

Still Crazy After All these years

---Paul Simon

Yes, steadiness is a virtue but
watching my calico stalk a butterfly,
I realize unsteadiness has a purpose.
Jagged trajectory, calibrated imperfections,
a monarch' wobbly flight, its only defense
against my cat's outstretched claws.

Always off balance even as a girl,
I still get queasy thinking about crossing
Rough Creek on the swinging bridge,
sagging beneath my step, swaying
on gray planks that were rotten,
gone in some places or broken
in the middle so only splintered ends
remained. Holes were a magnifying glass
turning water below black and wild.

No clue why I crossed that bridge.
There was nothing to do on the other side,
just a shed ringed by metal posts, barbed
wire melted clean and the shell
of a burned house, its stone chimney
hexing sky like an arthritic finger.

What on earth was I trying to prove?
Now, why am I paying a personal trainer
to watch me perch on a rehab ball?