

My heart doesn't know it's 50.

I understand the chronology, the biology, probably even the phrenology
but it doesn't

It beats and tumbles and quivers and is 40, 30, 20... not 50

I look in the mirror and I see 50. I see it in the grey hair, the laugh lines, and the blurred,
soft edges.

My eyes are just as blue as when I was 35, 25, 15... but they know they are 50

My closet, mostly, speaks of the style of a quinquagenarian

I have places that creak and pop and complain that remind my body it has been walking
around for about 18 000 days

But my heart... my foolish, crazy, irreverent heart. It seems to have no idea that it is
supposed to beat with measured dignity, not gallup, gambol, gyrate and jumble about
my chest.

My chest, incidentally, is well aware it is 50. Where once there was bounce and spring
and firm curvaceousness, now there is comfortable softness. Like old slippers. And
dressing gowns. And weak, milky tea....

So how is it supposed to contain the wildly beating beast that inhabits it? With its
temper tantrums and drum solos and aching, aching, aching.

How can I break it to my heart that it is 50?

Funny.... that sounds a lot like breaking my heart.....