Just Beyond

by Joanne Jagoda

I try to recall

cousin Celia's second husband vou know...what's-his-name or that French actor from the TV movie but names elude me hover just beyond reach wily fugitives from my once impeccable memory they hang in that murky space I can no longer reach with alacrity sit defiantly on the tip of my tongue so bratty-- they sneak home at 3 in the morning when they wake me up and give me the finger I used to spout the prologue of Romeo and Juliet answer the questions on *Jeopardy* before the buzzer this aging thing-- it's a bitch hey, this is me who danced to the Doors I thought I would surely dodge that bullet I don't get why bad memories linger like the burnt smell after a fire stuff you wish you could forget why can't those thoughts retire for good to that place of hazy recall ah... it's the faded snapshots I treasure sweet images of good times ebbing and flowing like gentle currents gathering on the banks of my mind--I will fight against this aging thing but I fear the battle is just getting started.