

Sometimes I Look in the Mirror and Discover the Art of Aging

By Robert Taylor

Sometimes I look in the mirror and my reflection says, "I don't believe you can be as old as you look." And I asked my reflection, "Is that a compliment?"

"Did it sound like a compliment?" my reflection wants to know.

"Well, you remember the rule in this mirror, don't you?"

"No I don't," my reflection answers. "What's the rule?"

"You cannot complain unless you have a solution to offer, that's the rule."

"So what's your solution to looking older? Apply more make up?"

"That's not a bad idea. Might help for a while," the mirror answers.

"But I'm a male type. We don't use make up."

"Well, these days a lot of guys are wearing ear rings, having their hair marcelled and even getting their toenails painted. So start a new trend, apply that wrinkle cream."

"I wouldn't have the courage. Everyone will laugh at me."

"Why will they laugh? The stuff is invisible, so who will know?"

"I will know. I wouldn't feel right about it."

"Then die," my reflection growled. "If you don't want wrinkles and the other things that come with aging, you can go to hell."

"But if I go to hell, you go with me 'cause you go everywhere I go."

I turned out the light and my reflection disappeared. Then I heard my reflection say, "Turn the light back on, please."

When I did, my reflection reappeared and said, "I'm afraid of the dark, and I don't want to go to hell, partner."

"Why not?" I asked

"Because life is good." My reflection answered.