

Being Sixty **Grey Squirrel**

or

Did I miss anything by not writing poetry until I was 60?

Michael Stone

Is this an aberration of my age?
the feelings that beset me,
affections and disaffections,
in songs to what has passed?

Writing filters feeling
direct from heart to paper
without intervening reason.
Too much thought
— the habit of a life time —
mutes silences.

Is it an overflow,
or a balance?