

Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., Editor

Losing My Grip

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A
AWASH in testosterone, high school football, broken neck
Beyond the coach's gaping face
Burned the pale blue sky

Now, beard salt and pepper, hairline in full retreat
My right hand's gone clumsy and weak
Belonging to a stranger not fluent in my dialect

The mindless, fluid, facile ways I used to touch the world
Replaced by halting baby steps
Demanding full attention, contemplative and slow

I struggle to pull the battle group medallion from my pocket
Remember uniforms, salutes, firm handshakes, distant lands—
Cherry blossoms in Tokyo on the late Spring breeze

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