

Growing Old Gracefully

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“You’re growing old so gracefully,”
is what I’m often told.
Is that a compliment?
Should I be proud, or just consoled?

Do wrinkles glide across my face?
Can old bones creak with style?
Are aching joints more pleasing when
you bend them with a smile?

If silver hair distinguishes and
bifocals refine, then
I am truly elegant,
for both of these are mine.

I’m pleased that most observers find
my aging done with grace,
but I would gladly be more gauche
if that would slow the pace!