

# It's Sara's Time Again



I

Ninety-year-old Sara  
is dreaming once again  
of becoming pregnant.  
She says God promised her.  
So, because it's Spring  
she has sprinkled pink blossoms  
among the sprigs of her thinning hair  
and covered the balding spots  
with garlands of green leaves.

## II

Her old body barely has a skeleton anymore;  
rather, it seems to be held together  
merely by her wiry sinews,  
wrinkled, weather-beaten skin,  
and slack, sagging tissue.  
And yet, the sap of passion arises,  
exciting her every cell.

## III

She is standing out of doors  
on the verdant hillside,  
with a host of daffodils  
crowding around her feet.  
She is bent over at the waist  
so that the yellow cups  
can stroke her smiling face  
as they dance in the gentle breeze.

## IV

I've known her for 20 years;  
each day she stands on that hillside.  
And she had been constant in her vigil  
for 70 years before I met her.

V

She is an ancient apple tree,  
and every year she has become pregnant  
with rosy-cheeked fruit  
that she feeds to the deer,  
and to me.

Her kyphosis is merely an excuse  
to bend lower  
so that she can feed  
even the rabbits.

VI

Shalom, Sara!

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Seán". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the left.

Tír na nÓg,

February 2014