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?