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Recipe for Growing Old

by Debbie Holden

Take a cup of confidence, and mix it with some cheek
Add a pinch of hair dye, and give your style a tweak

3 large spoons of exercise, is every day a must
While mixing this keep saying. I must, I must, try to improve my old and sagging bust.

A pot of very pricey cream to slather on your face
When feeling grumpy, find yourself a special quiet space.

Roast and bake your skin with care, and cover with a hat.
Add Bingo wings and love handles, and extra pounds of fat

Some thinning bones, and thinning hair, this ageing brings such joy
No point applying for a job your too old to employ

Arthritis, lumps and bumps appear, the you stiffen, and you ache
But add a bowl of supplements, with some water you should take.

Slice up some herbs and salad leaf, it's now your daily lunch
Forget the cake, the wine with food, your treats must have a crunch.

Lots of fluids, is the rule, to make sure you hydrate
Dish up heaps of early nights, and pile them high up on your plate

The recipe for ageing all sounds a little grim
With droopy skin and wrinkles, and chins that need a trim

But really aren't we lucky to achieve a ripe old age
So many others wouldn't get to reach this peaceful stage

The children cooked and fully grown we've done the best we could
A recipe of stories and we've coped with both bad and good.

So take a seat, enjoy the dish, and sprinkle on some luck
Ignore the fact that everybody calls you hen or duck

You've made it, seen it, done it, you can wear the badge with pride
Life is the finest recipe, the best one you'll have tried.

If your dish is heavy, and the fear of age won't shift
Then chin up love, remember book some fillers and a lift.

Boiled or fried, baked or grilled, the mix is looking good
So enjoy old age, and cherish life, be grateful that you could.