

## A Stride through Time (or In Pursuit of Warm Ankles)

New leggings, Pilates socks, new breathable top.  
Stripes, zigzags, flattering black  
Look the part, but don't use your back!

Start slowly, warming up, heart upping its pace.  
Stretch, lengthen, stiffness be gone,  
Aim to move with the grace of a swan.

Work harder, lumbago-free, legs starting to pump.  
Feet flexing, feeling the burn,  
Hamstrings scream, will they ever learn?

More effort, exertion, strength, cheeks glowing, on fire.  
Cool fabric wicking the sweat,  
(Where to? Hush, that's sport etiquette!)

Heat rising, blood racing through, now fever-pitch reached  
But, always, a niggling draught  
Strikes the spot between ankle and calf.

Tug leggings, hoist up the socks, impatiently rash.  
Slack, baggy, shapeless in time,  
Once so firm, now mirroring mine.

Jane Fonda, an Eighties girl, found fame with the burn.  
Legs, ankles, side-stepped the chill  
Boot or sock, or an espadrille?

Not sleekly, not elegant, a bundle, a cuff,  
Plain, patterned, choices abound.  
Sits in place, fits snugly around

That slice of gooseflesh skin, pale, pimpled with cold.  
Sheathed, swaddled, purl stitch or plain,  
Free from frost, and just with one skein.

Yes, Eighties, that hair, those pads, some fashions to fear.  
But, these days, now joint-care aware,  
Put these on, show all how you care.

Leg warmers, arm warmers too, all warrant respect.  
Wrists, ankles, it's never too late  
To return to the era of *Fame*.