

Sixty

Sixty. Bloody Sixty.

Downhill to the weekend, hah.

Aches and pains, not elsewhere specified.

Every conversation with a contemporary starts with how's your back / knee / hearing...

Sixty. What a miserable milestone.

An OAP. Me! No different to last year though I limp more often, hike shorter distances.

Friends say, drawing your pension at sixty, aren't you lucky, we'll have to wait years.

I walk down to the red letter box to mail my birth certificate, marriage lines and divorce decree to the DWP. They don't trust electronic.

And I pass another milestone, sitting quietly by the roadside. It reads Bradford and Huddersfield Road, one mile to Brighouse Town Hall.

I pause and wonder, what has it seen in the last hundred or so years?

Carriages that became horseless, straining up this steep hill, throwing grit and road salt in the milestone's face.

The disruption as the M62 tunnelled a cutting below it, in the Swinging Sixties.

It's seen two world wars, young men marching past to do their bit for King and Country. I'm lucky, I've not seen any wars, just the cold one that scared me as a child.

Change. Speed. Commuting. Computing. They pass the milestone by, but they weary me.

Maybe, with a bit of help, the milestone will see the next fifty years. Thankfully, I shan't!



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