

The dog she is

Loretta Lukaczer

There seems to be more to look at and less
to say the blinder I get these days. That's a good start.
I nurse a doctored White Russian hoping to awaken
the sluggish muse slumbering in my abdomen.

Seems like she used to float over and around
my mind or out about in the garden, pointing
this way or that, spry, effervescent butterfly.
She convinced me that life was good and I

Was so good to notice that. The ice clinks, another
wash of milky intoxicant makes its way forward
in time, causing a small loosening to descend on
all involved, my eyes close and I see a meadow

Of hummingbirds on scarlet columbine, each so small
and quivering and strange, an alpine field of red synapses.
I rouse myself to do PT, the new knee exercises, who would
think there were so many exercises? And yet there

They are. In my thick notebook I started 20 years ago.
Little stick people stuck in positions, hastily drawn and xeroxed
by earnestly fit, young therapists to make sure I understand
alignment and repetition, not to mention compliance.

Maybe they can see I started out a rebel, but look at me now
the very picture of alignment, repetition and compliance.
And still, I balance on a telephone book and will my kneecap to
go the other way whilst it is bent and supporting the other leg.

Like Zoe who occasionally must not go upstairs because she has been very bad indeed through no fault of her own. Sometimes

She's the dog she is. If my kneecap has gone sideways when bent for decades, could I possibly be spitting in the wind? Never mind, therapists are like grandchildren, they want you to live, hike, scuba dive, to grab life by the shoulders and give it a kiss.

Sometimes, enough is enough. But not today. Clinking glass in hand I balance and lunge, fencing with, and spinning in the chocolate dark.