

My playing days are ended
Now part of my parting past
Past of leisure bereft of work
Whose infinite worries were over fast
The springy turf no more ~~myxxhifkingxxsightxxhaxx~~
My shifting weight shall bear
Seldom if ever the hungry sun
On my bare back shall stare
The sordid subway I now
Associate with grime and dirt
Whereas before the rhythmic wheels
Caused tunes throughout my head to spurt
My arms now ache for the familiar feel
Of the text and notes I spurned too soon
Perhaps adorned under some ambitious lad's wing
I shall find my books
And from those words a light shall spring
To engulf the boy and set him free
In world far removed from this turbulent space
Where man is enslaved in unbreakable chains
To the monotonous grind of daily work.

John Milton Lewis