



## Observations on Turning Sixty

By Bonnie Dickmann

Shards of broken glass found on the Great Lake's shores  
Sharp and colorful bear the hard shiny surfaces  
Of inexperienced youth.

Throw them back  
Let the waves and sand do their job.  
They will wash up again years and polishes later  
Lightly dappled now, with a touch of round  
Ah—midlife.

Throw back one more time  
Still more work is required

A later storm deposits them  
The color greyed and edges filed.

True beauty comes only with tumblings and turmoil  
Quieting the color and smoothing razor edges

A true jewel arrives  
on the waves of advanced years.

So it is with beach glass. . . and life.

Photo by Bonnie Dickmann