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## Growing Old; Or, Variant Graces

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## Growing Old; Or, Variant Graces

By: Chikako D. Kumamoto

If I must grow old, let me not by the argument of the mirror,  
Though each morning, loyal to its silver voice of reason  
It tells the tragedy of my grays, lines, and darkening spots,  
While I, a fugitive from the Time police,  
Plot youth with sophistry.

If I must grow old, then let it be becomingly done,  
So that lies may not be prolonged, so that  
My face, my body, and all variants of my past grace  
May grow like the sum of a sunflower that follows  
The steps of the sun, as surely as the ripening seeds inside,  
From what it once was, to be what it is now,  
To be what it will become, from roots to flowers to roots,  
Seeking after that sweet golden face,  
Maturing, spent but never meaning less.

In growing old I live myself  
As stirring as that highsummer plant that will yield  
For now time keeps in all of me and does not flee.  
I, who once hid away, was afraid,  
Arise and seize the sun.