

## Missing

*by Carole Gauntlett*

I miss thick hair and a pencil thin waist  
And the ease of indulging my expensive good taste.  
I miss the agility to wear high heeled shoes  
And to bend for a pedicure whenever I choose.  
I miss nice smooth skin without gallons of lotion  
And a lover to funnel my unbridled emotion.

I miss those ubiquitous words on my tongue,  
I miss knowing all of the words being sung.  
Where am I going and with whom again?  
I'm not good with names and I struggle with "when?"

My body has aged and so too my mind,  
I miss but accept that and yet still hope to find  
Courtesy, kindness and unrestricted inclusion,  
in place of disdain, anger and exclusion.  
I miss most of all the civility of old  
Where people were decent without having to be told.