

These are Days

Sitting on a bus,
The fifth grader thinks,
Of times long ago, before school
“Those were the days”

Reclining in the back
Of his eight grade classroom
He recalls elementary school
“Those were the days”

Sleeping through Senior English,
He dreams of earlier times,
In middle school, before all this work
“Those were the days”

Studying *Physics 390*,
He longs for high school
When everything was easy
“Those were the days”

Working at his desk,
Bored and lonely,
He reflects on his college parties
“Those were the days”

Pacing aimlessly about
His retiree home,
He yearns for work, satiating
“Those were the days”

Dying breath leaving his lips,
It looks back upon him, whispering
“All those were days
Wasted”