

Aging Acrobat

-For Grethe, after your collage

Balancing his life, all
he can remember, knows

he can no longer and still do,
perhaps a poet like me,

an artist like you, the acrobat straddles
a wall of stones that he can barely

climb along the beach. His hands
hang on to the emptiness

around him, the fullness of the sea
and sky. The stones are old

like him, older even, contemplate
nothing, and cannot move.

The sun reflects off his red
sweater. He is part of all

the stillness happening
and disappearing. Down the beach,

along the water's edge, a young girl
gathers flowers on the sand.

They are the memories and gifts,
my love, we bring each other.

(July 21, 2021)