

Over Sixty-five

Sometimes the spirit of the body
has no inclination to move.

Yet,
the cool water on throbbing feet
after a half-hearted run
refreshes one's resolve.
The heart-throb
and gasp for breath
drives
this reluctant exhilaration.

Sitting in a canoe
paddle dipping, gliding past
cliffs and forest,
hand cutting the water.
This gentle sweep
moves spirit and body.

Each morning my husband and I
lift weights.
Stretch above our heads,
bend at the waist,
arms flapping into a butterfly.
Leg press: kneeling has never been
so easy.
We work our
turkey waddle triceps,
do full length planks.

We are over sixty-five.

For three years
our feet covered
over two hundred miles
of the Saskatchewan prairie.
From the grasslands
to the rocky mounds of
the angels at the Mystery Rocks,
to the murdered sites
where we paid homage

to the original tribes.

We push beyond the limitations
of our reluctance.

Honor body, mind and spirit.

These gifts

of wind, sun, water and earth
course through our veins.

**© Louise B. Halfe – Sky Dancer
Parliamentary Poet Laureate**