

# A Calendar For Wrinklies

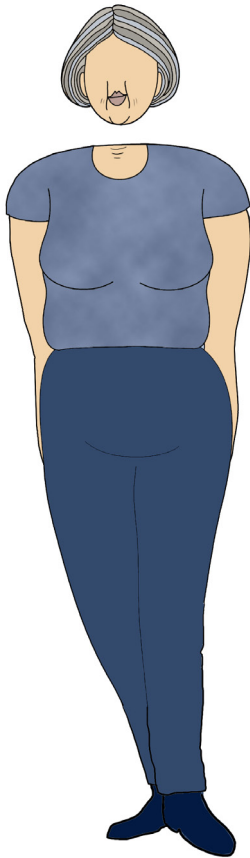
Here's Hoping That 2014  
Goes Swimmingly For You  
And Yours, With Love From  
Lynne, Garrath,  
Helmut & Helga.

### **Copyright Message**

**All the verses and images in this calendar are copyright of the poet, artist & photographer Lynne Joyce ©**

**All rights reserved.**

**These pages are protected by copyright. No part of any of the pages may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or otherwise, without written permission from the copyright owner.**



### An Ageing Woman's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray my dignity I'll keep,  
Bugger wrinkles, bugger sags,  
Just help me lift my shopping bags,  
Sod the age spots and the grey,  
And flab that will not go away,  
Just help me win the hardest fight  
To learn to love my cellulite,  
Help me understand that health,  
Is much more valuable than wealth,  
But if I' sick in my decline,  
Please make sure I don't whinge or whine,  
Let people who encounter me  
Not care how old I seem to be,  
Let them value if they can,  
Not what I look like, what I AM!

### January

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
28	31	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

# February



Oh the perils of old age  
Hit you when you reach a stage  
When your joints are not for fun,  
They simply creak,  
And the average monthly wage  
For those of pensionable age  
Wouldn't see a younger person  
Through the week.

When you say "Oh deary me,"  
And your bus pass is for free,  
And you get warts on your nose  
And on your shins,  
When your hospitality  
Turns from dinner into tea  
Where you talk about your ailments  
Not your sins.

When your hair is grey and thin  
And the lingerie you're in  
Is voluminous,  
Not glamorous at all,  
When your idea of sin  
Is not adultery or gin,  
But driving all your children  
Up the wall.

Yes, the perils of old age,  
Hits you, *then* you reach a stage  
Where you realise that old age  
Can be fun,  
So lets spend our dying wage  
By venting all our rage,  
And all be ranting wrinklies  
With a gun!!!

**M T W T F S S**

27 28 29 30 31 1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

## Living Gem



Do not buy into the cult of youth,  
Juvenile joys do not endure,  
Do not envy the youthful and uncouth,  
Revere instead the older and more mature.

Youth is not the church to worship in,  
For there should be no shame in age,  
There is no merit in a flawless skin,  
Those with advancing age are sage.

Do not deceive about the passing years,  
Years give you knowledge and experience,  
Do not buy into media-fuelled fears,  
Old age does not mean abstinence.

Reject the face-lift and the magic creams  
Wrinkles and sagging faces should be worn  
As evidence of life and lived out dreams,  
And of joys re-born.

Don't be seduced by the cult of youth,  
Just being young deserves no praise,  
Age gives an insight into truth  
Youth is a short and passing phase.

Do not sit quiet and be patronised  
By those made arrogant by youthfulness  
You are a living gem, not fossilised,  
Precious, not old and valueless.

Carry your years and experience  
Openly, with pride and dignity,  
Let those who suffer inexperience  
Revere your wisdom and maturity.

## March

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
24	25	26	27	28	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6



## Facing Another Birthday

Growing older is compulsory,  
Growing up is not,  
So I still have within me  
Teenager, babe and tot!

I still have not decided  
Just what I want to be  
When I grow up, so life is full  
Of possibility.

I'm too old to be a fairy  
Unless 'Godmother' is suffixed,  
So I'll be a Fairy Godmother  
And keep you all bewitched.

Too saggy for a model  
With a slinky catwalk strut,  
I'll be the artist's version  
And bare my ageing butt!

Too ancient for athletics  
Unless of the sexual kind,  
I'll practice mattress dancing  
And blow everybody's mind!

I'm far too old & wrinkly  
To have men in hot pursuit,  
So I shall turn the tables  
And be a predatory old boot!

Growing older is compulsory,  
Growing up is not,  
So I'll grow old disgracefully,  
Hey-Ho, why ever not?

## April

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
31	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

# Back to the Engine

(dedicated to Tony Miller)

Nowadays, when on a train,  
I always seem to be  
Seated facing backwards,  
Quite unwillingly.

Even though I try to book  
A forward facing seat  
I still end up facing backwards,  
Is this malice or defeat?

Maybe, the train people  
Think that a my age,  
I should sit with my back to the engine,  
Because I'm at the 'past it' stage.

