

Studio One

Volume 47

Article 6

2023

Passing By

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Recommended Citation

Day, Holly (2023) "Passing By," *Studio One*: Vol. 47, 12.

Available at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol47/iss1/6

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Passing By

My friends come by to remind me
we're getting old, that as decrepit as former lovers look to me
this is how bad I look to them. I have to remember this
when I go to the flower shop and old men hit on me
that I'm probably close to their age, and therefore
an appropriate pick-up. I have to remember this
when young waitresses stumble between calling me
"miss" or "ma'am," that they, too, wonder which term
is more appropriate. I have to remember this
when I pick up my 17-year-old son from school
and his teachers automatically assume I'm his mother
and not another teenager, despite how young I feel
despite my adamant clinging to the notion
that I *am* still young.

Holly Day