An antidote to the Menopause

With all this talk of growing old, it really isn’t fair,  
There must be more to middle age, than lines and thinning hair.  
So, here’s a little comfort to counteract those frowns,  
Some welcome positivity; for when age gets you down.

Women of a certain age, no longer forced to wear,  
The kind of tiny knickers that are only barely there.  
The sort that ride right your bum, riding higher and higher,  
A similar kind of feeling; to sitting on cheese wire!

No longer must you keep thoughts in, in case you cause offence,  
You’re free to blurt out what you think- bollocks to PC nonsense!  
Your TWAT detector’s finely tuned; a thing of great precision,  
No need to search for gentle words, just make a snap decision!

No longer must you join the race to always be on trend,  
The exhaustion that ensues from keeping up with friends.  
Woolly hats, fluffy socks and shoes that don’t make you lame  
Shiny wellies, easy fit jeans, tunic tops – you’ve no shame!

Wearing a coat on a cold night out; no need to freeze your arse off,  
Thick woolly tights with little skirts; frost bite’s a massive turn off!  
Leaving your legs to stay hairy all winter, and slightly less time for your pits  
Buying a bra with not much lace, that actually holds up your tits.

Taking more pleasure in the small things in life, nature and wintry walks;  
A nice cup of tea, a homemade pie and knives with matching forks.  
Dinner parties, ramekins, and useful plastic pots,  
Gin balloons, decent wine and NEVER doing shots!

You can buy your own flowers, you ***actually*** like salad,   
You don’t stay awake when you’re tired,  
You can chat on the phone for as long as you like,  
Drink gin whenever desired.

No longer the need to check one’s reflection,  
In every shop doorway you pass,  
To faff with your hair, adjust your top,  
Or check out the size of your arse!

Designer vagina a thing of the past,   
Over-plucked eyebrows no more,  
We just get a girl to scratch them back on,  
Until they’re quite fucking sore!

The bag of clothes you confined to the loft, are once again in vogue,  
Patent shoes, skinny jeans, batwing tops and brogues.  
Underwear that doesn’t match, music that is retro,   
Pyjamas that you wear all day… never having best clothes.

Ready in a hurry, Friday night curry,  
Spare plastic bags, trashy mags,  
Fairy lights, woolly tights,  
Evergreen shrubs, book clubs.

Speaking your mind, not wasting time,  
Up before noon, fuckwit immune.  
Don’t care who’s listening, no need for self-discipline  
Choose friends wisely, we can all spot a wise guy.

Not giving a stuff what others might say,  
Not needing to flirt – who’s looking anyway?!  
Any action that may make you look mental,  
The perfect excuse – I’m just post menstrual!

Do what you like, no need to explain,  
Who cares if your behaviour’s outrageous?  
You’re just the product of your advancing years,  
Look around you – it’s clearly contagious!