

A Fantasy by Diana Raab

Tomorrow my seventh decades knocks
as I ponder how I arrived here—
the stories and people who've crossed my path.

I stop for a minute and decide what change
to bring forth and for me, it's not to be flappable
about anything;
to expect the unexpected,
whether it's cancer or a car driving too fast
or someone who abhors my life mission.

I will not whimper, brew anger or gossip.
I will not contradict, but choose to listen
and be the elder who slows down time.

I will be the one who gets down on the floor
to build Lego towers with grandchildren
like my father before he took his last breath at 70,

even before I got to tell him I loved him.
But now, I don't wait to tell my loved ones
because in this life we never know
the shadows which arrive tomorrow.