

When I was Nineteen

When I was nineteen,
Twenty looked like an endless party,
Fun, with few responsibilities.
Soon I could vote, be legal in a bar,
Afford a snazzier car.

When I was 29,
Thirty looked like a doomsday book:
Marriage, kids, the daily grind,
Mortgages and in-laws.
Given a choice, I would have waited.

When I was 49,
Fifty brought a plethora of changes,
Not the least of which was becoming a beggar.
“Do you give a senior discount?”
An auspicious start on a middle-aged paunch.

When I reached 79,
Nearing the edge,
Past my “use by” date, I got lucky.
Eighty rolled over me like a gentle ocean wave.

Now I’m 89,
I’ll bag my limit,
Catch as many fish as the law allows,
And shoot my final arrow.
I’ll not be surprised by Death,
And only slightly inconvenienced.