



When I am An Old Woman

I shall wear purple with a red hat which
doesn't go and doesn't suit me.

And I shall spend my pension on brandy and
summer gloves and satin sandals,

And say we have no money for butter.

I shall sit down on the pavement when I am tired
and gobble up samples in shops and
press alarm bells and run my stick along the public
railing and make up for the sobriety of my youth.

I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
and pick flowers in other people's gardens
and learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
three pounds of sausages at a go or only
bread and pickle for a week and
hoard pens and pencils and berrmats and things in boxes.

We will have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practice a little now?

So people who know me are not shocked
and surprised when suddenly I am old and
start to wear purple.

By Jenny Joseph