

Getting to 100

When I was 13 I decided to live for 100 years.
When I tell people this, their eyebrows scrunch in doubt.
I see the old person highlight reel in their eyes:
father erased by cancer, grandmother's mind in hibernation.
But my script favors addition over subtraction.
Ferris Bueller t-shirt + mint cruiser bike with a basket
= cheeky old lady delivering surprise daffodils
to firefighters and second grade teachers.
If I don't hang on, who will represent the Age of Aquarius?
Who will remind my children that for every breakup and lay-off
there are days of violets and teacakes pouring from heaven
and it all comes out in the wash?
By my calculations I'll have 11 giggly great-grandchildren
under the age of 9. We'll drink blackberry lemonade
and read picture books to the quail family under the yew.
Already I'm transforming into my 100-year-old self.
More of a tapioca pudding body than I'm used to.
My only chance to try out moonlight hair
because after liftoff I'll be sunset blonde again.
I have a theory: there's an inverse relationship
between body and spirit. What deflates our body
blows up our soul like a hot-air balloon.
Sometimes my inner airship can't stop humming.
Maybe you too? Save the date
and join me for bluegrass and baklava
on my 100th birthday: the day before liftoff.

—Vauna Davis