

The Fate of the Wise

Elderly citizens,

Reliant on help from their kin.

They suffer loneliness

And seek for purpose.

They see their bodies,

Beyond their prime.

They begin to realize,

They are nearly out of time.

The road is ending,

The tunnel is growing short.

They wish for not but peace

To be with them as they age.

They ask few favours,

But one they desire,

To be loved and cherished

Until they are gone.

She is weak and frail,

Yet her heart is pure gold.

He is old and pale,

Yet his mind flows with wisdom.

She is kind and loving,

Yet none show her love.

He is old-fashioned in his methods,

And they mock his efforts.

His spirit sinks,

As his efforts become

Futile. Nobody appreciates

Him or his wisdom.

They turn to the homes

For elderly people.

They spend all their money

Just to find care.

But the helpers don't care

They all just work there.

The doctor speaks of an end

To the pain and futility,

Of this sorrowful life,

For a man without his wife.

He misses her dearly,

She no longer sees clearly.

The silencing needle

Offers a chance of escape.

It's better this way,

The doctors will say.

But all these people need,

Is love and affection,

Some hope and attention

And a pinch of appreciation.