

## Paddling the Parkinson's Rapids with Words As My Oars

I paddle these rapids with words as my oars;

if poems work for me,

then which oars could be yours?

A paintbrush with palette calms tremors, (for some folks who paint),

and the Dance Muse for some, tames dyskinesias;

(tho' relief's brief, she still seems like a saint!)

Your oars can also be music; dopamine cells tend to view it as prayer,

and while holding a camera, a friend's frequent tremors

vanish into the air.

My own poems are mostly free verse, and are usually serious,

but to me, this whole creativity thing with PD, seems

so utterly mysterious, (and I'm certain by now

that even though some of you who feel somewhat dubious

are also at least

just a little bit curious.)

So I'll ask you today, patient, doctor, and caregiver,

which oars might suit you best

on this tempestuous river?

Leonore Gordon,  
12/2007