

MILCHIDIKA WITH MARTY

TIME MARCHES ON / TIME IS NO LAGGARD

This is another poem written by my wife Isabelle:

What does one owe to oneself?

What does one owe to others?

And, speaking of mothers,

Is there a time when?

Concern is reversed

When children grow up

And mothers grow old

Is there reversal of roles at some point?

When children begin to take on a role

Of making suggestions and being the judge

With great authority, not much room to budge

Then it is most surely time to decree.

You take care of you and I will take care of me.