

Antique

“I’ve lived long enough”*
she said with a soft chuckle,
shocking my young ears

but you’re an antique,
a precious object to keep
in a treasure box!

every inch of time
must be tacked on to life’s trip,
to make it endless

at eighty I see
I’m more than your object; I’m
sovereign Self’s subject

I’m the antique now,
poet of end-of-life choice,
I hear you, Aunt Note



* Quoted ca 1982, Aunt Notie (1885-1984). Photo ca 1905

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