

What It Would be Like to Die

Some solitary moments visited me yesterday as my bare legs stuck to the tissue paper on this examination room table I have visited once a month for the past two years, my toes intertwined seeking any warmth hidden in the doctor's words, when suddenly a calm swept over me, a deep detached wondering what it would be like to leave everyone behind—my husband taking another wife, my daughters having children without me, and my son becoming the father of his dreams. I thought it must be like taking an indefinite journey, boarding a train without a ticket, no destination, or maybe to a garden with a distant waterfall, as hummingbirds darted from flower to flower, like there was no tomorrow. The truth is there is not.