

The Ripeness Before the Fall

LISA BOLIN

I cannot be fresh
and firm forever.
Perhaps it would be best
to stop now,
And never know
the fulfillment,
And never know
the end —
Forever caught in
sweet anticipation
Should I burn
bright glory now,
Or let the flame
grow slowly
To steady joy?
Is the promise real;
is there truly
Eternal climax
minus denouement?

