Did I Like the Way the Movie Ended?

My friend writes mystery novels with surprise endings, but I'm not so good
with closings. I've reached that age when I can count on too many big things dying -
a marriage, a friendship, a parent, an ideal – none of the final outcomes tidy or fair
but sure to have a lifetime's worth of Rashomon versions of what really happened.
I'm nearing the end zone and still find myself stuck on playbacks and what ifs,
but all I really know for sure is that it's damn near all out of my control. This body
of mine is going down fast, the gruesome sight of my flesh which flaps and hangs
off the bone, but I go to tai chi and zumba class to buy me some extra time,
another flimsy conclusion, knowing all the while I am one of the lucky ones,
still here after being struck by cancer, cut twice by the surgeon's knife, zapped
31 times by radiation. And now what? How many more years? Maybe
no one but some god of randomness calls the shots. But still, I fill myself
with the wobbly hope I can somehow make a difference. I watch others resort
to prayer, reality t.v. shows, spinach-enhanced smoothies. I see an upsurge
in hoarding, speeding, shooting, overindulging. I admit I'm guilty too,
of just about all of the above. Greedy, yes, to want at least ten more years.
No, make it twenty, so I can see my grandsons graduate and maybe even marry.
Though I don't want to lose my mind, I'd rather split from the scene fast,
pills or a car racing over a cliff, than be plucked by that ubiquitous thief of memory.
Oh, here I go again, sorting out endings, wasting the precious now worrying,
speculating, weighing my options like I always do, instead of stopping
to listen - enter the moment completely in a jazzy rendition of “Summertime”
or another bite of my favorite Spanish mackerel sushi – simply stopping.

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