

Age

Leon Wing

I

What bother my totter
My wandering about
The places that are my mind.
Am I fearful of the devil playing
For some godawful windup toy? Or boy?
I sit myself into the waters
That used to be my tea, spilled.

II

Your prod creeps me out
Like bad odour outside the apartment.
And I'm stuck inside,
Trapped inside my skin.
Like eating in my regular cafe,
The sweetness of bile in the throat
Binds me to your bitterness,
Much like your reflection
At the edge of the tub
I'm gazing at.

III

Totter about, wary of stumbling,
Splat onto the ground,
Missing the stick that holds you upright,
Fails you,
You wishing you had some grip
On your senses.

IV

Feet, fingers, toes – do they totter?
Do they lose their digits, go splat?
Hard to get a grip on them.
Cuss the devil.
The heavens hold forth in godawful
Screeches every bird wants spilled