

# The Messenger

---

Volume 2002  
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2002

Article 25

---

2002

## Aging

Emily Kay Carson

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Carson, Emily Kay (2002) "Aging," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2002: Iss. 1, Article 25.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2002/iss1/25>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact [scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu](mailto:scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu).

## Aging

i.

Death is augusttremulous,  
a light that shakes in the aftermath of its theft.

Death is a mule,  
neck hung about with palmfronds and pearls.

Death is the division,  
where the sky lies cracked like a child's door.

ii.

Dream is where dead smiles meet,  
hallow in a cavern, echoing the day.

Dream is the latitude of night,  
silent, horizontal, circumnavigating.

Dream is the only sincerity,  
honesty laced with black and white edges.

iii.

Mother is becoming heather gray,  
slipping slowly into rosepetal skin.

Mother is still an answer,  
stable as a cloth-of-gold crocus.

Mother is a calling,  
something i hear only in seashells.

iv.

I am the growing division,  
motherborn but fathercloned.

I dream of applebubbles on my lips.  
I dream of honey and liquor.

I am a mule bearing the lifedust,  
softeyed, softeared.

I am becoming augusttremulous,  
a light that envelops from the inside.

by Emily Kay Carson