

Nature & Nurture OR Suture & Torture

I look into the mirror
And observe the slow decline
The lagging elasticity,
The sagging of each line.

Gravity has had its way...
There is no going back
My arms, once taut and glowing,
Are puckered now and slack.

My legs have also had their day
Of baring all in shorts
Veins and blotches claim my skin
And activate my thoughts.

Aging isn't pretty
It demands a certain grit
An attitude that's positive
A plan for keeping fit.

Frailty is the curse that kills
So staying strong and agile
Is vital for stability
There's no time to be fragile!

Before the days of spectacles
And magnifying aids
Folks took in stride their slow demise,
Accepting "Beauty Fades"!

Deepening lines and dulling teeth
Just couldn't be prevented
And surgery to lift one's face
Had not yet been invented!

But now the age of discontent
Has outgrown all proportion
And we will suffer any pain
To rectify distortion.

But should we really wipe away
These lines of our own etching?
Who really cares that years of wear
Have caused our skin some stretching?

Our friends care who we are INSIDE
Forget the outer wrapping,
Ignoring when our eyelids droop
Or chins are overlapping.

True beauty isn't camouflaged
By pesky sagging skin,
But compensated rather
By the radiance within.

Yes, aging isn't pretty
But we're in it all together
So what if where the sun once shone
We're seeing rougher weather?

When looking in the mirror now,
I'm greeted by my Mother
And frankly I am grateful
That I do not see some other.

My favorite aunt once told me
In relation to her face
That time, engraving lines and folds
Brought softness, ease and grace.

She said that if her face were hard
And **couldn't** leave its mark,
'T would show a rigid kind of life
Devoid of wit and spark!

I've found I use acceptance
To diffuse the hands of time
And occasionally, some alcohol;
So what? Is that a crime?

Also, there's this little rhyme
I've known since I was small
"My face I don't mind it, for I am behind it"
The people in front take the fall!

So, aging slowly, aging well...
There is no better crutch
But dying OLD while living YOUNG
Now that's the Midas touch!

© Winifred Morice
October, 2013