

# At this age

by [Mary M. Brown](#) in the [January 11, 2011](#) issue

Dark as birds, the kind  
    sober young men come  
        quickly when you go down

on the ice, rush to see  
    for themselves  
        whether you rise

broken or whole, forever  
    changed or unfazed  
        by such a fall, the world

or at least the axel  
    it spins on all unspun  
        and you the mistress

of the moment, the ice  
    as apt as any metaphor  
        for death