Walking, falling

A less than upright afternoon
colours the street with familiar signs
that once lead homewards into calm; but
now the wind stays cruel. Following
his own footsteps - a walker
with a walker -

each step undertaken
chivvies the joints' cartilage closer
to bare bone, into pain,
and the murmur of leather proves
no help. A footstep at a time.
One. At. A. Time.

He knows what's coming -

life strides past him as his eyes
narrow, as if he would move further,
flexing on the ball of each foot: faster,
all at once, again, quick, quickly -

and he wishes he could change
posture, or position, country,
or age, or life:
                but it all
just goes past him again -

- ***Kelwyn Sole***