i feel no air between my thighs

the firmness of my body diminished

the strength of my hands lessened

brain cells dying with every breath

with sadness i cling to the resources that remain

take my supplements and herbs

due diligence by treadmill

but the yell of manhood has become

a conversational tone

two cells agreeing on the weather

i am forced to admit

that i’ll never be a painter

nor musician

nor athlete

all that potential, robbed by survival

but in the defence of the world

of the middle

i say

i would give nothing to do all

*that*

again.