1939

On Growing Old

Lloyd Patton

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But you see, Becky, and the Earls, and Dukes, and other Peers
Began flirting with that upstart, Mayfair,
And others thought Soho more attractive
While the writers, and artists, and musicians
All preferred Chelsea, and her plebeian personality,
Leaving Bloomsbury to the company of that other old lady
The British Museum.

Her fine, boring old houses soon filled up with second-rate office clerks, and cheap lodgers for the night,
And now the only noise is the faint sound of buses on distant Holborn and Greyfriars,
And the clatter of typists going to Lyons on Southampton Row
For lunch at one and six.

On Growing Old

By Lloyd Patton

Old age may weaken muscles once so strong,
May sap the strength and vigor from the vine,
The mind will but the stronger grow, for long
Is mellowed thought and the superior wine.

The strongest must in time be weak again
And find the vigor long so prized has fled.
So do the fates spin out the end of men
Who long their prowess sued, and fought, and bled.

When thus the body feels the end of youth
And former vaunts of virile days are past,
Seek then to turn the mind to greater truth,
Broaden anew to greater gains than last.

Old age may weaken muscles once so strong;
The mind can then the youth of life prolong.