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 pitts!

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!!