

## second spring

you ask what will I do  
in retirement  
leaving a job where status  
is everything  
years given to achieving  
goal upon goal  
until the final faltering one

it's neither the success  
nor the failure that shapes me  
but how well I rise  
not what I've achieved  
that defines me  
but the values  
I've lived by

it's time to take myself seriously  
embrace my grey  
live fully in my sagging skin  
face forward and be  
not brave but bold

I'm ready to seek out  
the magic in the mundane  
embrace the ordinary  
speak with my own  
not corporate voice

time to nurture  
the habit of gentleness  
plant seeds of kindness  
starting with myself  
allow space  
for creativity to grow

the world feels  
pregnant with possibility  
I am not starting over  
but begin from experience  
my body has kept score  
but so too has my heart

the question I ask myself  
is not what will I do  
but who will I be  
success measured  
not in outcomes  
but in the joy of the journey