Old and Young
By Kathryn Lampe

Wrinkles cut through a once young face
With hair as white as wedding gown lace.
Hands slightly tremble as her veiny fingers clutch
The photograph of a grandson who’s grown up so much.
Walking as fast as the old knees will allow
The daughter calls out “Mom, we need to go now!”
Everything seems to have almost given out
When, upon looking closer, there is something about
The deep-set eyes, blue as the sea,
That look so young, even younger than me.