

OK Boomer, Show Us Your Moves

moonwalking ... I'm dreaming of moonwalking ...
kinda like Michael Jackson, I guess,
only not so silky smooth,
I'm shuffling backwards 'cross the stage of time
when some millennial in the crowd calls out, "OK Boomer" ...

guess we've had that coming
I mean, too true,
we Boomers pretty much left one god-awful mess
more than half a century partying on our parents' dime,
glacier retreats
signal the freezers are all but cleaned out
and records, they're spinning
as floods and droughts play on ...

I'm moonwalking,
minus Michael's glove, his shiny black shoes
just a pair of old runners and faded jeans ...

odd thing about this moonwalking,
once I'd hit life-speed
round the turn to 65
the physics changed
some weird parallel universe grabbed control
and I'm time travelling,
looping through past events
catching glimpses of people I haven't talked to
or seen in years
even feeling younger
since I did before ...

the regrets, the want-to-do-overs
as I shuffle still further back
past work in the '90s
that gives way to Talking Heads and the '80s,
on to the '70s,
still sliding back in time ...
oh,
there's a young man I haven't seen
from so long before ...

then it's Apollo 11 landing on the moon
watching from grandparents' living room floor
when startled, I hear,
"OK Boomer" ...

apparently not interested
they've seen all these moves before,
time to vacate the stage
their turn to perform,
no old runners or faded jeans
but with Michael's glove,
his shiny black shoes

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