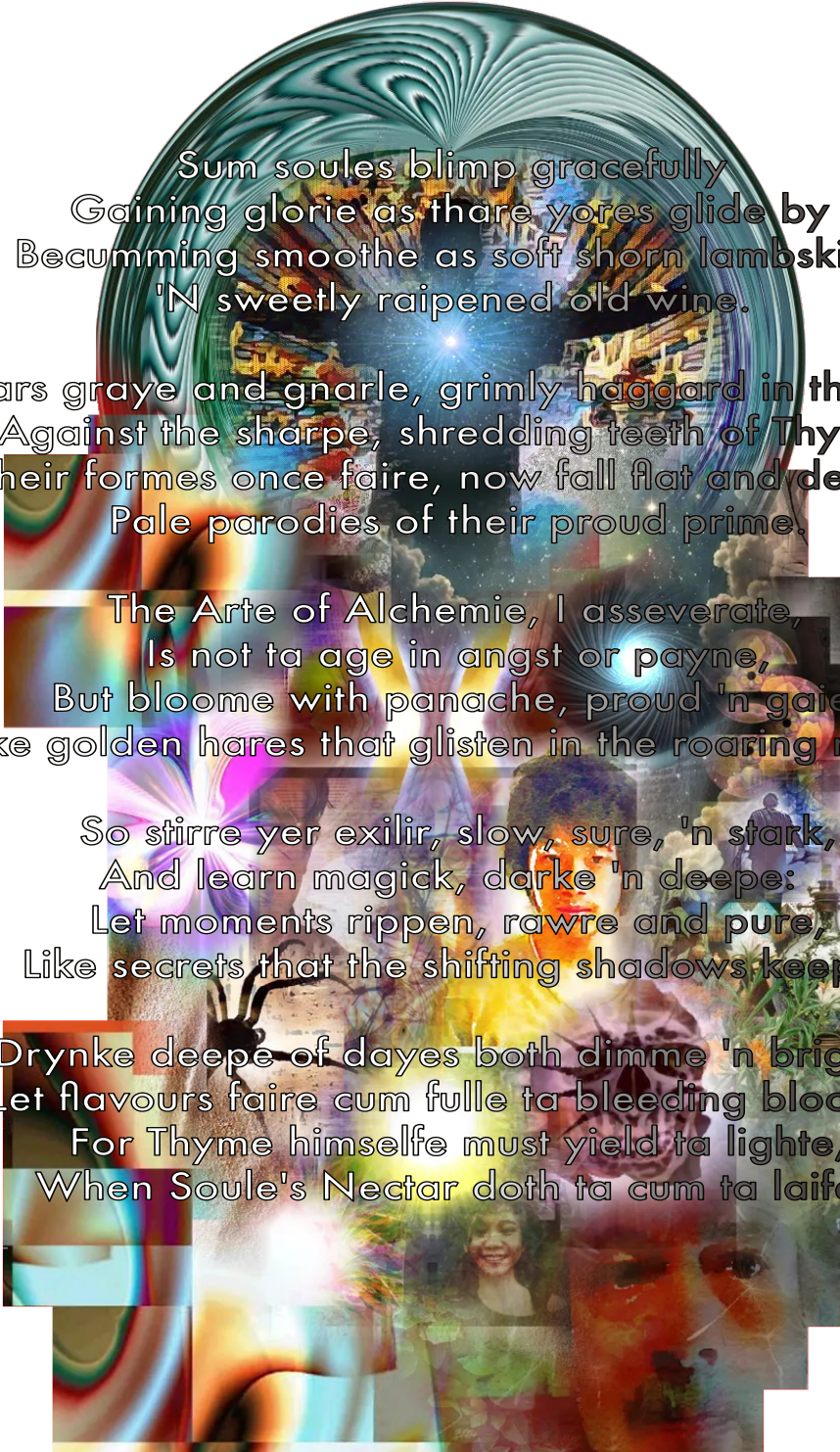


AGING:

Some reflections on senescence



Sum soules blimp gracefully
Gaining glorie as thare yores glide by
Becumming smoothe as soft shorn lambskins
'N sweetly raipened old wine.

Uthars graye and gnarle, grimly haggard in the heap,
Against the sharpe, shredding teeth of Thyme,
Their formes once faire, now fall flat and deep—
Pale parodies of their proud prime.

The Arte of Alchemie, I asseverate,
Is not ta age in angst or payne,
But bloome with panache, proud 'n gale,
Like golden hares that glisten in the roaring rayne.

So stirre yer exilir, slow, sure, 'n stark,
And learn magick, darke 'n deepe:
Let moments rippen, rawre and pure,
Like secrets that the shifting shadows keepe.

Drynke deepe of dayes both dimme 'n brighte,
Let flavours faire cum fulle ta bleeding bloom—
For Thyme himselfe must yield ta lighte,
When Soule's Nectar doth ta cum ta laife.

Linda let the last syllable of the poem dissolve into the air before she spoke, her fingers still curled around her coffee cup as though drawing warmth from it. "Interesting," she murmured, more to herself than the room, "to observe how differently people age." Her eyes drifted somewhere private, tracking some interior memory only she could see.

Lex nodded slowly, his gaze settling on the middle distance with the unhurried weight of a man turning a stone over in his mind. "Some people battle time as if it was an enemy," he said. "Others — " he paused, searching for the word — "just ride it. Like a current they've stopped fighting."

Lis had been watching both of her friends, her head tilting slightly as she glanced from them with quiet, assessing eyes. She then spoke with a voice carried the measured. "We need to learn to mindful our inner clocks," she said. "Most people aren't listening closely enough. They are too distracted. Few people are fully aware their inner chronometers. In the name of conformity or convenience, they're running on everyone else's time."

Ron then shifted in his seat, arms folding with a soft, skeptical grunt. "Perhaps so," he said, his voice carrying the flat edge of someone choosing their words carefully. "But why all this talk of alchemy?" A short pause. "You know, I detest metaphysical mumbo-jumbo."

The corner of Lex's mouth curved — not quite a smile, more a door left deliberately ajar. He let the silence breathe a moment before answering, one eye narrowing in a cryptic wink. "Think of it less as mysticism," he said, "and more as a metaphor — for the quiet, stubborn work of becoming."

Disclosure: *This piece was partially generated using AI tools for styling and ideation; human editing was then applied.*

- T Newfields

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