

# Ode To My Wrists – a poem by Lisa Molina

## Ode To My Wrists

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.