Slow, Boat

Andrea Cohen

We call him slow,
though no degree of speed
could swift him
to where we wait.

His station remains
a cloud, a glacier,
immune to reason
or cajoling.

He greets and leaves
with Christmas tidings
all year long, yells
get well when we feel fine.

His belief system insists
chairs be taken
out for walks,
the fruit bowl be watered,
gnats looked after.
He's not slow, but rapidly
rowing a boat we can't see,
in a sea invisible to us,
though we sense from his urgency,
the waves, the water rising.

Learning New Words

Hal Sirowitz

My Parkinson's medicine makes
my arms shake. The medical
term is dyskinesia. That's
one of the benefits of the disease –
you learn new words. You
also learn new meanings for
old words. When I say my
windows are wide open,
I'm not referring to the computer
or those in a house. It means
my medication is working.
A half closed window means
the medicine is wearing down.
A closed window means everything
I do will now become a struggle.
I just pray the window won't get stuck.

The Speed of Mice

Hal Sirowitz

When the Parkinson's medication
wears down, I turn into Cinderella.
My means of transportation
slows down to the speed of
a pumpkin pulled by mice.
My shoes still fit my feet.
But I take them off. They
make too much noise as
I drag them across the floor.