

POETRY | FALL 2013

Rehab

By Tom Whyne

In the mirror wall,
You expect Degas,
But find Magritte -
Yourself,
Walker-steadied,
Gait belt dangling
Amid a black and silver battery
Of aimless weapons.
Poor penitent!
But they will come
With space-anointing grace,
Your guardians in this purgatory
Of tilt platforms,
Weight racks and rip cords,
Physio balls and massage tables,
To clock you,
Plodding the treadmill,
And wheel-walking floor-taped trails.
Preaching sweat salvation,
Would they purge age,
And bring you back to them?
I know your answer, Love,
Blooming up from your undamaged spirit -
It would chasten sunshine.
Though your muscles lose their moorings

And your bones go weak as chalk,
The you of you,
Will die fit.

Tom Whyne is a retired drama teacher who has been writing all of his adult life. He returned to the craft of writing poetry after his long time partner fell and suffered a traumatic brain injury when she was 86 years old. His poems were made from the highs and lows of the three-year period that ended with her death. His first published poem appeared in the *Still Point Arts Quarterly*.

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