

LATE LIFE RUMINATIONS by JON KOLB

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Look outward.
Ivory doves against a fading azure sky.
A tattered leaf skuttles across the frozen grass.
At sunset, I am lost in those speculations
that beguile us all.
No compass or searchlight helps,
it seems as though people and passions
have wantonly fled, leaving desiccated rooms
to wander through.
Who perished today?
How did the markets fare?
Did our teams do well?
Where are my meds?
Was that chowder or soup you served tonight?

I break out the family album,
cherish and gloss memories
even as they fade.
(How many meek adventures
have come and gone,
how many lands were never seen!)
Weddings, births, celebrations and,
come to think of it, around us all,
clever, insidious inventions took hold
and wars were fought from shore to shore.
What to make of it?
Cull consolations, deprivations,
add, subtract, draw what
strength you can.
I wish for forgiveness unearned
and, with trepidation and a dash of comic joy,
blow out the evening's candle.