

# Sixty

by [Diana Cole](#) in the [February 26, 2008](#) issue

More than half taken up  
on the reel, the tape  
plays Mozart's *Requiem*.  
By my front walk  
three crocuses, blue  
with saffron suns, thrive—  
an early spring's pledge.

At the same time  
snow is falling.  
It flies aloft  
as if some dandelion clock  
has blown apart ahead of season;  
not a winter's spite.

The reel takes up the slack  
of the *Lacrymosa*  
and I take on the year

its space  
its flow  
its breath.

*Benedictus.*