

On Being Young

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I like being this age.

It's the perfect age for me.

I'm old enough to know I'm not old yet and young enough to know I'm not young any more.

But then again I am young... I'll always be young.

I figure that until you die you have the potential to live forever, albeit a small potential.

That being so, as far I know, when I reach 100, I may still have decades maybe even eternity stretching before me.

Compared to that I expect to feel, and to be, young... as I am now.

Despite the aforesaid possibility of living forever, the chances are somewhat higher that I will actually die.

The fact that I am likely to pass away, will however only affect me when it comes to pass, at whatever speed that may be.

Until then my potentially infinite life will continue and so my youthful experience of it.

It follows then that I will die young...

They say that only the good die young, ergo I must be good.

This having been said, the question begs, good at what? Obviously not at writing prose.

How about convoluted logic? Perhaps so, but then I digress, as usual and so returning to the topic...

At this perfect age I've been around long enough to know that so-called old people actually still feel young, and who's to say they're wrong?

For the answer to this question to whom should we go?

Should it be those with comparatively little experience of life, say twenty or thirty years, or perhaps those who have had decades of experience?

Logic would dictate that it makes more sense to ask the latter and given that we have already determined their answer to be in support of my conjecture, I will take it to be so.

But then I actually have no choice in the matter. I am Young and will remain so for the rest of my days whether Generations X and Y like it or not, because 'I ain't changing my name for no-one'.