

December—the 95th Year

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [December 2023](#) issue

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Last night I lay awake and practiced
getting old. Not difficult,

but I needed to teach myself to love my destination
before I arrive.

I feel the earth shifting under me. My writing hand
shakes—its rubbery nudges clumsy,

my mind going slack, the way a day
will lose its light and give itself to darkness,

and that long, nocturnal pause of inquiry—
What next? And how long before light

reopens her blue eye? And will I need to learn
a new language to converse with my Creator?

So, I am a questioner, one who waits, still,
to arrive somewhere, some bright nest where

a new language breeds that I can learn to speak,
unhindered, into heaven's air,

somewhere I can live a long time,
and never have to look back.