

# The Flight of the Phoenix

She looks back at photos and admires young skin  
She thought she was fat when she was actually slim  
A strong minded woman, her family complete  
No glass ceiling, the world at her feet

The woman in the photo  
Is a nod to her past  
All make up and jewellery  
She thought it would last

High heels worn throughout the day  
Even higher when it was time to play  
The years pan out, moons passing the time  
A monthly cycle, when she was in her prime

With confidence waning and memory dimming  
Skin becomes dull and hair starts thinning.  
Hormones dipping and temperatures rising  
The heat of a flush, so surprising

Joints now ache and the heels no more  
She can barely get up if she sits on the floor  
She became invisible overnight  
A shadow of the Phoenix in full flight

The 'change' has happened, is happening still.  
But maybe HRT will sweeten the pill?  
From cradle to grave we change every day  
Nothing is constant and nothing will stay