

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.

