

## WARREN WOLFSON

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### **At This Point**

The first years  
were tilted, angular, passionate,  
at times adversarial, like a trial,  
punctuated with tenderness  
and recesses of tacit forgiveness.

Then came the comfort times, featuring  
soundless speaking, like early Chaplin,  
the passion still there,  
but breathing easier,  
separate peace declared.

Now we have reached  
a resting place,  
a promontory,  
looking east,  
to the precious days.