

# Health poems – Ageing

Gerontology – [Phil Howard](#)

Oscillation – [Anthony Ward](#)

Dancing Dreams – [Jim White](#)

Then there was one - [Joan Gooding](#)

## 1. Gerontology

We, the aged, are apprentice ghosts  
Who walk the streets with faltering steps  
And stand in queues at cold bus stops  
To return to homes where we're guests.

Where once we were much more than shades  
And lived a life corporeal,  
We're now rendered invisible;  
Drinking tea in our garden sheds.

We made that which you call 'today';  
It has no further use for us.  
We are the 'was'; you are the 'is'.  
Until you too learn how to die.

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## 2. Oscillation

As he aged,  
His handwriting –  
Once bold, round, and sharp,  
Scribed with masterful strokes,  
Both striking and firing,  
As it fox-trotted across the page –  
Became whittled down to a scrawl  
Until yielding a flat line.

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### 3. DANCING DREAMS

I was sitting in my chair  
But my feet were elsewhere  
Cos I was dancing. Ye dancing!  
To an old internal rhythm  
My heart was dancing with 'em.  
I was dancing. Ye dancing.

Those people all around  
Couldn't hear my private sound.  
But I was dancing. Ye dancing!  
I hadn't danced for years  
Now I had the beat in my ears.  
Now I was dancing. Ye dancing!

With all my heart and soul.  
To that 50's rock and roll  
I was jiving. Ye Jiving!  
Tingling in my shoes  
To those rhythm and blues  
I was grooving. Ye grooving!

Then I felt her in my arms  
Enchanted by her charms.  
We were waltzing. Ye waltzing!  
As the glitter ball slowed down  
I slowly lost my internal sound.  
And it was over! Ye, it was over!.

But I'll hear that beat again.  
I'm just not sure when.  
Then I'll be dancing. Ye dancing!

@ [Jim White](#)

#### **4. Then There was One**

We were known as the Golden Oldies  
when we went out each Friday for tea –  
there was Sally and Sheila and Mabel,  
Wilf, Arthur and Kathy and me.

Sally slipped on some leaves in the autumn  
and didn't enjoy this year's fall.  
Wilf went head over heels in the garden –  
his new pills didn't suit him at all.

Mabel misjudged the kerb at the crossing  
(she needed new glasses) and fell.  
Six-stone Arthur, attempting to lift her,  
ended up in the gutter as well.

Sheila's slippers, all flimsy and floppy,  
took her on a mystery trip.  
Kathy's foot got caught up in a cable  
and now she has had a new hip.

How I wish they'd been that bit more careful –  
I am all on my own having tea;  
buying grapes has been costing a fortune,  
and I've run out of sympathy!

by [Joan Gooding](#)