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.

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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.