

Post Script

The songbird perched to sing upon her shoulder
and gently offer its permission.
A lifetime, spent, in this transition
like a boxer, no longer in the ring just getting older
and suffering from years of blows:
so many whys and hows that now no one may know;
a river, once with ripples in the sun
where trickling waters soon will cease to flow
but trusting there are some who won't forget.
The moment comes, like those that went before
except, at last, the decrescendoing duet
of heart and breath is heard no more.
And I recall the playwright who, when it is time,
writes "curtain"—to decorate a drama's final line.

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