

Michael E. Stone

Anemone's Welcome

Heart young; body, joints, knees not so,

Pulse can race and desire's tension
still ties the stomach into a knot.

How uncertain we can be
At three score and ten.

How wondrous that I feel for you now
A new well known affection, petals opening,
Arms like an anemone's wave welcome,

But anchored to the ocean floor
By knees and lumbar vertebrae.

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