

CHANT FOR GROWING OLDER

Nothing in nature was meant to be sudden
(Hold me, hold me, let our love ripen)

The sun takes all night to lift

The child takes all year to live

(Don't leave, like a leaf we are turning)

Cloud scallops begin in far away currents

Storm shouts leap from invisible caves

Death eats first the succulent cells

And leaves the bright bones until last

(Hold me, O lover, and hear me past singing)