

KEN NORRIS

## WHEN TAYLOR SWIFT BECOMES STALE CAKE

We watched the sun sink into the ocean.  
The array of colour was nothing special,  
though all of Waikiki had a golden glow  
for twenty minutes. And then it was done,  
the day put to bed, paving the way  
to a very starry night.

The most beautiful girls  
get old and die--I've seen it happen\  
for myself. That hottie on the beach  
in the green bathing suit is wrinkled and grey  
in forty years, and there's no preventing it.  
But for now she can lash me with her golden hair  
any time she likes.

When Taylor Swift  
becomes stale cake I'll know it's time  
for me to go. Till then I'm hanging in  
with living, and desire, and all the colours  
of the rainbow.