

Verse

the beginning of progress

reverse the battery of your flesh
charge you young
discharge your age
generate your sparks toward living
let no wisdom propagate
from books and foods that serve you death;

here. where your atoms clutch each other,
lease you a body, then turn you out
to tenancy where nothing lives,
repair your house, refurbish rot
and float on time's continuum;
incompetents need goals and ends,
dying to them seems natural,
but eternity, in love with change,
runs forwards-backwards as it will;

refresh your skin, your heart, your lungs;
let calcium rebuild your bones;
arteries, cleaned, will quickly kill
senility, while every cell
once more electrifies as new;
and from increased chronology
each day grow old, each night grow young;
stay near your worldly maximum
a man, not twisted dry by time;

—Norman Nathan