

ODE TO PASSING YEARS

By
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To whom belongs this dreary face, it surely isn't mine?
The inside is still seventeen, the outside sixty nine.

The laughter lines give character (at least that's what we're told),
Quite frankly I just think they make my face look very old.

The 'silver threads amongst the gold' are weeds within the garden
And doubtless, any minute now, the arteries will harden.

Keep-Fit was such a pleasure when it boosted zest and drive
But now I find I have to go to merely stay alive.

Birthdays arrive more frequently (or so it would appear),
I swear I'm having, at the least, a couple every year.

My sex appeal, there's not a doubt, has just begun to wilt,
I'd rather be UNDER than sprawled UPON my continental quilt.

Can you forgive this self-indulgent wallow in the blues?
To quote a friend 'My boobs are making contact with my shoes'.

The thickening waist is 'cuddly', the hips prove I'm a woman,
My imperfections just confirm I'm fallible and human.
(To be rhymed with woman----- this is known in artistic circles as poetic licence)

To continue.....

Now I don't mind the loss of looks (I never was Bardot),
The widening shape, well, I can take, the 'slink' was bound to go.

What I DO mind, an awful lot, I'm finding it a strain
That 'they' left all the trash behind when someone stole my brain.

Not that it toyed with mighty schemes; t'was flummoxed by a shandy.
But now and then and here and there it came in very handy.

A face-lift here, a chin tuck there, would be scant consolation,
'Cause for a disappearing brain there is no operation

Ode to Passing Years (cont)

So this is how it's going to be; totally imprisoned,
A dithering, dotty, dopey drip, wandering and wizened.

Ah, woe is me and beat my breast (*albeit droopy*) it's more than just a rumour
But I will never let 'them' take my twisted sense of humour.

If you were going to steal a mind, pray ponder for a minute,
Wouldn't you be looking for one with something in it?

So I have had the final smile, it could have been much worse.
'They' thought to rob a merchant bank but got an empty purse.

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