



# Lost Centerfold

By Leona Frances Choy

*I awoke one morning and thought about  
all the roads*

*I won't be able to follow because there  
isn't time; all the things I won't do because  
my strength is running out.*

*I will have begun everything but be  
unable to finish anything.*

*I don't know whether*

*I should run like mad and hide from  
those dark thoughts- or microscope them to  
dissect reality from fantasy.*

*What happened to middle age?*

*I seem to have skipped from young to  
old.*

*Where is that centerfold of prime time  
I counted on to fulfill all my dreams?*

*In the planning, someday, I lost today.  
Tomorrows disappeared into the past  
tense without the sense of having lived them.*

*The face that stares back at me in the  
mirror has already done its living - - but  
when? Where was I when it happened?*

*In panic, I want to take a hammer and  
nail and impale this moment, right now,  
today, immovable, before it gets away.*

*I want to grasp the hands of the ticking  
clock, feeling its throb as the rhythm of my  
own heartbeat, and hold the hands from  
advancing.*

*I want to stop the sun to stay at noon  
all day and keep the shadows from  
lengthening. But I don't know the way.*

*I have the NOW and only that. I must  
endow this moment with life and joy and not  
destroy its intrinsic value with the enticing  
decoy of waiting for tomorrow and planning  
to borrow by installments all of its illusive  
days to do my living then - - only to lose  
them again.*

