

Aging;

It is a friend,  
though often chastised,  
dreaded,  
and despised.  
It is a gift  
with no guarantee—  
though we are all our years  
wrapped up in a single  
bod-y

We are,  
*at the same time,*  
two  
and sixteen  
and twenty-eight and  
some of us are also  
eighty nine.

We are the hearth  
to every  
prized perception  
and home  
to every laugh  
collected  
We are every full moon  
and every early rise.  
And, in the mirror, we are  
every wrinkle  
reflected.

We are every teacher and  
every crush

every startle  
and every blush  
every wilt and every boast.  
every dance  
and every toast. And  
in our bones

we are what we've  
chosen to  
do with sorrow  
and whether or not  
mercy, at home with us,  
flows through  
our veins tomorrow.