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## Parents, From a Middle Age

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Parents, from Middle Age

When we were small, they never grew:  
Our hormones raced and ran amok  
to stretch our frames and features to  
what we've become, while theirs seemed stuck.

A little older, I would pass  
a summer or a term away,  
then note my mother in a glass  
suspecting subtle grains of gray.

Now when I see her, or my best  
friend's dad, it feels like I have grown  
again! Oh, how I would arrest  
this trend—though how, remains unknown.

As time grows longer, earth grows nearer:  
Parents—smaller, slower, dearer.

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