

### **I'm Getting Old Now**

- By Robert Kroetsch

I am getting old now, I can tell. I dream  
a lot of my mother. In my dream last night  
she was in the garden, over the hill,

behind our house. She was standing. I was  
playing in the pea vines. We were both happy.  
Neither of us would move in the dream. Perhaps

I wasn't playing. I was kneeling to pick peas.  
My mother held in her apron the peas  
we picked together. She was standing still.

I knew she was watching me. She was  
watching me grow. Like a bad weed, she liked  
to say. That pleased her.

I'm getting old now. I wouldn't say I'm happy.  
Serene is an adequate word. Death is not quite  
the enemy it was. It was a kind of watching.

Death begin to seem a friend that one has almost  
Forgotten, then remembers again. In my dream,  
last night, I was playing in the garden.