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“Spring sorrow: 60 today, 20 tomorrow.”

With Age Comes Wisdom Series

With Age Comes Wisdom Series

Spring Sorrow: 60 Today, 20 Tomorrow.

She danced in shorts under the sun,
Declared, "At last! Spring has won!"
The robins chirped, the skies were blue,
The trees perked up like something new.

The sidewalks sang of warmer days,
The snowdrifts lost in golden haze.
"March is done," she said with cheer,
"No more Michigan winter to fear!"

But Grandpa chuckled, shovel in hand,
A knowing smirk, a weathered stand.
"My dear," he said, "don't trust the sun—
This battle isn't nearly done."

"I've seen it flip from warm to white,
In less than one long northern night.
Sixty now? That's just a trick—
Tomorrow comes, and it'll stick."

"Years ago, I was twenty today,
And before I knew it, turning sixty tomorrow.
I've learned to be patient, and keep my coat close,
To avoid our annual Michigan spring sorrow."

She laughed it off, ignored his say—
Then woke to a fresh blanket on April's day.
The robins hushed, the branches bowed,
And just like last year, it had snowed.