Birthday

Broken Spindles

My face slowly sinks,
Skin melts gradually
And starts to fold.
My blood's not cold.

I don't feel disease,
No aches or agonies,
But I'm growing old.
The grey-backed glass says so.

I'm wasting away.
I'm being erased
It's my birthday,
But I feel the same.

My beard is dying grey
My pulse in slowly in my veins,
And I don't feel all-grown,
Even though I am, I know.

I'm wasting away.
I'm being erased
It's my birthday,
But I feel the same.

My eye's framed by dark.
Nights and mornings have left their mark.
I'm not tired. I don't
Feel the year at all.

I'm wasting away.
I'm being erased
It's my birthday,
But I feel the same.

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