

At this age

by [Mary M. Brown](#) in the [January 11, 2011](#) issue

Dark as birds, the kind
 sober young men come
 quickly when you go down

on the ice, rush to see
 for themselves
 whether you rise

broken or whole, forever
 changed or unfazed
 by such a fall, the world

or at least the axel
 it spins on all unspun
 and you the mistress

of the moment, the ice
 as apt as any metaphor
 for death