

***parkie workout***

(for Elizabeth)

you should see me in the gym  
riding the bike working the trx straps  
even lifting weights stretching  
you'd be surprised!

elizabeth says  
watch me  
now you  
go  
i laugh  
i laugh  
i cannot comprehend what  
makes her think  
i can do *that*  
i'm sure i can't  
i'm so afraid it will hurt  
(my body has reshaped  
itself around avoiding  
any movement might  
exacerbate my pain)  
she's a little crazy  
she can't understand  
i laugh again  
she looks at me  
(all this in a single blink)

i marvel at her confidence  
to which my body surrenders  
as if it receives  
signals from *her* brain  
while my own  
still struggles to transmit  
"hello hello can you hear me now"  
and voilà!  
i do it! i do it  
again!  
(this is called "creating new neural pathways")

elizabeth is a good teacher  
i'm astonished  
by my body's capacity

for learning despite  
the damage of 70 years  
parkinson's disease arthritis  
i really wish you could see us in the gym  
we are quite amazing  
especially when you think  
i'm a hard-core existentialist  
in the mold of eeyore and dostoyevsky  
my early male-training failed  
to make me a competitor but

*i'm killing it in the gym!*

even if you *could* see me  
you wouldn't believe it  
i don't  
what's more incredible is  
it makes me feel better  
i like it