

# Lightening

Poetry in the [July 10, 2007](#) issue

That bones will brittle  
Is my truth,  
And that all little  
Cells, forsooth,

Will fail and fall,  
And falling, leave  
My brain's recall.  
So I receive

Lightness of being,  
And a beginning  
Of agreeing  
With this thinning.

So long, lucidity.  
Welcome, life's  
Gentle finality—  
Its gradual knife.

Forgive the cells  
That float and fly.  
They've done so well,  
And so have I.