***One for the Ages***

Whose aged reflection returns my gaze as I look upon the mirror?

He bears an eerie semblance to a youthful fellow I once knew quite well.

There is a strange familiarity about him,

something in those soulful eyes strikes a chord.

“Tis You, Old Master,”

the mirror asudden replies in a dispassionate tone.

My bruised ego, ripe with disbelief, responds angrily,

“What vile trickery is this that hath stolen my youth?”

The elder likeness pauses, pondering the question.

Swiftly, he surmises the solution.

“Tis the handiwork of Father Time.”

Finally, the culprit is exposed.

 The truthful realizationhits hard.

Tis not an illusion or false reflection as hoped for.

Indeed, I and the elder are the same.

Years of joy and sorrow, the storylines of our life,

chiseled upon my once pure face.

My rapidly aging body battles daily,

 vainly trying to replay a younger man’s motions.

Still, deep inside,

a faint but unrelenting flame flickers.

My youth yet lives, locked inside wistful memories,

Perpetually nurtured by a still-young mind.

Those carefree days of yore are, at times, relived in dream states,

Or magically mustered by muscle memory.

The sweet remembrances renew my spirit,

Recapturing what I believed was forever lost.

So persists the ongoing battle of a youthful mind versus an aging body.

I happily celebrate each new day gifted to the conflict.

Hope Remains,

Onward, De Leon, your elusive fountain is just beyond the bend.