The Old Age

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The youth seems so far away.
Every morning lessens one more day
Out of my age, another day flies
Waiting for the fulfillment another hope dies.
The mirror frightens me with strange sight
Where were these frowns last night?
The white in the hair increases with each passing day
The hair line thins and recedes
Like water in river in the month of May
The beauty of the face is long past gone
The eyes are dim with no stars shown
The heart still yearns and cries for the moon
The child in my heart is never satisfied
Give me the moon, the baby always cries
The dreams are the moon, the person aspired
The heart leaps with joy when gets the desired
With life the dreams, the realities, the pain will be
One day everything will cease to be
The mind, the body, the conflicts all gone
The life, the yearning, the desire all gone
No wait for letter, for message or phone
No need to be accepted, respected and loved
One cares two hoots if one is dubbed.