

Embec Care Ltd The Wise Choice Poem

We've Grown Quite Old

We've grown quite old, you must agree,
our Golden Age has come to be
with handicaps that bother me,
like needing teeth for me to chew
but I still love to nibble you.

My mirrors all have wrinkled glass,
my image lost its muscled mass,
which wound up fat around my ass.
No longer handsome, that is true
that's why I'm glad I still have you.

I rise to pee three times each night
need glasses now for any sight,
my thinning hair is all snow white.
I must work out and pray I do
stay spry enough to pleasure you.

The passing years went by so fast,
but I still sense those moments past,
that built a love destined to last.
I know you must treasure them too
and I am still in love with you!