

**On Being Sixty Years Old**

The nearing day wonderfully  
concentrates the mind,  
presses the future to the wall,  
with complications strewn behind.

Descarte's queer ghost in my machine  
hungers for solid consolations,  
Heidegger or Alan Watts,  
or even Wordworth's intimations.

My incomparable self must go,  
with only a few billion others.  
I don't have much time left to me  
to gather them in as my brothers.

How can this loneliest of jobs,  
of ghost, *dasein*, or merely things,  
straighten my crooked love of them,  
give this odd business some wings?

— *Robert L. Tyler*