

New Pants  
Luke Jackson

I want to fit in my old pants,  
The plaid green number, they made my ass look great  
My body has changed like the seasons  
What was once warm, and crisp has become  
Soggy and limp,  
A leaf forgotten and trodden over by the  
Unforgiving boots of time.

I want to go back,  
To the twenty-year-old kid  
trying on those pants for the first time.  
Tell him to wear them more often  
Tell him he'll be happier when then don't fit  
But he'll miss when they did.

I want to fit in my old pants  
But if the only way to get there  
Was to trace back my trodden steps  
Walk the tightrope of time backwards  
I wouldn't do it.

I like the way my new pants fit,  
I like the way we can share them  
As our bodies grow larger  
Next to each other  
To accommodate for our expanding hearts no doubt.

I want to go forward  
To when these pants are old  
To meet the man who wears them  
I can't see much of him yet,  
But he smiles,  
I hear a whisper,

These new pants aren't so bad.