

Linda Larson

Weather Beaten

Some things are better when they're old.
Snake skins for example, paper thin
Intricately mottled
Like scarification on aborigine women
Or tattoos one cannot wish away.

Gravity at work is sometimes grotesque,
Like the National Geographic women come to life.

Skin like the bare gray boards of a barn
Out of use but with its own comfort
As a rope swings out over the rafters,
Bales of hay forgotten but still golden as the sun drops
shining though it's patchwork roof.

Like the delicate skin on Grandma's cheek
That stays where it's put, a finger print, a still life
A moth-like softness, a silent beating of a pulse
The mirror recalls a certain prettiness, and still
Such fine eyes.

Writer, poet and activist **Linda Larson** was born in Evanston , Illinois, in 1947. She attended Lawrence University and Johns Hopkins University where she completed a Master of Arts in the Writing Seminars. She has written and published extensively over the years on a variety of subjects and was Editor of Spare Change News in Cambridge for five years. Her passion is advocating for the mentally ill in any way she can.