

## BECAUSE SHE WAS OLD

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*Linda Umans*

They gathered round her  
over drinks on deck  
whispering, *89. Hope I'm  
like that at 89.*

Listening, ostensibly,  
to her views on travel  
they were thinking, *How will  
I be at 89? I hope . . .*

And she had a lot to say.  
And they were missing it.  
(What with the narcissism  
and Bloody Marys on offer.)

Because she was old  
she didn't realize at first  
that they weren't drawn  
by the charm, wit, intellect

she knew as clothing.  
She didn't realize yet  
when you're old,  
you become a mirror.

Can be gilded, but  
still a mirror.

And what to do with that.