

## Moving Softly through the Village

at dusk, gaze swiveling slowly, unwillingly,  
witnessing the confidence of youth thronging  
laughingly between Dave's Party Store  
and Susan's Bridgewater Bank Tavern

lives still on the rise, no apprehensions of lessening  
strength, balance, stamina, acuity of mind, or of aging,  
death, or finiteness of anything at all; no premonitions  
of the loneliness of such as philosophers and farmers

or of the folk once within the reassuring solidarity  
of the surrounds of intimate social groups, but gradually,  
at first imperceptibly, separating, one by one, diverging  
quietly toward their obligatory, solitary, and final  
contentments.