

POETRY

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GIFTS

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At twenty-two
I was fast, fit, painless.
Speed went first, ligaments next,
and grace turned awkward.
Vision blurs close
but I see better with eyes closed.
Nestor saw it too.
“The gods won’t give us all their gifts at once”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Marcel Tanner is a physician-scientist who is aging expectedly, swims slowly, and plays the piano badly.

FOOTNOTES

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