

MY CHANGING REFLECTION



WITH MY LAUGHTER SUBTLE LINES APPEAR,
CREASES IN MY FOREHEAD DEEPEN,
DARKENED CIRCLES CREATE SHADOWS UNDER MY EYES.

WISPS OF GREY ARE NOW SPRINKLED THROUGH MY ONCE CHOCOLATE HAIR ,
AGE SPOTS BEGIN TO DARKEN MY ARMS,
SPIDER VEINS ARE SCATTERED ON MY ONCE VELVET LEGS,

GRAVITY PULLS MY BODY DOWNWARD.

MY TAPERED HANDS WITH THEIR PERFECTLY SCULPTURED NAILS AND GLITTERING RINGS
CAN'T HIDE MY DESTINY.

WITH EACH DAY, MONTH AND YEAR, MY REFLECTION MODIFIES AND ALTERS.
CAN I LOOK AT THIS CHANGING REFLECTION DAILY?
CAN I ACCEPT WHAT I SEE?

A LOSS OF YOUTH NEVER TO BE RECAPTURED AGAIN -
ONLY TO AGE GRACEFULLY -
WITH THE HOPE OF ACCEPTING MY CHANGING REFLECTION.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1989