



Vera Newsom

I MUST REMIND MYSELF:

my life is mine.

Alone, yet not alone, for I have time
to read and think and write, kind friends to share
an evening's talk, new verse, good food and wine.

At a loose end next day I stray about,
empty the ash trays, potter, fail to write —

I must remind myself: my life is mine.

But would I have it so? Between the extremes
of loneliness and passion, though I seek
a middle way, a golden mean, design
new forms of living and of art, why then,
when the door shuts on silence (and I welcome it)
must I remind myself my life is mine.