



## ROXANNE HOFFMAN

### *THE DATING SCENE AT 80*

Yes, there is a dating scene at 80! *Just who did you think was buying all that Viagra?*

My mother is a widow in her 80's. She's 83, I think. And being 83 she's starting to forget stuff like her glasses, her teeth, her walker, *her age*. Some things she never forgets:

- Her lipstick, Revlon's fire engine red *Forever Scarlet*.
- Her pick up line—"My middle name is *Flora Selva*. It means Flower of the Jungle."
- And her black *stiletto* pumps! (Just why did you think she *needs* the walker?)

The other day, we're in Central Park and my mother strikes up a conversation with a lime-green parrot perched on this guy's shoulder. Apparently, she and the parrot are both from Ecuador. (The parrot speaks excellent Spanish. And Mom, she's pretty good at Parrot.) And the guy, it seems he's a collector. He collects exotic creatures:

- Parrots,
- Iguanas,
- Lava Lizards,
- Chinchillas,
- Spider Monkeys,
- Blue Morpho Butterflies,
- Ocelots,
- Pythons,
- And *Women...*

They exchange phone numbers and negotiate a rendezvous at the Cowgirl bar in the West Village. (I'm talking about Mom and the owner of the parrot, not the parrot, here. Of course, the parrot was pretty cute.)

After we get home I rib my mom about her date: "You're picking them a bit young. That guy could not have been a day over 55."