

Talk of Ages

By Jo-Ann Kennedy

Our writing group posed the question,
“What age would you choose to be?”
An interesting topic to ponder,
And I embraced the opportunity.

Perhaps if I were somewhat younger,
I would aim to leap ahead,
But at my age not so likely
It would make me sooner dead!

So, I'll look back over my years,
Lots of choice in all that time
Childhood? Adolescence? Adulthood?
Each a life stage paradigm.

But before I choose, I hesitate,
I must make a wee digression.
In answering what was asked
I must ask another question.

If I go back to a certain age
Must I relive it just as it was,
Without all the wisdom I've garnered?
If so, that gives me pause.

Some things the second time over
Never play out quite as sweet
Maybe this saying holds some truth:
“Wash, rinse, and don't repeat.”

But... if I could return to the past
With all that's in my brain today
I could modify those repeated rounds,
There'd be no same old replay.

I'd have courage to stand up to bullies,
Miraculously prevent many tragic events,
Get rich naming winning sports teams,
But... would there be any consequence?

I once suffered a near death accident;
Endured weeks of pain and recovery
If I relived that time and cancelled the wreck
I'd have missed out on deep self-discovery.

Somehow suffering strengthens a soul;
Makes one a better person than before.
The easy way fails to offer such growth,
The easy way fails to let humans soar.

I also think of that butterfly effect
Where the tiniest change causes great disruption,
What if I seriously impacted strangers' lives
Because of my selfish fate interruption?

Humans strive to live a good life,
Hoping joy can outweigh their pain.
So that leaves me to wonder, should mortals even dare
Change the street signs on memory lane?

No, I choose to live with a moral compass.
Who am I to play Master, to reinvent?
This idea of me living in another time
Brings me nothing but loads of torment.

Thus, another question instead of an answer:
What is the reason for changing our age?
Upon reflection, I can't find a good one.
I'm sixty-five; I'll stay on that page.

No time to waste looking backward,
There's so much more to do and learn.
I'll propel full speed forward on my journey
Still with muscle and brain cells to burn.