

Georgina Worrall

Brave new worlds' circle their prey silently

Fingered the oily stump of the birthday candle on the thoughtful cupcake:

Seventeen now.

And identify was just a little sprout

Protruding from early youth.

That once was, sometime was going; now is gone.

It was a long, long spasm in the mind to realise

The simple fact that

Everything changes.

Now she's more than seventeen and a half

And those sordid things one hears about –

Divorce, hacking coughs, and other paltry complaints,

Cold mornings and the sigh of

Signing of one's signature –

Are closing in, closer, closed in

And will not go away.