

## The Parkinson's Prankster

Like this morning's unexpected snow  
slipping its way through your door like  
an abandoned stray,  
leaving its wet and sloppy tracks  
to freeze in your path, Parkinson's  
makes its entrance  
into your home; a guest you've not invited  
and who's nonetheless, come  
to stay.

Not bothering to inquire whether you live  
alone, or not, he informs you  
rather smug, that he'll be no bother to anyone else;

and he doesn't care if you've got an extra room  
or whether you live in a northern or southern  
climate, or whether you're even prepared  
with no-slip socks ...

and so it is, one early morning,  
unsuspecting, with winter's chill  
not even on your mind,  
you've padded your way towards  
the kitchen, already tasting the crunch  
of your favorite cereal; the tart, sweet taste  
of blueberries---when suddenly

there's ice under your bare toes  
and you're sliding on the floor  
wondering how on earth ...?

And you don't notice, but your new guest  
hides a grin, like an eight-year old boy  
with a brand new box of tricks,  
because he's just begun  
his show.