

90 IS THE NEW, 2018

- *Vilma Ginzberg*

From Section I, nature:

FOR ALL THINGS THERE IS A SEASON

Hold off, my August-blooming children!
May is not your time.
What will be left for you to do
in what should be your prime?

Patience be your marching step,
trust your holding rein.
When the summer sun invites,
you will bloom again.

Keep your blossoms hid for now.
Wait to sing your song.
Life is short, the seasons set.
It will all move along.

Stretch your passion, make it last
for yet another while;
Waiting for the rip'ning blush
will grant us all a smile.

Be not rash to rush the clock.
Stroll the weeks away.
Breathe the scents, bathe in the breeze.
Nothing's here to stay.