

Corinne Palese

Senescence

The circadian clock is ticking now,
ticking, tocking, shaking, rocking.

In my life, a change is nearing too
Turning swiftly from twenty one and so on
making plans, taking trains, trying to refrain
from staying in the same exact place for the rest of my life.

Leaves, shades of rust and mustard, cover the ground.
I find myself envying them, able to change and
fall and find their way to another home
in the cool, red, clay-like mud.

My future is like this night of the autumnal equinox.
I can't see anything clearly, the clouds hindering every thought
making it cloudy and now I can't
even begin to think about how I'm going to write about this.

The blood moon doesn't reveal itself tonight.
I waited and waited for something, anything,
even a glimmer of would have given me hope.
It makes sense though, why would this be different from anything else?

I've been back and forth on each side of the equator
To stay or go or to come back home.
Be free or wild or a little bit of both,
these are the decisions that haunt each night.

Neither side feels safe, or feels just right.
But I don't have the time anymore.
Months, days, hours, seconds,
separating me and that fatal day I walk across the stage.

Crisp and new like the November air
Plans were made, tickets booked, bags packed,
ready for the next and so on and so on.
I guess I should have know they wouldn't last.

Photoperiodism has taken its toll,
I'm older, wiser, ready to fall
or fly or whatever it's going to take
to get out of this shifting, drifting, feeling of uncertainty.