

Young fool

by Lynn Beighley

I'm a hundred years old, a thousand.
My bones make sounds like old door hinges
and rickety stair treads.

I do okay. No teens at the stores ask me
if I need them to carry my purchases to my car, not yet.

But I'm older than your parents, probably. And
my ideas, to you, smell like dust on doilies.
Sound like an out of tune piano.

You damn well should know that
my feelings are stronger than yours.
So strong as to leave me breathless.

And you're lucky I hold my dry tongue,
you whippersnapper,
you whelp.

