**Aging came to me when I wasn’t looking.**

Aging came to me when I wasn’t looking.

I saw a reflection in the storefront window.

Surprised I asked, “Who are you? Do I know you?”

*We have met before but you may not remember.*

*I do know you intimately, better than you know me.*

“I don’t recognize you, yet there is something

Familiar about your eyes.

Tell me how I know you.”

# I am the future that you have lived in

*With your dreams, your fears, your plans.*

*I am what you have become now*

*While you were busy looking elsewhere.*

*We greet each other daily in the mirror when you shave*

*And look without seeing the wrinkles and receding hair.*

*We spoke as you groaned at the morning stiffness,*

*And laughed self-consciously at the encroaching limits*

*Upon your running, dancing, bending, lifting.*

*I whispered in your ear when you heard of a friend,*

*Five years younger than you, who had a heart attack.*

*You listened briefly and wondered, could that be me.*

*You saw me as you noticed that your friends were growing older*

*While you remained as you imagined yourself at 45 or 50.*

Now with the unavoidable evidence of his reminders

I see more clearly what has been happening all of time.

I see the Now Me as the veils of disbelief and denial

Are blown away

“There is nothing left to do but welcome you

Since you will not leave until we get to know each other better.

Aging, come in, sit with me and let us become friends.”

William M. Buchholz, 12/18/10