
Pro Rege

Volume 29
Number 2 *Arts Issue 2000*

Article 8

December 2000

To My Tibia

Lorna Van Gilst
Dordt College

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Recommended Citation

Van Gilst, Lorna (2000) "To My Tibia," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 29: No. 2, 10.
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol29/iss2/8

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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.