

IT AIN'T EASY

By Jan L. Ricord

It ain't easy as I get older I notice. There are a lot more places that seem to ache and many previous activities are difficult to accomplish, one of which is attaching and unhitching one's undergarments. Tired of requesting the assistance of a reluctant partner, I decided to ask my daughter. She said, "That's simple. Go to the 'sports' section."

I did. Do you know how large that section is? How many there are? I picked one and went to try it on before purchasing the item. The cubical was of adequate size. My only objection was the full length mirror on one wall. Upon disrobing to the waist, the sight was disconcerting. I felt like a voyeur, surprising a bountiful elderly. Yikes, is that me? When did that happen? I shuddered and turned around to face the graffiti marked wall.

I proceeded to try it on: I first placed it over my head, then put in my left arm and pulled it down a little when placing my right arm in to my forearm .. it wouldn't go any further. I tried to move it down into the correct place. I glanced in the mirror; my left arm was straight up, my right arm was over my head with my hand touching my left ear. I looked like a primate scratching its ear. The bottom of my face was covered with this garment, so if I wish to call for assistance I could not; besides the glance in the mirror discouraged such action.

I wiggled, I twisted, I jumped, and I bent at the waist, all to no avail. Then, I noticed the clothing hooks attached to the wall. If only I was tall enough hmmm with my foot I knocked my jacket and pocket book onto the floor. I moved it, rearranged it and finally kicked it into a pile and stepped up as if ascending to my throne. I was still too short so I jumped up, almost got it. I tried again and got it hooked on ... phew! Well now I was sort of just hanging there on the clothing hook, my toes barely touching the floor. Now what? I thought to release my weight; would slinking down toward the floor remove the offending garment? It ain't easy to slink when everything is stuck. I tugged, I pulled, I twisted, I wiggled and it came off with such force it went 'sprong' into the air like a space shuttle, the colorful tags waving like a flag and just missed going out the open space above the door. I just barely resisted kicking the contusion causing item into the corner. That wasn't easy.

Exhausted and bruised, I replaced my shirt and asked the saleslady for suggestions. She recommended an undergarment that attached in the front. I gave her my size. It didn't fit, too small. She got me another one, too small. Surely I couldn't have grown that much in such a short period of time. The next one fit ... elated until I found that the hooks seem smaller than they use to be. My manual dexterity produced another difficulty but I persisted. Starting from the bottom and trying to go up didn't achieve my goal but starting from the top and work down prevailed.

I bought it, went home and took a nap. It ain't easy. It just ain't easy.

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