



6-15-2007

## Generations

Daniel R. Schwarz

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Schwarz, Daniel R. (2007) "Generations," *Westview*: Vol. 26 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol26/iss1/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).



# Generations

by Daniel R. Schwarz

I.

We celebrated New Year's Day with  
generation older than ourselves.  
Time—ghostly uninvited  
guest—circulated like  
stale medicated air in hospice room.  
Conversational hum and buzz  
touched by mortality  
returned me to my past, even as  
I saw my future self:  
stooped bodies bent by time,  
hearing aids, flaccid skin, canes,  
wrinkled faces whose geographic  
lines mapped worthy histories.

III.

Caught in warp of  
another time, greeting me warmly  
yet feigning full recognition,  
others insinuated intimacy that never was,  
as if I were bridge to  
younger world they once knew.  
Some never appeared, debilitated by illness,  
loss of faculties, though present in  
to and fro of regrets, memories, elegies.  
Yet I imagined them as they were,  
in full vigor, at similar parties years ago,  
and realized I soon will be them,  
my sons me, and the yet unborn  
would watch my sons age.

II.

A warm touching occasion:  
Among them, men and women I once  
held in awe, who were my current age or  
younger when I first arrived in Ithaca  
bursting with words and promise.  
“She is in its worst stage, the time  
when one knows one is caught  
in its inexorable grip,” grieved a luminary  
of his still-elegant wife now  
ravaged by Alzheimer's.  
A few of the guests huddled  
In corner, sharing the pain  
Of adult children lost to heroin,  
alcohol, and mental collapse.

