

After Horace Ode II.14
(by way of Bunting)

You can't fuck with Fate, my friend
Though it will, surely, fuck with you;
Neither supplements nor supplications
Will hold back the signs of age
That defile your mirror. White hair,
Wrinkles, sagging flesh are only the
Outward signs of the inner decay
That you fear the most.
In vain you have battled your weight
And shunned first fats, then carbs
Then the drink and drugs that made
City life bearable. Wives have left
Taking your savings with them.
Lovers, unloved, moved on too.
Your country house, that last refuge,
Will fall into the hands of ungrateful children
Who will ravish your wine cellar with
Ignorant abandon, spilling cabernets fit
For billionaires on poolside flagstones.