

My Expiration Date Approaches

by Gary Hardaway

I've lived just long enough
that I'm completely obsolete.

The most beautiful cars were built
between 1962 and 1968-

the 250 GTO, 250 LM
and 330 P4. The Alfa GTV,

the Lotus 29. All the Cobras.
The first GT 350 and

the doomed, but splendid,
first year GT40.

My fashion sense deceased
once penny loafers became too dressy.

Sassoon hair became passé',
and YSL decided to die.

After Gravity's Rainbow,
every novel disappointed.

And how can anyone, anywhere,
surpass Elizabeth Bishop?

Architecture died with Louie Kahn

despite flirtations with Robert Venturi.

Retrograde in every way,
I fear a future fit for creeps

and balding narcissists.
While I breathe, I'll cling

to what was perfect when I was young
and strong enough to care.

