

*MOTHER, WE ARE GROWING OLD
(I am learning that it is not always painful)*

*I did not expect to see you
grow smaller
after I quit growing taller.*

*I did not know that bone
could assume such importance,
so finely brittle,
so very near to weightless.*

*How could I know that skin
could become so soft again
and move so easily
over the surface of flesh,*

that white could be so warm?

*And I could not foresee
that I would ever hold you,
broad and protective,
husk holding a waxing bud.*

*How could I know how much
I would come to care for you?*

*Today I am lucky.
I have lived long enough
and quiet enough
for this single, small pleasure:*

*To hold you, even as we both
evaporate,
you much more beautifully
than I could ever follow.*

—Brad L. Roghaar