

there were some tall wildflowers, a huge  
batch of them gladly gotten rid of  
by my father. i take all these  
unwanted trees and flowers.

i'll stick them in the ground and  
if they live they live, and if they  
die they die. only thing is, with the  
walnut trees: i don't see myself  
being around long enough  
to witness them ever  
maturing into anything  
meaningful.

#### ONLY FOR THE OLD AND THE FRAGILE

i don't know why i want to live to be an old man.  
but i find that i do. it seems odd to me, when i  
really think about it. there isn't much that  
i want to accomplish. no major goals have made  
themselves known to me. i can't see my lazy self  
solving any of the serious problems facing this race  
of humans i've somehow become a part of.  
that sounds condescending, and i am sorry.  
i want to love another woman, create more of  
these poems and like some other poets i know  
drink many more glasses of wine.  
at the end of it all dying a gracious death  
might prove to be a worthwhile act.  
and just once i would like to be able to  
charm the birds out of the trees.  
i've heard it said that certain people can do this,  
and these people are spoken of with very  
noticeable envy. it'd be nice to convince  
a good number of birds to come down  
and land on my shoulders. if i were an  
old man i would be thin and light  
and these birds could pick me up and  
carry me away. they would also be kind  
enough to pick my wife up also.  
we would float comfortably about in  
the air like people in a painting  
by chagall. this would be something  
to live to be an old man for.  
i have no desire to accumulate  
wealth, and fame is completely out  
of the question.  
just to be held aloft  
by the birds would be plenty.  
birds only do this  
for the old  
and the fragile.

— Ronald Baatz

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