It may be that their thinking is  
Because I'm old I'm weak,  
I don't have the guts to protest,  
I'll be quiet and not speak.

I might well be old and feeble,  
But I will never be  
Too old to raise a protest.  
I don't do timidity.

Years back, when I was younger,  
I was always forward facing  
Looking at what was to come,  
Seeing life rush past me, racing.

And though I'm over sixty  
Looking forward is what I do,  
For what's gone is gone forever  
And I prefer a forward view.

So give me a forward facing seat  
And let me view the future,  
I will not dwell upon the past,  
I'm a forward looking creature.

## May

**M T W T F S S**



## In Praise of Older Women Who Take Younger Lovers

Here's to older women who mate with younger men,  
Fuck them senseless, wear them out, then mate with younger men again,  
Here's to their fortitude, their energy and pride,  
And the fact that they won't let men take them for a ride,  
Here's to their dignity and fine sense of self-worth,  
That's overcome the prejudice that's dogged them since their birth,  
Here's to their youthfulness and endless joie de vivre,  
Here's to their scuppering the myths that bores believe,  
Here's to the laughter lines that decorate their eyes,  
And here's to the music of their younger lovers' sighs,  
Here's to their sensitivity and sexual prowess,  
And here's to their conviction of their right to happiness,  
Here's to their capacity for sharing love and care,  
And here's to all the young men who are grateful that they're there,  
Let's drink a sad and solemn toast to lonely young girls who  
Have years to wait until they're sexy older women too!

## June

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
26	27	28	29	30	31	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6





### The Wrinkly Techno Whizz

She's a wrinkly old bat with an iPad  
And an iPhone and mega computer,  
She's got wifi and high speed connections,  
But she wears clothes that simply don't suit her.

She has no concern for apparel  
Or fashion or trends or her looks,  
Technology's what she's concerned with,  
That's how she writes poems and books.

Whenever young people observe her  
It is obvious that they can't cope,  
For they think they own everything techno,  
So she should be a technical dope.

But this wrinkly old bat can outpace them,  
With Photoshop, Pages and Mail,  
She's been using them since the beginning,  
And with all of them, simply can't fail.

## July

So next time you look at a wrinkly,  
Don't make assumptions that they  
Are modern technology morons,  
Because many will blow you away!

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
30	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

## Style Statements

I saw a woman in New York  
Wearing jeans and a mink coat,  
When it comes to being stylish  
This one gets my vote.

A young woman in London  
Wore 1940's chic,  
Her harking back to war time  
Was rather tongue in cheek.

Spanish over dressing  
For weddings and the like  
Too tight frocks and too high heels  
They can go and take a hike!

The prissy English twinset  
With pearls, discreet and neat,  
Includes, expensive tan brogues  
On nylon stockinged feet.

That's no fashion statement,  
It's a style and fashion pass,  
It's just a declaration  
That the wearer's middle class.

Parisiennes in St Laurent  
All worn a size too small  
Worn simply to show off their wealth,  
Well they can keep it all.

After years of formal dressing  
All polished up and neat,  
Now I wear my faded jeans  
And flat shoes on my feet.

I defy all expectations  
To dress conventionally,  
For it is my intention to  
Grow old dis-gracefully!

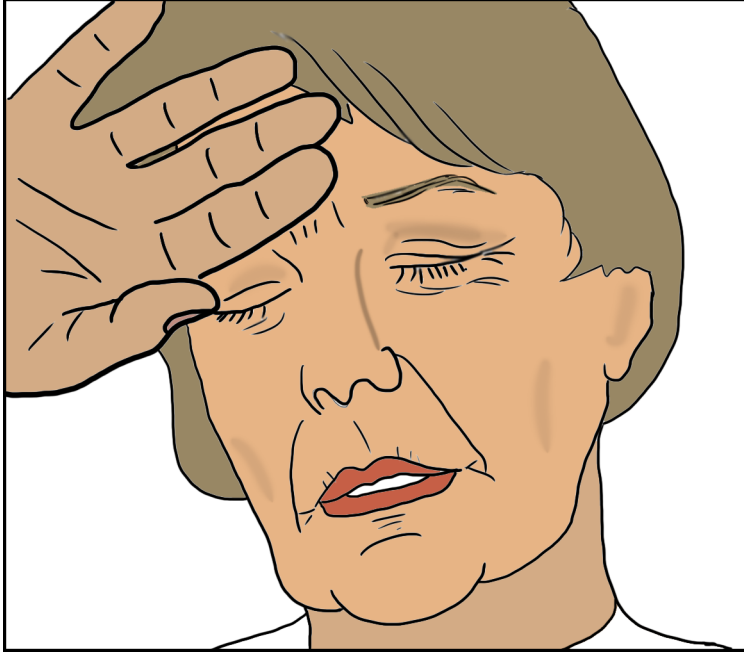


London Underground Photo Obs. 26-10-2007.

