My Last Banana

On again off again life is a blizzard

Am I an idiot? Am I a wizard?

Am I a dotard? Is this old age?

Have I encountered my very last page?

I can savor each mouthful as if it were last

Things come unbidden from my up and down past

I sit in my prison silent, alone

I'd be oh so grateful for one little bone

the tiniest scrap of humanly love

a small touch of grace from the world or above

one dream fulfilled, one small hosanna

or will it all end in nothing

my last banana?