After the Accident

Karen Forslin-Bojnansky
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After the Accident

Crumpled, bent, clutching his crutch
angling to the bathroom,
he hollers, “You Bastard,” to the enemy—
his humpty dumpty left leg
though the other a fraternal twin.

Lower limbs saved by doctors
to live with pain
that stabs, throbs, torments
ever present, a now permanent resident.

My beloved demands no assistance
yet my hands ready, heart heavy.
Tears hide behind my brave smile
cemented as I watch him struggle.

Idle as he falters
helpless to relieve his distress,
beside him but outside his agony,
I feel worthless and isolated.

He swallows medication to force his legs,
I wrestle being caregiver and wife
our life shrinks into his and her suffering.
Relinquished to the couch, optimism melts
alternatives die when pain wins.

Like darkness settling, resignation fills
hope’s empty space when months turn into years.
Finally a partition for misery granted, we accept this tenant
embrace our new normal.

-Karen Forslin-Bojnansky