

# Exploring Physics

*by* Kitty Boots

Our half-life, radioactive decay, particles shed leaving dust and bone.  
"twilight years", "golden age", "evening of life"?  
Bullshit. I'm not ready to stop pumping high octane.

You said, "I'll take you to Paris."  
Hemingway's address is still in your notebook, I saw it.  
I'll wear my long skirt and Russian shawl.  
It will be cold, you'll need a scarf.

Why not Machu Picchu, too?  
I hear it holds secrets,  
But the altitude would probably kill us.

