Winter Tales: Men Write About Aging is a collection of poems, essays and illustrations from professional writers and artists expressing their thoughts on the subject of aging. Their views are filled with insight, wisdom and humor, riveting accounts that may make you sad, or make you happy, perhaps even giddy, perhaps wiser, and certainly contemplative. You may see yourself and others you know who are in the same predicament. You might find yourself smiling wryly and even laughing at times. This is a bright book of life, not death, which these wonderful (at times brilliant) artists have created. Winter Tales is a timely book, given our country's aging population of boomers who will take comfort in knowing they are not alone when it comes to dealing with what aging is doing to their minds and bodies. Take and read. Join the camaraderie. Welcome aboard.

... the Church exasperates me as much as a basketball game — Mario Vargas Llosa, Nobel Laureate 2010

When I'm walking and feeling pain in the knees, I feel pretty good about it because I feel like I'm paying off my bad karma on the installment plan — Norman Mailer

The body, as Richard Pryor put it (or was it Ali?), should sue these legs for non-support — Gordon Weaver

I have what in layman terms is called an addictive personality, and what I do, basically, is transfer my addiction from booze and dope to the healthier obsession of pumping iron — James Brown

We lose touch, and we try to re-establish touch, but often when we reach out our hands find only emptiness — Victor Rangel-Ribeiro

And so all of my male friends my age/were almost as anxious waiting / for the report on my prostate biopsy / ... I was their crystal ball, / their tea leaves — Albert Goldbarth

Aging face in a mirror / Silvered with years is covering / A child's heart — Jack Marshall

Take heed you who read this / & drop to your knees now & again ... & kiss the earth & be joyful — Steve Kowit

Screw the wizard of finality — George Dickerson

When I awakened, already fifty, / my hands were tangles of old line ... — Jack Driscoll

The forgetting I notice most as I get older is really a form of memory — Robert Pinsky

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Men

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