

Birthday poem**From :** Carole Fontaine <[REDACTED]>

Mon, Apr 08, 2024 04:31 PM

Subject : Birthday poem

To : [REDACTED]
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Yes,

I have traded my dimples for wrinkles,

My thick dark hair for wispy white;

My knees won't let me run from bees,

eyes won't let me go out in low light

But

I am struck speechless by living green,

And stars all sparkling in the soft night.

Beloved faces come, stay, then leave,

Still this old branch sprouts another leaf.

No point to war against the changing,

There is a solemn gift to aging,

Silent wisdom stealing into the heart,

Enlargement of the inner spaces.

Deep looks shared with living creatures,

Erasure of concern for stumbles

As knowledges fall into place.

Yes, age is a thing that humbles,

But also a soul evolving art.