

# Costa Geriatrica

By

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They watch the birds in the line  
Park while sitting on a small bench,  
Reminiscing about the old days.

Sometimes forgetting details  
Of loved ones, yet never knowing  
To apologise for it.

Yet every birthday  
A card arrives, signed with love  
From them to you.

Their shaking hands  
Hold delicate flowers, to give to  
Their friends who have passed.

Inside though, they still feel the same  
As we all feel,  
But their appearances and actions  
Are misleading.