

ANDY WEATHERWAX

POSSESSION

There are few words more ambiguous in meaning than possession.
The dictionary says possession is the act of having or taking into
control.

In legal terms it can mean occupancy of property,
without regard for ownership, or without regard for legality
as with drugs or weapons.

Possession can also refer to control of a ball or puck;
or domination by something, a spirit, a passion, an idea;
or a psychological state in which an individual's normal personality
is replaced by another.

But possession is most often associated with ownership,
though it need not refer to literal ownership.
Sure, we can speak of Bob's hat if Bob owns a hat,
but we can also speak of Bob's children even if Bob doesn't own them.

Which brings me to Parkinson's disease.

It's a funny name for it.
I have it, yet it is not mine.
Parkinson never had it, he just found it.
Now I have it, now it's my Parkinson's disease.

We would never speak of my Bob's hat,
just makes no sense.
Anyhow, that's not the point.
The point is, it's possessive.

That is exactly what it is.

MY TEACHER

I'd like to run with the boys,
cook dinner on an open flame,
and enjoy a glass of wine with friends and family

grasping at the past, I weep
an icy wall of anger and resentment builds
frozen, unable to break free from this frigid barrier
that holds hardened self-pity near and dear

I close my eyes and listen
to the sounds of the summer barbecue
the laughter of the boys
the chatter of friends and family

I close my eyes and breathe
letting the warm waters of gratitude rush in
thawing the raw grip of expectation
letting go of *I wish*, letting reality-as-it-is arise

I close my eyes and smile
it is what it is
and there is no way to escape it
I am of the nature to grow old, to fall ill, to die

everyone I love and all that I hold dear
is of the same nature
this I learn time and again
humbled by illness,
my great
teacher