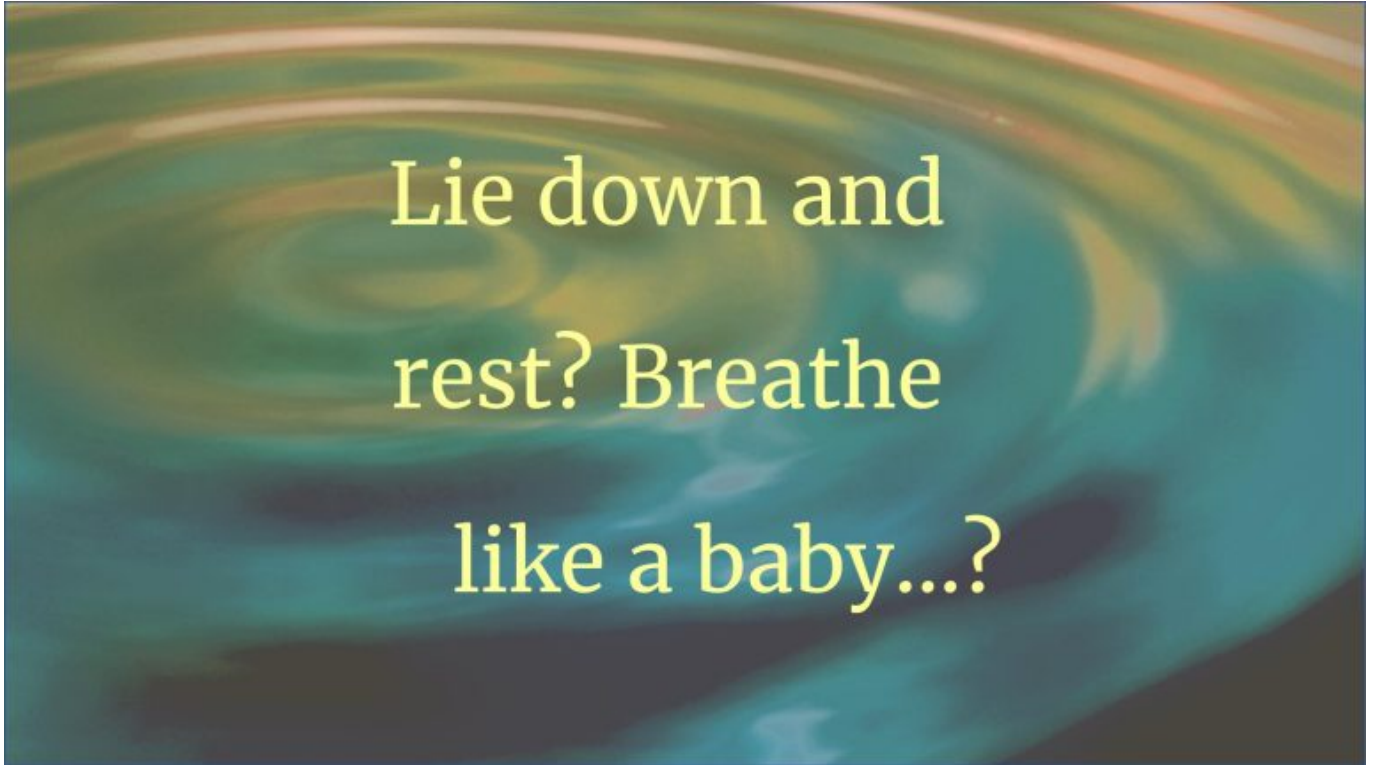


Song of the Body

Category: Poems

written by Susan F. Glassmeyer | January 19, 2024



You wake up in pain, again.
That thoracic disc twisting in on itself
like a corkscrew unable
to spiral back out of the pulp.

It's work make-believing
your way through the long week,
bearing someone else's dreams
on your employed shoulders.

You do it though. You carry on.
Live up to others' expectations.
The proof of your worth reliant
on anyone's truth but your own.

Lie down and rest? Breathe like a baby?
Feel what's alive and surrender?
Not on your life. Your anthem
of suffering is a badge of honor.

Friend, you can't even sing the blues.
Your loyalty to pain locked up
behind the bars of your rib cage.
How long can you hold that note?