

Some Should Be Buried on the Lone Prairie
(Advice to Oldsters)

By Nancy Mann

We slid down the slope of the longevity curve so fast!
Who oiled it? Made it...greasy?
Now, the given topic of ageing, senility
Makes my stomach queasy!

In what people call The Game of Life
Is much Drang, Sturm and Strife
Thus, we must humor/honor those folks older
Whose fires are embers that barely smolder.

They once might've had romances galore
Now sleep with a partner
That drools and snores.
For diet, they switched from lamb to mutton.

Fortunes may have disappeared –
Faster than the one of Barbara Hutton!
They now purchase Saltines
As knees and hips are poppin',
They crawl out from Windsor Gardens
To do some simple shoppin'.

Peering/squintin' for correct products on the shelf
is now an art.
Beware, at K-Mart, Rite-Aid
No clerks are found – they've had training-
To strictly avoid the 'old farts.'

(In general, getting older
means the whipper-snapper youngsters
Give you the cold shoulder.
'Tis a feat to clean and cook,
Get comfortable to read your favorite book!

Sometimes, over the phone
'Tis difficult, at length, to talk.
Food doesn't taste good any longer.
Sprinkle it with Mrs. Dash or chili powder,
Or it will taste like blackboard chalk.

Be prudent. Order in importance your fears.
Speak not of signs of ageing –

Who wants to hear of body-parts 'droop'
Or the strange growth of hair now in your ears?

Advice for ALL genders:
Get new lenses AND reduce 'fender-benders!'
Exercise. Try meditation.
Keep your body in a state of liquidation. (Avoid OIC.)
A T.V. ad explained to me
That is "Opiate Initiated Constipation!"

Shower often or take baths
So not as to offend.
Impart advice when asked –
Yes, your wisdom...do lend.
But don't lend prescriptions.
That means you, Bill.

Know your butcher.
Boycott those persons who marry oldsters –
Then divorce them, a la Ashton Kutcher!
Seek peace. You survived two wars, maybe "Nam."
In crowds, don't talk loud or be a ham.

DRINK WINE. 'Twas written:
In the public house to die
Is my resolution.
Let wine to my lips be nigh, at Life's dissolution
That'll make the angels cry.
And bargain with God,
For my grace and absolution."

That, from poet, Goliard, affording one candle only.
Strong verses wrote when he was lonely.
With eye-sores, rheumatic hands,
In a shabby robe –
In rat-infested garret.
(Take this to an oldster and share it)

SO...you had misspent youths –
No successes...forsooth!
Your life was fraught with obstacles!
Parents, supervisors, bosses maniacal!
Remember, when your twangy song is sung
Your soul might become a flower!

Know the most beautiful, welcome flowers grow
'Tween the dancing, frolicking, amidst twitter of elves and fairies
(They once had twitter.)

On sun and shadowed Western prairies
The most colorful flowers grow
On plateful-sized piles –
Piles...of...cow dung!