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Recognized

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RECOGNIZED

He stood there,
staring back at me,
odd expression upon his face,
smiling after I did
from the other side
of a huge pane window
on the newly renovated office building,
appearing a bit more disheveled
than I remembered.

More wrinkles
supported his grimace
and receding hairline,
acknowledging me
when I nodded hello.

I use to know him well,
athletic, sculpted, artistic,
a well defined physique,
but his apparent paunch
negated any recent activity.

This window man
I thought I knew,
musician, writer, runner, dreamer,
now feasted off the stale menu
of advancing age,
aches, excuses, laziness,
failing eyesight and an appetite
for attained rights
decades seem to imply.

Yet I accepted him,
embraced him for who he was,
aware that he would be the lone soul
to accompany me

toward the tunnel's light
when all others have drawn the blinds.
"Walk with me," I say.
He stays close.

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