Ode To An Old Woman

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ODE TO AN OLD WOMAN

My fingers trace the bark of her face:
Age worn leather, creased and scarred.
   Her splintered limbs rest,
   Heavy against the barren earth.
   I hesitantly caress
   Her motionless chest,
And swaddle it in mossy forest cloth.
   Hurried by her stormy existence,
The leaves of her whisk themselves gone.
   The pall bearers in red flannel
     Carry her away,
And I wish she was Sequoia—
   I am but reaching for the sun.

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