

Lovin' the Skin I'm In

By Marilyn Reeves

Oh, how I wish I could be young again!
Folks used to tell me I had nice smooth skin.
What's with all these wrinkles and creases
That grow in number as my beauty decreases?

Not to mention all these spots and blotches!
Warts and wens and skin that itches.
Am I the victim of some evil plot?
Have I been cursed by some wicked witches?

I feel as young as I did at age twenty-five.
Well, maybe not quite, but I'm still alive.
If I just didn't have this crocodile hide ...
You might see the young girl who's hiding inside.

Why can't I be like Benjamin Button
And age in reverse as time goes on?
That way when I reached age twenty again
I could learn to love the skin I'm in.