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For the Old Man on His Death Bed

Anne Rose

An ode to old Stubbornness
And ladders climbed near 90
To fix the unfixable dawn
To patch what couldn't be
Patched, all those Decrees
Laid down like roof tiles
All those Curses, Blessings,
Invectives, Injunctions, Invocations,
All that money you got when
You bartered away your children for ...
A Big House that still leaks
Sorrow all over the neighbour's lawn
A Cadillac and marble steps
Where do those steps lead
You now, is it up?

An ode to an old man's Rightness
And to a night nurse
Even more Stubborn than you.
Eternal Lightness of the Mature Mind
Each of your siblings disagreeing while Right
Each one Right enough to proceed you to
Wherever you may be going
Do they have hedges or hedge funds



Can you take it with you or can you
Once again defy death by
Marinating in good wine?
Is good wine better than the IV line
Dripping out what's left of the
Running out and down of Time?

Anne Rose is a poetry
lover, writing from
Central Ontario. Email:
ae2brose@mail.com