

Chronic Fatigue

Eleanor Zuercher

It is to be expected that illness
Will be an encumbrance, that, sunk in fatigue,
Sullen pain will shackle me to the mundane,
As the body grows more dense and the mind
Less leavened, more solid, impermeable.
So much for the weight, the leaden thunder.
What surprises is a simultaneous
Lightening – in being used up, wrung out,
Desiccated – I am diminished, over-thinned,
A condensed breath of curling gold leaf
Easily erased with the rub of a thumb,
So frayed as to hover on the dim edge
Of the visible, the relevant. Depleted
To a friable seed-ready insubstance.

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