

The Glow

By **J. W. Henson**

I look into the mirror,
What on earth is this I see?
It is a man much older,
Than I think myself to be.

My body feels no older
Than the image in my mind,
Yet that mirror has a way
Of appearing so unkind.

Still I can remember,
Just a day or two ago,
That people called me young man,
And remarked, "How fast you grow."

Now I am heading very soon,
To a generation gone,
But it does not make me sad
'Cause my fate is not alone.

Many friends are going with me,
It's a happy crowd you know,
One look upon our faces
You can tell it by the glow.