

PHILIP HOLMES

Retiring from Research

Through earlier life I never thought about
the future shrinking; that a door could slam
on what would hence remain unseen, undone.
To begin was easy: we did not seek out
among the many options; times were not right
to make routine investigations. Instead, ideas
emerged and grew, transforming us. We prized
chance meetings, rejoiced in questions to exploit.

Now, those years contract in a sudden wrench.
Along my quiet street, obscured by dusk,
tight buds appear upon each winter branch:
a promising display. Yet still there is a lack
in which stray words fall unused on the desk.
Can I make out a way, and find a fitting task?