

Crossing

my crossing began
before aging's sharp focus
showed cracks in the ice

in time, I entered
the frozen river's full breadth,
stepping floe to floe

my youthful blindfold
hid the widening fissures
beneath heedless feet

from elders' safe shore,
looking back, I see hazards,
and floating corpses

of faultless fellows
—how did I escape their fate?
from here, I wonder



Image by AI (ImageFX)

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