An Ode to the Menopause

It’s only a number …Or so they say,

Embrace it! Enjoy it! Seize the day!

The moan in hormone, it’s not accidental,

A reason to gripe, to save going mental.

The menopause looms like the sodding grim reaper,

Mojo stealer, skin wrinkler; youth keeper.

Hot flushes, blood rushes,

Night sweats, outstanding debts.

Blanket on, blanket off,

Needing a wee, not daring to cough.

A sense of frustration, the lack of menstruation,

A lack of energy… sooo much lethargy!

Haemorrhoids, fibroids,

Crinkles and wrinkles.

Varicose veins, heart palpitations,

Creaky joints, yeasty gestations.

Swollen ankles, or should I say cankles?

Unexplained blues, shortened fuse.

Vitamin D, Vitamin B,

Evening primrose, Turmeric tea.

Being forgetful, acid indigestion,

Losing your glasses… what was the question?

No longer a MILF but Maybe a GILF?

Working your ‘magic’ now looks a bit tragic!

Sex with the lights off, or no sex at all,

No ease of frustrations, without lubrication.

Maybe a book? It needs less arranging,

What’s more; the bed sheets won’t need bloody changing!

Walk into a room, don’t know I’m there,

I’m losing my marbles – just like my hair.

Hairline receding, waistline expanding,

Puffy eyes, thunder thighs.

Liver spots, sebaceous warts,

Lines and blemishes …of all sorts!

Avoiding inspection of your own reflection,

Fuller figure, ENORMOUS knickers!

Braless in Aldi, Flossing…BADLY!

Groovy tattoos, sensible shoes.

Expensive crowns, dressing gowns,

See through nightie…not bloody likely!

In bed by eight... *still* getting up late

Awake by three; needing a wee!

Pelvic floor – tight no more

Bladder control, that’s my goal!

A three-day hangover from too much gin,

A muffin top that just. Wont. Go. In!

Short of sight, even shorter of temper,

Gardening fan, National Trust member.

A sudden interest in things that are boring,

Absorbent cloths; laminate flooring.

Empty nester, warm vest-er,

Candle lighter, list writer,

Over thinker, prosecco drinker,

Feels the cold, hates growing old.

Knowing it all, but *still* knowing nothing,

It’s taking forever to get shit together!

Opportunities missed, boys I have kissed,

Reminiscing. Wistful… Wishing.

‘Boy’ in the shop who’s almost 30,

Grungy fashion that just looks *dirty*.

An extra chin, a faint moustache,

It’s only a number? …Don’t make me laugh!