

Preparation

I wear soft clothes,
Fluffy fleece,
Combed wool, shields
Against the hard edges
Of the world
I fall into,
Over and over.
I curl my hand
Around the corner
Of the kitchen cabinet
So when I fall
Again/against
My own place
I won't gash or bruise.
I have lived here
Two decades,
Nearly half my life
So far,
Longer than anywhere--
It can still hurt me.
It's the likeliest place,
In fact, for pain,
Sudden weather of the body,
An interior spring squall.
I know the tricks
What to hold
What to wear
What to eat
(so much ginger)
All the ways to pretend
It won't happen again.
It will.
There's no softening
That hard truth.