

Maria Fresta

PENSIONER CONTEMPLATES A WINTER MORNING

2.7.76

Stains

flowered all over my morning.

They crept,

crinkle lace,

rusting up walls;

blots in corners.

Sitting alone,

tea in hand,

I think

the time is past for me.

Grasses grow less green.

Children look younger.

Winters get colder,

as I do.