

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Self Portrait

By Helen Heineman

I am a widow with platinum hair
And despite a previously much populated life,
A little lonely in today's Covid world.

I'm on the short side of mortality
Wondering how much more's to come.
I think I know who I am,
Though I have passed through many selves:
Daughter, lover, wife, mother, friend,
Author, Teacher, Bureaucrat, Writer.

My solaces have been many.
Music is one, especially
The comfort that flows
From my old friend Beethoven,
Who wrote his many sonatas
Even when his hearing went.

I'm more well-off than ever he was,
With a pension and health insurance.
He had not one home, and I have two,
A freezer stocked with more food than I can eat.

I've had a wonderful past,
But lack Wordsworth's power of emotion
Recollected in tranquility,
Recalling the moments
Of glory in the flower
And splendor in the grass.

What is my gift, I wonder?
I suppose, in spite of my limits
And inadequacies, I must accept
Even this loneliness,
As an aspect of mine.