

New Dimensions

I'm up and away with less brains every day,
But I like the condition I'm in;
New dementians appear but they're nothing to fear,
They're the same old horizons again.

I can read a good book from the library nook,
But I never remember it long;
If I read it again in a week or within,
The suspense is amazingly strong.

The strangers I meet seem so wonderfully sweet,
I accept them as friends of my own;
But I'm likely to find when I'm in my right mind,
They are people I've already known.

So I'll bumble along with a slap-happy song
In the back of my wandering mind;
And my bubble's secure so I'll try to endure
Till my melon is nothing but rind.

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