

Passages and Perspectives

Louise Goff

How does one measure the passage of time,
Our changing mores without reason or rhyme?
A preference for Hiltons? I've had quite enough
Of this whole camping business and roughing it stuff!
Removing mascara with freezing stream water is the pits!

A feather down pillow, room service divine;
A Châteaubriand and some dry Bordeaux wine,
A steaming bath drawn to *Water Music* so fine....
Who said the best things in life were free?

Yet, it's not in the graying, the thighs or the gut,
In hairlines receding or gravity-prone butt.
It's more in perspective and one's attitude,
Playing life's hand without feeling screwed,
Learning from lessons hard-fought and won,
Licking one's wounds and then trekking on
To experience this "thing" that children call "fun".
Fulghum said I learned all the important stuff in kindergarten.

I've aged and I've changed, I'll admit with a sigh,
Though not the whole cheesecake, I've a piece of the pie.
I can't afford Paris, but Moclips will do,
Szmania's nice, but El Toro is too;
And who needs down pillows when soft shoulders will do?
*An ice-cold Amber Ale tastes better than Dom Perigon
on a hot summer's day anyway!*

As I lie in my hammock with my friend, Mr. Sun,
His warmth on my face, an ice cube on my tongue,
A sleazy bestseller to nourish my eyes,
Some ranch-flavored chips to help feed my thighs,
Pachelbel's *Canon* fills my soul with bliss,
Damn! It doesn't get much better than this!!