

Gracefully

Aging, beyond fear of life,
I shall grow kind;
Smile serene
Upon children and the unjust;
Be caught in old-wise attitudes
Opaque, on chair-back leaning;
Shall stand beside life,
Talk to gain no end
Invest in no love or hate,
Be called therefore gracious,
Unembittered,
The very glass of grandsons—
With bland wisdom drown
Young arms imploring solutions:
Into my grave they will shower
Petals of my tranquil murders.

—*Michael Thorpe*