

# Late

What you love about the calendar is its tidy  
Largess of days, asking neither that you live  
Well nor do good with the gift it's made.

But because everything has a beginning,  
A middle, and an end, and you are, reasonably  
Speaking, somewhere in the late stages

Of the middle, you await the beginning  
Of the end as if a human solstice, the inexorable  
Waxing or waning: the fading of natural

Blondness or a rise in unprovoked pissyness,  
Or a sudden flushing at the mere mention  
Of sex, a primness after your grandmother's,

Who by this age had loved (unofficially)  
So many fewer men than you. Yet years  
Of looming ebb haunt you less than this

Very night, which is coming on fast, chasing  
You down like you were the thief of some-  
One's last loaf—sourdough or rye, let's say.

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