

**THE BEAUTY OF  
WOMEN FOR MEN OF  
MIDDLE AND OLDER  
AGE**

**Collection of poems**

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## **OPENING POEM**

It seems that in their younger days,  
men often go their careless ways.  
They take for granted beauty's grace,  
unmoved by every lovely face.

For girls are many, fresh and bright,  
in high school halls and college light.  
At work, at parties, on the floor,  
at games and dances—plenty more.

It's charming, yes, but can annoy,  
this constant buzz, this flirty ploy.

Yet as the years begin to race,  
such charms grow rare, they lose their  
place.

The way men look at women's grace  
begins to shift with time and pace.

At twenty, eyes are sharp and bold,  
at fifty, softer, more controlled.

Young men pursue the dazzling kind,  
with perfect form and flawless mind.

But older men, with wiser eyes,  
see deeper truths beneath disguise.

But they're still drawn to youth's  
enchancing glow,

to carefree joy they used to know.

Desire returns, a sudden spark,

that lights their hearts and clears the  
dark.

It lifts them up, it makes them strong,

they feel they still, somehow, belong.

With vigor, strength, and newfound  
grace,

they chase again the youthful girls.

And then regret begins to creep—

what did they lose, what didn't keep?

Why did they study dusty books,  
and not the art of loving looks?

Though time may steal their memory's  
flame,

one thing they'll always still proclaim:

No matter what they may forget,  
a woman—they remember yet.

For she's the reason, deep inside,  
he strives, he dreams, he swells with  
pride.

She is the muse, the guiding light,  
the dream that dances out of sight.

She gives him strength, she makes him whole,

she stirs his heart, she shapes his soul.

He is a hunter, bold and keen,

drawn to the thrill, the in-between.

And like all warriors, proud and loud,

he boasts of battles, head unbowed.

Of conquests real—or just believed—

of loves he lost or once conceived.

But there are girls, so young, so fair,

who seek a man with silver hair.

They find him calm, assured, and wise,

a steady hand, a sweet surprise.

He gives them peace, a safe embrace,  
a slower, deeper kind of pace.

And though she never says it so,  
she makes him feel the years that  
show.

It slows him down, yet lifts him high,  
he smiles and thinks, "I still can try."  
Though age may whisper, "Let it be,"  
he answers, "There's still fire in me."

Of course, the older men confess,  
they like love's troubles less and less.  
For Aphrodite rules the game,

but plays it wild, without much shame.

Her son, young Eros, aims his dart,  
and none are safe from aching heart.

He brings us joy, but also pain,  
a kiss, a wound, a sweet refrain.

Even Zeus, in ancient lore,  
knew what Eros had in store.

He tried to end him at his birth,  
but Aphrodite proved his worth.

And so his arrows fly anew,  
with bliss and sorrow in their hue.

They pierce us deep, they lift, they burn,