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Crippled

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Crippled

Alyssa Sterkel

Halted the fingers are.
Shriveled, gnarled, wrinkled,
unfruitful.

Time, the enemy,
ceases the flow of art,
leaving blank the papers
that once were
notebooks filled with
scrawl.

Ink-spewed beauty
of curves and crossed t's
on white pages.

Hands, the gateway
of expression and deep images,
lay desolate—

and useless.
The paralyzed dance of
pen and hand
is, now, the only
assurance.

Oh, how crippled the fingers are.