

When Will The Sunset?

*For a year and a half; verdict unknown.
Weakness in the legs, yet not in the soul -
Nerve degeneration, protected bone.
A life, once fulfilled, now not quite whole.
With a click then hum, the wheelchair did state,
For this man, the reliance on others;
Without, to his body, he is an inmate.
Well informed: a struggle like his brother's.
Totally fatalistic attitude;
For now, the horizon always moving.
Support; immeasurable gratitude,
Independence wanes, the plague removing.
"I had", "It was", he compared then and now;
So contrasting were the two conditions,
Against odds, accepted fate anyhow.
New reality; resigned ambitions.
When compelled to contemplate one's own fate,
We, young as I, should hope not to think on.
Reflecting requires me to punctuate,
Or, like this man, would prove to suffocate.
Will the sun rise again? A thought withdrawn.*