

## DORIS GOLDBERG

### *An Aging Woman With A Young Heart*

This, my Winter house,  
Has dim and dusty windows;  
A girl laughs within.

## CONNIE CONNELLY

### *Nursing Home Queen*

Gold blows in the wind  
As the evening catches her mood.  
The sun is still strong,  
The moon lingers.

Melted snow falls from her cheeks  
As she speaks of the dead husband.  
All is wintry for her,  
She no longer sees gentle gold leaves.

In the cold  
She feels the heat of pain  
As she explains in her senile way  
"I'm putting the pieces of fire in their proper places."

And in the middle  
Of her mutterings  
She stopped to compliment me,  
Saying I was young to think the way I do.

Her mind is as confused  
As a cloud on a sea of winds,  
Yet I think her heart knows all  
And I'm glad

I've touched that source of great knowledge.