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For the Couple Who Let Us Pass by on the Outside

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old woman passes by, creased like a balled up piece of paper, held in Time’s sieve like fist.

old man with smile bright, giving helping hand to she whom he has slept with, loved with, wept with, these some 47 years.

i walk past; watching with simple, idle, childish indifference, masked curiosity and astonishment.

hand in shriveled hand, another hand on walker, the last hanging limply. varicose veins, celluloid, and a bald spot. brown stained, cracked dentures. two minds turned soft due to senility and too much ache for the span of their two lives.

and in spite of the image in the mirror. despite the tender pains. they walk on.

and i wonder; is this what love is?