

old people tell their stories... dawn comes back the next day
and it is clear that not all the old people will...
the destination of any story
depends on the telling of it
and destination of those that listen.

arthritic hands are twisted in the fires of distant dreams that do not
look like fires to the young...
and even if there is listening there is a restlessness to join
friends waiting outside with impatience.

darwin looking back.
wf.h.
2018