

On Being Fifty

By Frank L. Henninger

It's a curious thing
 To count one's years in decades
 Or as half a century
As though it matters at all
 Immortality being the norm.

 Don't they all say 'you're only as old as you feel'
 Who are they, anyway?
 They don't know anything.
 Some days I do and some days I don't
 Feel older, or younger
 Than five decades.

How many more is what we all want to know,
More years, more decades, a century- we ask!

More time is what we want, no matter how much we already have-
More time to love, and dance, and sing,
Eat chocolate ice cream, and pizza (the food of the gods),
Drink lemonade, cold and tart and sweet as a kiss,

More time to see the sun set all golden and serene,
 to climb distant mountains, and swim in the sea,
Walk with our favorite dog,
 or just sit with a cat warming our lap, by a glowing wood fire

More time to read stories to our children, or find our inner child,
Hold the hand of a lover, while walking in the dunes at dawn,
Or wander in the woods listening to the birds singing,
 Each with its own song, its own time.

More time to remember the times we've had,
 Old friends, travels, yearbooks and faded memories,
Stories we've told, tales we've read, and
 Things we should have done.

But wait, we always have the now, every instant that we live,
Every waking and dreaming hour,
 To do all this, and more.

To make more time all we need do
 Is use all the now we have,
 Doing what we choose,
 With no regrets, apologies or cares.