Frailty

Within thirty-something years of life, I thought old people
were frail bags of bones dragging at snail speed because
they no longer could go fast like lightning.
No drive, no direction, broken down cars without engines.
Depleted wrought machines lost in time, I scoff at their clocks.
How weak!
In the frost of one winter, though, I came to realize they have been
practicing the joy of making their hourglasses slow down.
Holding the sunshine before admiring the sunset.
Having conversations before deploying metal.
How weak I was to think the wiser would be willing
their bodies to do anything other than crave eternal.

Bree Bailey

Bree Bailey (she/her) is a queer Latina poet, a mistress of the music of inflections, pulses, and ironic punny chuckles. A North Jersey native now in Austin, TX, she writes with heart and humor about mental health, love, and resilience. A former educator, Bree wrapped up her first US poetry tour in the spring of 2025 for her debut poetry collection, *Wailing on Whisper Street*, out now with Write Bloody and everywhere you buy books. Find her in *Exposition Review, West Trade Review, Remington Review*, and more. Follow @breebaileypoetry or visit breebaileypoetry.com.

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