

## What If

what if I could take a  
hiatus  
from aging  
could pause the clock  
linger at the age of choice

where would I stall?  
at sixteen?  
when I knew so little  
thought I knew so much  
World War II ended  
boys  
no particular thoughts of the future  
not like  
today's youth  
who have to contend with  
ecological disasters  
and terrorists

would I stall  
at thirty-two?  
when the last of our  
babies was born  
we'd lost one child  
but the other five were healthy and bright  
my devoted husband at my side



would I stall  
at fifty-two?  
when I sweated through menopause easily  
and life was good

would I stall  
at my fifty-eighth birthday?  
ignorant of my husband's impending death  
in two weeks  
because of course  
if time stopped then  
he wouldn't have  
taken that last ride

would I stall  
at seventy?  
wink at father time  
my good luck holding  
after all  
only seven years have passed  
since then  
though my eyes dim  
and my feet  
ache with arthritis  
I rejoice, celebrate  
even blossom occasionally