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# An Age of Farewell

— *for every grandmother*

I've grown to an age of farewell  
As a dweller who makes up things to look forward to  
Smartly excludes or includes necessary rhymes  
Of the unimaginable part of 'growing up,  
Losing everything and everybody'

Sorry. I wrinkled someone's touch  
On my forehead, finally sealed

There my Queen of Cups steps down  
Last minutes of the full moon toll quietly  
I don't know what's needed for a prolonged breath  
I don't know why -  
I once saw my people holding out small flames  
And their own exhaling took all of them

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