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)

Mary Bradford, who will be the new Editor of *Dialogue*, is a teacher-consultant at the American University and various government agencies.