

That Was Then, This Is Now

by Suzanne Sunshower

Watch me surf through my golden years
with a man half my age. What I mean to say
is save yourself. Everyone knows a couple
divided by one is no longer a prime number.
Remember how I lost you inside that long night
called youth? Odd,
how when you are kicking yourself
a thousand blows don't seem like much.
Happily, someone else's story is just starting
to get really good. And although I confess
I saw many dragged down by the undertow,
I will never be ashamed to say I swam
and swam.

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