The AGE of Dissent

By Kathleen Wiley

They say a man has useful years and I’ve had my share...
80 years and counting so they say.....
And I’ve been my own boss these years and I’ve had few cares...
Each sunrise always brought a brand new day...
I’d ride the range and I would brand my cattle...
I’d sleep out under stars so bright.....
I’d mend my fence and with associations do battle
Because I believed in independent life...
Then one day someone comes along and alters your dreams...
They make decisions you would never make...
They use their youth to trample down a man’s self esteem...
Forgetting compensations then of AGE...
Today’s the last day that I check the water...
Today’s the last day I mend my fence...
Tomorrow they’re taking me to California (to be with my daughter)
And I will never see this place again....
There are many things that tie a man’s heart to his land...
3 markers make my land a sacred place....
My wife, my son and baby girl lie under that tree...
But tomorrow, they are taking me away...
So I will no longer make my own decisions...
They say this is for my safety’s sake...
But I would rather stay here and take my chances....
A man’s life consists of choices he can make....
One day I’ll make that last transition (On my own....)
Once more, I will hold my darling wife ...
And then, we’ll go together to our stately new home
Where she and I will start a brand new life.
Till then, I’ll cope and try to compensate for loss...
Till then, my memories will see me through...
Till then, I’ll smile even though my heart is broken.... and I’m hurting.....
There’s just nothing else that’s left for me to do...