

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

Freddy Frankel

Getting Close to Ninety

I don't feel frail or old. I like to find
a rhyme or let what's left behind unfold.

I lift the hem of time's horizon, scan
the surface of the moon, my expectations soar!

I dream yet flounder as the surf
reels back – the riptides drag and draw.

Chance can look at me askance
and my heart some days is made to bleed,

but my ebb and flow do not secede.
This life's the only one I know!