REFLECTIONS

 On Becoming Parkinsonian

Barbara A. Smith

The rumble in my brain

Rattles my head,

Shakes the bed,

Awakens me.

A new dawn

Aging before my time.

My scribbling on the blackboard

Is ‘*the handwriting on the wall’.*

Belabored, stiff, and shaky,

Predicting my future

Like a crystal ball

My fingers fly on computer keys

In flagrant disobedience to my brain.

Logical thoughts become nonsense.

Backspace, Backaaaspace, Backkspppaceee.

Nearly defeated by a bowl of soup,

I drop humbly to my knees

And push the brimming bowl

Slowly by degrees

Across the floor to the table.

The tightrope wavers, sways.

I concentrate!

The world disappears!

The balancing act is all.

Parkinson’s disease is a hand brake and a foot brake.

.. . . . . . . . . a freight train,

Thrusting into the future,

Turning ahead the clock.

Rumble,

 Mumble,

 Jumble,

 Fumble,

 Bumble,

 Stumble,

 Tumble.

 Humble

 Humble.