

am i old?

Julie Bosma

am i old?  
who is asking?  
who cares?  
does it matter?

i slowly walk to the bus.  
do the people passing me  
on the crowded street  
really see me?  
do they see me limp,  
do they notice  
my uncertainty,  
do they know someone like  
me?  
but, then again,  
why should they  
care?  
what do i mean to  
them?  
nothing.  
they look at me  
with pity.  
why?  
i have lived  
a happy life.  
i am not  
dead.  
can't they see  
life  
in my eyes?  
can't they?  
are they even looking?

i must be  
going now,  
i have things  
to do,  
i'm not sure  
what  
they are,  
but they must  
get done.

how old am i?  
if i tell you  
will it  
make  
a difference?