

Not Needed

There he sits, all alone with his memories.
Once, he was involved, greatly sought.
Many called for his knowledge and skill,
And many were those whom he taught.

He accomplished many daring things,
Large projects, some small, he had done.
Now, there is nothing for him to do
Except sit alone there out in the sun.

Oh, he can still think, he is not infirm,
His clasp is strong, he has his wits,
Except in the eyes of those who decide
Such matters. And so alone there he sits.

What do you think about, that old man?
Are you bitter and perhaps angry, too?
Are you lonely, out there in the sun?
Do you yet dream of things to do?

There he sits, quite all alone in the sun.
Perhaps he thinks of his past deeds.
Perhaps he plans of things yet to do.
Or perhaps he just sits with no needs.

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