

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