

The Toast

For the loud part of the brunch. One woman stands. Everything with a handle gets raised, and coffee counts.

To us.

To the generation that made granny panties a power move.

We are not forty-is-the-new-thirty. We are not fifty-is-the-new-forty. We are not marked-down merchandise hoping to pass for a younger model. Fifty is the new fifty, and fifty is sexy as hell. Not because a magazine allowed it. Because we decided it, and what we decide, we build.

We are not afraid of a number. A number never lifted a barbell. A number never raised a child, buried a parent, started over, built a business, rebuilt a life. We did that. The number just kept count.

Our skin glows because we tend it. Our muscles are strong because we load them. We sleep like women with nothing left to prove. We eat like women who plan to be here a very long time. Our vulvas are plump and juicy and thriving, and if that made anybody at this table flinch, take a sip and catch up.

We have energy for days and standards for miles. We put the fire in grandmother.

And we do none of it alone. Shoulder to shoulder, sister to sister, hot flash to high five. A club. A coven. A cavalry.

These are not our fading years. These are our Fire Years.

And we did not come here to smolder.

We came to blaze.

Clink accordingly. Then never shut up about it.