

Ode To My Wrists – a poem by Lisa Molina

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My wrists
tiny glass brittle bones broken,
shattered when I slipped and fell.

My wrists
hung on a Chinese finger trap with
weights pulling them to realign in the ER.

My wrists
“Will I be able to play piano again?”
I ask the doctor, even though my wrist’s fingers hadn’t touched the dusty keys in over a year,

My wrists
repaired with metal plates by a surgeon three days later, held together with pins and plates forever.

My wrists
trapped in their bandaged wrapped cocoons,
waiting for the fluttering wing fingers to emerge.

My wrists
unable to turn pages of a book or
write a poem or text a friend or
caress the fluffy fur of my cat..

My wrists
finally released, spreading their fingers
outside their cocoons, covered in scars
of remembrance and gratitude.

My wrists
lay their fingers on the piano keys and begin to play the notes through my whole body as I joyfully weep in
prayer of swollen pain.

My wrists caress/console/carry/captivate/pen/pages/poems/
play/piano/pray/fingers/feeling/fluttering/

Finally

Flying.

Holding a BFA from the University of Texas, **Lisa Molina** has taught high school English and theatre, and served as Associate Publisher of Austin Family Magazine. Molina now works with students with special needs. Her poetry can be found in *Trouvaille Review*, *Beyond Words Magazine*, *Ancient Paths Literary Magazine*, and *The Ekphrastic Review* with poems soon to be featured in *The Peeking Cat* and *Silver Birch Press*. She lives in Austin, Texas.