



When I Was 19

When I was 19,
Twenty looked like an endless party,
Fun, with few responsibilities.
I could vote, be legal in a bar,
Afford a snazzy 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 39,
I was lost. Wife, kids,
A dead-end job with no future,
Bills! Bills! Bills!
With no honest way out.

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?”
A good start on a middle-aged paunch.

When I was 79, nearing the edge,
Far past my “use by” date,

I got lucky.
Eighty rolled over me
Like a gentle ocean wave.

Now I'm 89,
What's left for me?
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.