

# Andy Hulme

## THE SHUFFLING GAIT.

Toward the shuffling gait I know  
I must, like mortal others go.  
I could swim against the tide  
but senescence will humble pride  
and having seen how life corrupts,  
how carelessly it interrupts  
unbidden, its unwritten span,  
I'm inclined while I still can,  
to exit with my self intact  
and make my last, a conscious act.