

BILL HOWELL

Polio Snowshoes

Far too early as usual.

I decide this watching
your preoccupied eyes setting out
in a flurry of elfin scarves
and alpine footwear
this morning, your fabulous purple mittens
carefully latching
the front gate before you trudge off into
the latest unshovelled drifts for
another round of x-rays.

Then suddenly
you've easily beaten a squealing streetcar to
the next stop, transforming
any potential fearful, stupid, mean or imaginary taunt
into an electric spark.

And you're gone, whatever the weather.

You never let on about any of this,
the same way you refuse to ignore it.

The same way,
your insistent, pumping shuffle always
gets to my heart on time.