Raisins are sweeter than Grapes

How many times can I end and begin
I'm an old soul in old skin
Speaking to young skin with old souls within

If you want to see clearly
Hear me
Please close your eyes

Please close your eyes
The face is an illusion – a confusion
Of age, with maturity
Freshness, with purity
It's a dangerous security
Thinking that wrinkles mean someone has gone out of date
Isn't it true that
Raisins are sweeter than grapes?

Don't we all realise
Lines can be wrongly decoded
Being defined as signs we've eroded
Like scars
Overloaded with misleading messages
Everyone *knows* it – looks are deceptive

Substance or spin –
If you believe the condition of your packaging
Matters more than the value of matters within
Please throw your contents away in the bin

Listen
Don't mis-perceive or mis-read what you see
Please close your eyes
Understand me
Not my feet
My legs
My hips
My arse
My tits
My hair
My lips
My eyes
My ears
Not even the sum of my odd numbered years

Because
Digits alone aren't enough to amount me
I am *so* old that you can't even count me
I am so old that no-one can date me
I'm older than History
Don't look for symmetry
Don't try to measure me
Ancient and primal
I'm old as eternity
I am infinity
Nothing can limit me
Mum – Daughter - Sis
I'm the whole fucking Trinity
I am divinity
I'm femininity
I am a spirit
A soul
And an energy
I have been living since there was no yesterday
My *best before* means I don't get a rest today.

Please open your eyes –
What have you seen?
What can you tell me?
Where have you been?
Thank you for hearing me say this out loud

"I passed my best today -
And I'm proud".