

WARNING

When I am an old woman I shall wear
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer

And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.

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

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beermats and things in
boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to visit and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practice a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and

When suddenly I am old, and start to wear

WRITTEN BY
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