Getting Older

is the title of a poem for old people.
I prefer “Rumba!” or “Vacation in Cancúin!”
though that makes me think of spring
break and Girls Gone Wild, which again
makes me feel old. When I had
that body, I didn’t want it. Now all day
I pick up Legos and tiaras and put
the kids’ food into divided
dinner plates. I spend my time
denying them screen time. Sometimes
I remember my honeymoon in Mexico,
when there was a tropical storm
and bird flu and Michael Jackson died
and yet it was still magical.
The memory is like a cassette tape
and I’m the last living Walkman.
“It’s the saddest moment of my life,”
said astronaut Ed White on returning
from the first-ever American spacewalk.
Luckily what makes you happy changes
as you age. Or maybe, as people say,
it’s all about perspective. I think
about that sometimes as I’m crushing
a few hundred ants on my new patio.