
POETRY | SPRING 2018

Push

By Ocean

I'm wrestling my way up the hill
Hyperattuned to minute discrepancies of incline
Each nub of gravel a hurdle triceps burning
I ascend micron by micron truly I am like a snail
A guy approaches asks if he can push
Usually I say no but something about him his gait maybe I assent
I'll admit the decency of moving at a clip beyond that of a mollusk
Though the guy does sort of shuffle
We are moseying along there under the summer sun he says
What's your damage
Spinal Cord Injury I say C-6/7
Multiple Sclerosis for me he says
I realize he's not only helping me he's also
Leaning on me for balance he confides
One day it will be me in a chair being pushed
One could smell it emanating off him
The fragrance of the future
Swirling in our nostrils like smelling salts
No he isn't just helping me he is
Pushing himself in the months to come
We attain the crest of the hill the sun with us
He releases my handles says
Thanks for letting me push while I still can and we part
Each into our own reckoning

Ocean is a disabled writer living in the mists of the northwest coast. His poetry and fiction is known for its resuscitation of the mythic and contribution to hypnogogic literary animism.

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