

# On being offered a seat on the Bart train

*by* Joanne Jagoda

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Darling— you want a vodka on the rocks  
I've had a crappy day  
two boys on the Bart train offered me seats—  
if it were only one, it wouldn't have smarted  
I'd have dismissed it as cute...  
a singular gallant gesture  
but twice in one day... oh God—  
I'm not ready for this

Remember when I entered a room and turned heads  
is my youthful charm a sputtering fire in the hearth  
but how can I be fading  
when some days I still want to boogie  
to the Rolling Stones blaring from the speakers in Trader Joe's  
hell, I just started a tap dancing class at the senior center  
I don't want to be overlooked like a bag of lettuce in the back of  
the Frig  
when inside I'm the same long-haired babe you met when I was  
nineteen

Passion still pulses through our fingers like a frisson  
I'm glad we're on this last journey together  
I'll never be old to you—I know that  
ok... I'll confess, I could've stood for the BART ride  
but I took the damn seat anyway—  
growing old is a bitch.

