**When I Grow Old .**

*How* will I be when I grow old?

Will I have grey hair?

Will I have wrinkles across the furrow of my brow?

Will my hands look like a damped rinse towel?

*What* will I be when I grow old?

Will I be remembered for ages to come like the memorable Julius Caesar?

Written down in those mold encrusted history books?

Will I discover the cure for the common cold?

Will I start a peaceful revolution; becoming a worshipped martyr, a gold embellished saint?

*or*

Will I start a bloody revolution; remembered as a monster, a wicked witch?

Will I just be a fading dark shadow in the crowd?

As the light carries me away from mortal existence

Will the fragmented photo book of my mind cease to exist

like the ephemeral raindrops on a foggy day?

Will I fail,

Trying to dig out of my own debris?

When I grow old,

Will I wait, as I wait now,

For an answer, a reconciliation

While the golden dusk on the hour glass passes by

Right before my slowly decaying brown eyes?