

# 90 IS THE NEW, 2018

- *Vilma Ginzberg*

From Section 4, in here:

## REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR'S EVE OF MY 91<sup>ST</sup>

the days are growing shorter  
and the time ahead shrinks  
as do I

I have no longer patience  
for unraveling the unrevealed  
as this abode crumbles to its destiny

I have no time anymore  
for the obtuse

I prefer the compact  
to the complex  
the haiku to the epic  
the song to the symphony  
the rose to the garden

there is sorrow large enough  
looming ahead

bring me the quick and easy joy  
and bring it now

your newest poem  
the forbidden treat  
a lingering hug

tell me your truth  
and dare hear mine

but wallow shall we not

the rain and the fire  
they keep us real  
our touching  
keeps us whole