

## Two Sonnets on a Friend's 40<sup>th</sup> Birthday!

**O Elaine!** Reach down to the enduring earth  
To gouge out, grasp and raise a pawful  
Of the mothering soil, our birth-  
Bed. If your joints squawk something awful  
As you bend, consider it an okay deal.  
The young, though wiry in an oily way, are stupid.  
They barely think. And what do they feel?  
They feel flesh. Anybody's. **Whenever.** Cupid  
Is their General Authority. When he speaks, each hot hand  
And other erectile part (where applicable) strains  
Roofward to sustain Cupid's indiscriminating reign.  
Their bottoms squirm, and burn with flame that sheds no light.  
Age is smart, and worth a lot. And  
Youth is not. Right?

**O Youth!** Take hope! Your eye may be a dial  
Blank, your skull a mariachi's gourd,  
Your conversation dumb and vile,  
Your lovers even awfuller (or bored).  
But contemplate **Elaine!** Standing brave  
Upon Time's Ridge, among her sister bristlecones.  
She shakes a fist of earth at Youth's Valley, paved  
With pop-tops, cans and chicken bones.  
She was not born upon that height, you dunce!  
She was not always what she is.  
Her heart flipped with restless passion once,  
Her youthful ear-holes spouted fizz.  
Now she stands above us all, indomitable and fierce and tough,  
Striving on!! And this her cry: "41! 41! 40's not enough!" ■