

## Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

*A.D. Winans*

**At 80**

You realize  
You're not immortal  
Parents long buried  
Friends fallen by the wayside  
Like spring leaves from an aging tree  
Arthritic Bones that creak and moan  
Mile walks turned to blocks

The year's race by like  
A track sprinter  
Bring me to my mother's grave  
Her tombstone chipped  
The words fading

No such fate for me  
I'll go the way of the Indian  
My flesh given to flames  
No dirt No worms  
No suffocating box

Ashes and bone my fate  
Monterey or San Francisco Bay  
The sunset my head stone