

Eventually

by James Riscinti

Inevitably infirmity are common to all.
For some they are big, for others they're small.
Illness, malady, sickness, disease,
as our life progresses, this decline won't cease.
Whether mind or in body, they're quite interlaced,
these are conditions that everyone will face.
To some we contribute, some just arrive,
nevertheless, none will survive.
For soon come our end, just as our friends,
gone to a place, eternal to spend.