In the Wrong Body

Lori Levy

For Peggy

She disagrees with her body.
Her body says, *I'm old, one hundred years.*
Her spirit laughs, knows that's a lie.

Her body insists, weakens more each day,
until it feels like it's climbing Mt. Everest
just to move from wheelchair to couch,
commode to bed.

Her spirit shines. Awes at the April blossoms
on branches greening in her window.
She delights in birds, books, her morning toast.
Dispenses love like chocolate to everyone
she meets. We come back for more, more.
Her body may be short of breath, but every day
her spirit pulls her husband into a dance—
a waltz, a tango, something wild and invented.

This is the way it is now, says her husband.
A daily battle, as if she's in the wrong body.
One day her body wins—she stays in bed all day.
The next day she bounces back, writes poems,
gives us roses and delphiniums. Reminds us
that the moment is as precious as
the bursting blossom of the columbine.
Lying prone, she waits to be seduced
by images as yet unseen.

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