

Habilitas

One arm can be raised painlessly.

The other arm cannot be raised, painlessly.

One foot beautifully articulates to all sides.

The other foot is locked, causing a limp.

One glute goes unnoticed throughout the day.

The other glute is incessantly irritated.

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There's a million gnats hanging around here.

Not all the gnats are in great shape.

Some more than others are more spry.

Matter of fact, you could line them up, one by one.

An array of nano-differences would emerge.

We might call that a scale.

Whatever.

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Primate that doesn't heal, *that's* the poem.

That's the poem on a scale—of spryness.

It both *can* and *cannot* walk—without a limp.

But it moves through—the gnat space, the ape space.

It gears towards its own sun.

That's the perception, at least

The minimally required deception

To get to sun not its own but felt as its own.

And how not?

“Our collective sun”—that perennialist phrase

Uttered by limpers-in-life, alongside gnats

Agitated, swirling among, swatting each other.

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The nerve endings of tendons are fueled by the sun

Not by the stars or the moon, well maybe the moon.

Maybe moving limbs are lunar tributes

Without our sunny consent.

Maybe the gnats should calm the hell down.

Maybe the apes should dote on more practical matters

Like, four limbs wiggling efficiently enough

Powered by hobbled hips

Happily venerating the sun among gnats

Curiously awaiting what moonlight might bring

What creature companions might emerge

What verse lines will reach out for reception

What painful or joyful range of motion might ensue

Among apes, gnats notwithstanding.

The sun, absurdly sunny, urging on.