

**Getting Older**

is the title of a poem for old people.  
I prefer “Rumba!” or “Vacation in Cancún!”  
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.