

## MISSING

By Nancy Gabor April 29, 2020  
for Stories Around the Table Workshop

SHE: I couldn't sleep last night.

HE: How come?

SHE: I don't know – had anxiety.

HE: How come?

SHE: I don't know – just had it.

HE: You probably slept, you just think you didn't sleep.

SHE: WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP TELLING ME WHAT I DO. I DIDN'T SLEEP.

HE: Okay – Sorry.

SHE: It's ok – I have anxiety.

HE: How come?

SHE: I missed something important.

HE: That's interesting. What did you miss?

SHE: I don't know – if I knew – I wouldn't miss it. But it's important.

HE: Well, think, think, think . . .

SHE. It's me. I'm missing.

HE: You're missing something?

SHE: Not something – ME – I can't find myself. Where am I? I wake up in the morning. 'same ole, same ole' and yet time passes quickly. Where did the day go, what did I do? Anything? Is this it? People say that life will not be 'as we know it. Looking in the mirror as I pass by I glimpse someone – who is that old woman with the scraggly grey hair? Looks like my Aunt Sally? Oh, that's me – take a closer look – it doesn't look like I think I look, where did I go?

The thing that puzzles me is that I feel young.. This virus frightens me—do I have a future? Am I over? Anxious . . . Coffee in bed, breakfast, tv news, exercise, lunch, jigsaw puzzle, phone calls, emails, a nap, make dinner, chat with Paul – Netflix? Bed, again. dream, a little sleep, wake-up, take 2 Tylenol, wiggle my ears 35 times, eat half a banana, give the cat a snack, try to sleep, doze, anxious, open my eyes, coffee in bed, get up --- Where AM I?