

ODE TO THE SIXTIES

I reached my sixties without knowing it,
at that tender, serene age
when haste no longer exists.
At times there are tears, at others laughter,
but sooner or later,
and always unhurried,
my soul will begin its journey
losing itself in the breeze.
It will fly slowly through the indigo,
but always without haste.

Altea, Summer 2011