## August

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
28	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

## MEN-O-PAUSE



Why do they call it menopause?  
It has nothing to do with men!  
Why don't we call it womanpause  
And take it back from them.

And why are men embarrassed  
By the symptoms women suffer,  
Whilst expecting understanding  
Of their mid-life macho bluster.

And why are older women  
Treated as invisible,  
Sexually way past it,  
Irrelevant, replaceable?

But older men still think themselves  
Distinguished & desirable,  
Take up with younger partners,  
Become strangely irresponsible.

So come on older women,  
Take your lead from men  
Take on a younger lover  
And live your youth again!

## September

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

O  
c  
t  
o  
b  
e  
r

## A Pensioner's Rebellion

Looks are not important once you're sixty,  
 You are free to be as ugly as you please,  
 Everyone expects you to be wrinkly,  
 And have a figure drifting to your knees,  
 Grey hair is a pensioner's obligation,  
 Thin and in a style that's out of date,  
 Nobody expects you to be sylph-like  
 Until you reach a scraggy eighty- eight,  
 Nobody believes you have opinions,  
 Or the right to tell them what you think,  
 Nobody's surprised your speech is slurry  
 Whether it's from aging or from drink,  
 Once sixty, your achievements are as nothing  
 Anything you did no longer counts,  
 Nobody believes that you're a thinker,  
 Though you might have degrees in vast amounts,  
 Suddenly you don't have any value,  
 No intellect, no worth, no sex appeal,  
 People don't talk to you but about you,  
 Uncaring about how this makes you feel,  
 Suddenly it's as if your life is worthless,  
 And you are hanging round on borrowed time,  
 Everyone expects you to wear Cardies  
 And baggy pants, another fashion crime,  
 But all this stuff can be a liberation,  
 For you're no longer bounded by the rules,  
 So go on, you're allowed to be outrageous,  
 And damn the tiny-minded, ageist fools!

Lynne Joyce 07.12.2009 (62nd birthday).



M	T	W	T	F	S	S
29	30	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

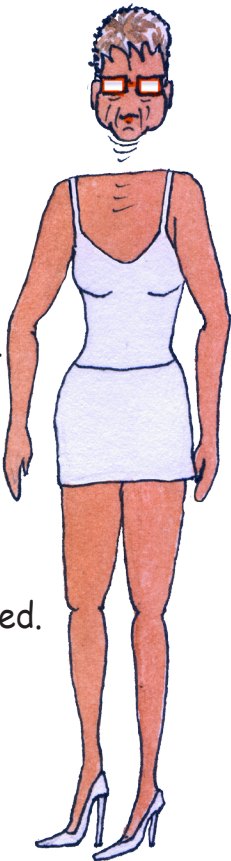
Age Related Style Crime

The clatter of heels alerted me  
To a woman with a strut  
And a very tidy figure  
With a very rounded butt.

She wore a skin tight strappy top  
And a tiny micro skirt  
And shoes with heels so high that  
They really must have hurt.

Her hair was short and spiky  
And very neatly trimmed,  
She wore designer glasses,  
Squares framed and scarlet rimmed.

Obviously a gym freak,  
Her muscle tone was tight,  
Though she was well presented,  
It didn't look quite right.



Her tan was quite authentic,  
Not sprayed on for effect,  
But all this looked incongruous  
For she was turkey-necked.

Her face betrayed her age as  
It had wrinkles everywhere,  
With facial muscles sagging,  
And silver in her hair.

If she had gone for elegance  
This lady would look good,  
But choosing the teenage tart's look  
Meant that she never could.

Once past the age of fifty  
One's hemlines should go down  
Lest you look like this lady,  
The oldest slapper in town.

November

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7



## The W.A.S.I.P. Movement

I'm sixty plus and overweight  
With lots of saggy bits,  
My belly's moving outwards,  
Moving downwards are my tits.



Since when was getting older,  
Offensive or a crime?  
It's just a normal consequence  
Of living a long time.

My chin is like a turkey's,  
My wrinkles are quite deep,  
I'm supposed to put on face cream  
Before I go to sleep,

Old people have experience,  
Why should we try to hide it  
Behind face lifts and eye lifts  
Botox or a diet?

They say I ought to diet  
Or have a tummy tuck,  
Botox or a face lift  
But I don't give a ..... Twopenny damn!

Why can't we wear our wrinkles  
And greying hair with pride  
And set the advertising  
Safely to one side?

I've worked to get my wrinkles,  
I've earned my greying hair,  
The adverts say "Look younger"  
But I'm not going there.

Let's start a protest movement  
To give us all release,  
We'll call it the WASIP movement -  
Wrinkle And Sag In Peace!

## December

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

**Lynne Joyce & Garrath Earnshaw**

37 Park Road

Shipley

West Yorkshire

BD18 2JU

01274 597803

[lynne@c-n-u.eu](mailto:lynne@c-n-u.eu)

[Garrath@c-n-u.eu](mailto:Garrath@c-n-u.eu)