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 Perignon 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!!