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Growing Young

Dennis Ross

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Growing Young

by Dennis Ross

Young people are immortal
do not believe a time will come
when taking their FJR 1300 cycle
to the max on poor rubber
will seem imprudent,
when joints ache and stairs
become an assault on Everest,
when pepperoni pizza is not
manna from a beneficent god.

The possibility of mortality
sneaks up slowly at first
then with unstoppable authority
with an aortic aneurysm or stroke,
but a trapdoor opens, you tumble
down a rabbit hole, and end up

floating down in a crystal blue sky.
The frantic dance slows, sunlight
ripples from the wings of a bee
hovering over Queen Anne's Lace,
a black snake slips quietly
into the pond, small voices
call again as they did as a child,
the world opens out from a hard bud
with crawling black ants into a peony.
What matters that the blossom
will not last forever?