Thirsting By Alicia Ostriker

It's not that the old are wise

But that we thirst for the wisdom

we had at twenty when we understood everything

when our brains bubbled with tingling insights

percolating up from our brilliant genitals

when our music rang like a global siege shooting down all the lies in the world

oh then we knew the truth
then we sparkled like mica in granite

and now we stand on the shore of an ocean that rises and rises but is too salt to drink