

towards sixty

remember in our fiftieth year
how you told me
don't work yourself to death
which is what you feared
you'd done

I'm sorry to say
I tried but failed
on so many counts
worked until I dropped

recovered but went down
repeatedly
learning every lesson
the hard way

if I could go back
I wouldn't tell myself a thing
I wasn't ready
to listen

instead I'd hold
the younger me
in generous embrace
the way you did
and would again
if you were here

I now know
I needn't have worked
so hard
to secure the spaces
already mine to fill

I've clung on
but increasingly want to let go
my fifties have been filled
with so much stuff
I no longer need

approaching a new decade
I'm in the business
of clearing the space
I'm ready to reclaim