

Poem in advance of a next birthday

By William Eaton

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Amazing, at 62, still a beginner

Bloated with experience and growing thinner

With scissors and phrases and crayons persisting.

“Impressive—he keeps trying, in spite of his stumbling.”

A few last friends, I imagine, they think or they say,

And I admire my peers, their bright ties and résumés.

My spring ever speaking of the length of the winter?

✕