# When I'm 85

I will walk the dogs on a late Fall day
along a trail that follows a dry creek
through an oak woodland
A few yellow leaves clinging to bare branches
after Fall color display
Snow veneer from recent storm along the creek bed
Sound of birds fills the air

I will walk in the late afternoon
Look down at mountain lion footprints in soft earth
Watch for bobcat moving through boulders
The sun sinking towards the horizon
Casting an orange glow on gray clouds

I will walk the land as seasons change
Delight in the hills greened by Spring snowstorms
Be lulled by the melody of flowing water in spring-fed creeks
Smell the dust
Feel the warmth of summer days
Seek the cool shadows under oak canopy
Look in awe at Fall's burst of colors
Watch the silhouette of bare branches
against a deep blue sky
Feel the briskness of Winter's chill

In the late Fall days of my life
I will forest bathe
Take in the sights, sounds, smells
Seek out beauty
Collect experiences, not things
Make the world a little better
Laugh, love, live
because life is not a dress rehearsal
Even if my legs can no longer walk
my mind will keep moving


## Roger Funston

Roger Funston started writing poetry in 2008 as a buffer to his stressful corporate job to feed his aesthetic soul. He met the love of his life at an open mic reading at “that hippie place” in Tehachapi, CA. Roger writes poems about his life journey, his ancestors and things he has seen that you can’t make up. He finds his muse in the natural world. Roger has poems published in Avocet online, San Diego Poetry Anthology and a few other anthologies you haven’t heard of.


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