

The Years Do Not See Equal Growth

These days
I'm realizing that
The people I look up to and admire
Are more often younger than me
Than I used to find
There were always others
Outliers that hit stardom young
And I thought that I would be one
But I'm getting older
And older

It's hard not to realize
That they're two years younger
And a hundred and fifty years more successful
But who's keeping time?

Part of me worries that
This feeling will never go away
Not even at the very end
When I am an old woman
The oldest person left on earth
And all people
And all of their achievements
Continue to make me feel small

I worry that this pain will keep going forever
But I wonder,
Will this pain remain the same
As the years go by?
Or will it get worse
And worse?