

Time and Aging

As I approach the completion of the eighth decade of my sojourn in humanity, it is becoming increasingly clear to me that my humanity and my consciousness, as my humanity allows me to know it, are surely parting company. This is neither strange nor surprising, although many on that journey --- which all must travel --- appear to be taken aback by this.

Human mortality is generally defined in its essence through an episode we call "death" --- a sometimes lingering, though occasionally cataclysmic, occurrence that demarcates "life" and "death" in their traditional definitions. But death is not so much an event as it is a process.

So, from the very day we are born, we begin to die. This is usually not much in evidence during our youth and maturity, but becomes much more detectable as we begin the inevitable decline into old age. Eyesight begins to dim, or fail. Hearing becomes muted or distortive. Muscles tend to cramp and bones to ache, and respiratory, circulatory, neural, digestive, and eliminatory systems as well as all the other systems extant in our physical bodies begin either to over-respond or under-respond. All systems and processes that lend "life" to our bodies begin to lose their edges, so to speak, with the inescapable result that sooner or later one or several of them will fail to the degree that "death" occurs.

So I am inspired to versify on this a little bit:

*My hearing fades, my vision dims,
All my senses seem somewhat less distinct
My heart beats fast, or it beats slow,
My sphincters, now and then, forget their job to sphinct.*

*My doctors say, "That's how it is!
"You're getting on, and time will leave its scars."
"You can't expect the sun to shine the livelong day."
"Yield it must, as well you know, to the moon and stars."*

*That makes me not unhappy.
It just reminds me of who and what I am
My consciousness, God within me, will soon be all there is
I'll not need this earthly shell at the breast of Abraham.*