

Sixty

by [Diana Cole](#) in the [February 26, 2008](#) issue

More than half taken up
on the reel, the tape
plays Mozart's *Requiem*.
By my front walk
three crocuses, blue
with saffron suns, thrive—
an early spring's pledge.

At the same time
snow is falling.
It flies aloft
as if some dandelion clock
has blown apart ahead of season;
not a winter's spite.

The reel takes up the slack
of the *Lacrymosa*
and I take on the year

its space
its flow
its breath.

Benedictus.