

The Story of Me



As I looked into the mirror tonight and saw my wrinkles

I wondered, when do I have enough wrinkles that I cross the line into elderly?

Then I realized that there is no line to cross but that I am walking the line —

a linear journey from birth to death

and that the wrinkles are my story.

The story of me.

From little girl to fifty-something,

fighting gravity and expectations,

my biggest wrinkle a furrow in my forehead,

a message from my soul.