

Friendship

When we're too old for sex
and all the men are dead,
we will have words to knit
against the cold winds of age.

The laughter of our youth
will make our old eyes sparkle;
we may rock back and forth, remembering.

We will be again the girls we were
(though perhaps only I will see her in you
and you alone will glimpse her in me).

Our words will drop, like blessings,
into the silence that surrounds all things.

It will keep our story alive
when we're too old for sex
and all the men are dead.