

Age

Dear Granny,

How is it possible that you know everything in the world?
I suppose it is because (not to be rude) you are quite old
You know how to bake, sew, and how to whistle with two fingers
And how to make me warm when I come in from the cold

You who are still so very beautiful
Now just with lines, your victory curls turned white
You heard bombs drop, and sirens wail
By a stroke of fate, you found Mr. Right

Granny you are my best friend
You know how to make me smile
When I see you every week
I wish it could be longer than just a while

I wish you could stay here forever!
But I know one day, up you'll go above
To what you call The Kingdom of Heaven
To reunite with your true love

I would like you to be a hundred!
Only ten more years, easily done
We always share our birthdays
A huge cake, and lots of fun

One day I too will be your age
And with grandchildren to hold
I hope I will be as nice as you
When I am quite old