

## The Days Of Youth

*by Graham Best*

The days of youth have long gone by.  
I kid myself this late to try  
a passion like a candied fruit  
whose sweetness will my aim pollute.

Too ripe the days of heady joy:  
The fading portrait of a boy,  
his arms extended from his sides  
and on his laughter's grace he glides.

He soars above the city's peaks.  
Observe the freshness in his cheeks.  
There are no rules to how he speaks.  
He never makes amends.

But somehow life has found him out  
to school him in profoundest doubt,  
to stretch his body and his mind  
and let him see the years behind.

They add up like a hateful tax.  
He turns around and sees his tracks,  
which disappear into his birth,  
which disappears into the earth.

The boy becomes the full grown man.  
His limits and his need to plan  
upon his heart act like a fan  
To cool him as he wends.