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## To My Tibia

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## To My Tibia

Lorna Van Gilst

Silent for thirty years,  
now you wake me in the night,  
sending little shoots of pain  
up and down the marrow road  
between ankle and knee,  
heedless as a novice on skis.

I had forgotten  
the powdery slope,  
the rush, the glide—  
the sudden stillness,  
leg bound to board,  
body wrapped in scratchy wool,  
goggles pressed into the face—

I had forgotten the support  
of plaster and crutch,  
each step a deliberation,  
a slow swing forward into life—  
the steady lessons of dependency.

Now I remember again, in the night,  
fresh as Sierra snow.