Tattoos and Other Enhancements

by Marilynn Reeves

This past March I celebrated my 70th birthday. *Celebrated?* "Grieved" would be more like it. I thought about telling people I was 69 + 1, but figured that wouldn't really fool anybody. I took a good look in the mirror, but my mirror seems to have developed a number of cracks that didn't used to be there, so I couldn't really make an accurate assessment of my appearance. Nevertheless, I thought this might be a good time to have an extreme make-over from head to toe.

First, the hair. How 'bout a colorful hairdo like Dennis Rodman's, AKA the "Birdman"? I could have my head shaved except for a few little tufts of hair – rainbow colored, of course – that would spell out the words "Hot Mama". Except my hair's really too thin to do that effectively, and the moniker "Hot Grandma" doesn't have quite the same ring.

Speaking of rings, I could go for a nice nose ring, or get my lower lip pierced and wear a diamond stud. But that would probably hurt every time I tried to sip a cup of coffee, and I drink a lot of coffee. And since I'm not really into pain and not too sure that a lip rock or a nose ring would really improve my appearance, perhaps some other sort of enhancement would do the trick.

Oh, I know! How 'bout a tattoo? Of course, it would have to be discreet – say a little butterfly on the ankle. Except that would just draw attention to my ankles, which really aren't that lovely any more, either. Perhaps one on the arm? Nah, they only look good on a masculine shoulder or a man's rippling forearm. Not quite the image I'd care to project for myself. Other options would be places nobody ever sees anyway. So what's the point?

So maybe I'll just stick with standard make-up which doesn't really conceal anything, but when I look through the cracks in my fa… , er, in the mirror … I can tell myself that I am, after all, only 69 + 1.