



Facts About My Impending Old Age

Did you know that tulips continue to grow
after they've been cut?
They droop and unfurl, splaying open
And somehow they look even more beautiful.
I wonder if I could live that way?
What grace is there to be found in my openness--
the lines in my face, the wrinkles on my hands,
the grey in my hair signaling to some my advancing years.
But what about the living I've done,
the wisdom I've gained just by waking up in the morning
and going out to greet the day, despite
wanting to curl up under the blankets?
There are no flowers to be found there.
Part of me wants to travel,
to see more of the world.
The obvious journey
would be to see the redwoods,
the tallest trees on earth.
They were around with the dinosaurs,
and can be hundreds of years old.
Their majestic trunks reaching
350 feet.
One could only view them with awe and wonder.
Instead I think I'd rather visit the desert.
My heart longs to see
a saguaro cactus.
Did you know that their arms only arrive
after they've stood in the same spot
for more than 60 years?
I want more arms
outstretched to hold you...
For you know that my spikes
and prickly behavior should be ignored,
the truth of me lies beyond.
I am here. I am here. I am here.

EM Reynolds
Post Mills, VT

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