

SPENDING TIME

At sixty four she's spent half and more
But the next half will be better
because she is free.
Why are we born if not to soar
- she turned to her companion –
don't you agree?
Everyone has the chance
but few take it.

She sat with her dog
watching, just watching
the purple blue haze above the mountains;
the fruit orchards beneath
the damson trees, the vines,
the embers of the setting sun
upon the darkening heath.

She was God on his tea-break
the space between the lines,
she was spending wisely
making every second count.
Something was coming to her
its value increased a millionfold.
Spending time wisely was indeed
a precious and rewarding skill
a pleasant discovery reserved for the old.

Pauline Heathcote