



Poem by Sonia Saxon, printed by SEE RED women's workshop

*Old age isn't calm  
Fires burn in bodies of old women  
Flutes sing in their ears and they  
fall in love now and then  
Old women dream of dancing in  
moonlight and of being held  
Old women want you to hug them  
and to feel your warmth  
I will not speak to you in  
platitudes — words of wisdom  
“be like me”*

*I do not have a rocking chair — I  
have no pattern for younger  
women  
I don't have a richer outlook on  
life (life is always confusing)  
Except there is joy in struggle  
And in leaping from change to  
change  
But let the struggle be your own —  
and let the changes be your own  
Resist compromise — don't take  
anything lying down.*

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