

Golden Years

by: Victoria Kruzel

Jeanne Camlent is considered the longest
lived woman in the world

she

made it to the ripe old age of one hundred
and twenty two eating chocolate and
drinking port wine
smoking cigarettes after meals with courses
marinating her skin with rubs of olive oil
and setting it with fluffy puffs of powders

outliving all of her family, she found solace
in

fencing

cycling

tennis

swimming

roller skating

playing the piano

and

making music with her friends

i

think that maybe we got it wrong
when we decided to call them our
golden years

we

are

being told that we should have started
putting retinol on our faces as soon as
yesterday
drying egg whites on foreheads for a diy
face lift
chia seeds and aloe and cucumbers and
turmeric and ginger and toothpaste and
honey

if

i

swapped lives with a honey bee i
wonder if i would find time to stare at
myself in the mirror
capping out my max life expectancy of
thirty eight days pushing up my thorax and
wishing it stayed perky

at what age does it begin? tacking *for your*
age at the end of *you're beautiful?*

watch my black and yellow stripes fade into
bleak grays and incessantly dying them back
into fabrications of youthful vibrancy
lifting my mandibles that pleat shadows into
my face

holding them somewhere further back and
wishing that they could magnetize into their
assigned seats
putting them into a place where they belong
where they won't be too loud or cause a
disturbance or gather and protest about
fairness and unfairness

i can't look a day over twenty nine

i

wonder if i swapped lives with a honey bee
maybe she would learn what it means when
the other bees tell her that aging is a
privilege