

ADDIE AT EIGHTY

Some nights, she said, she'd think about white lightning--
the kind the sheriff used to make
and stash away for years to take
the creeping achy edge off winter's whitening.
The stuff was clear, she said, a slow pure heightening
of sense-- contenting-- warm and gold--
the way things surely should be growing old.

The one thing age should never be is-- frightening.