

A Villanelle

Since there's much I can no longer do
I turn to the window, watch sun on trees.
I am grateful for the sky's eternal blue.

I write a poem, make a piece of toast or two
The birch tree moves slightly in the breeze,
There is much that I can no longer do.

That tyrants rule is no longer new,
and crowds across the county seize
the day. I'm grateful for the sky's eternal blue.

My body's no longer young, it's true
and aches in the morning, joints sometimes freeze,
and there is much I can no longer do.

But a grandchild's smile bring joy anew,
and now in late March, the maple's leaves
appear. Yes, there is much I can no longer do
But I am grateful for the sky's eternal blue.

Jane E Wohl
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