

Lightening

Poetry in the [July 10, 2007](#) issue

That bones will brittle
Is my truth,
And that all little
Cells, forsooth,

Will fail and fall,
And falling, leave
My brain's recall.
So I receive

Lightness of being,
And a beginning
Of agreeing
With this thinning.

So long, lucidity.
Welcome, life's
Gentle finality—
Its gradual knife.

Forgive the cells
That float and fly.
They've done so well,
And so have I.