

# THE SPOON RIVER Poetry Review

*David Bond*

At the Wellness Center

*"...deformities in cerebral palsy are rarely symmetrical. There is often a tendency to a windswept posture..."*

—Journal of Reconstructive Surgery

Which wind answers  
for the cant of small bones,

this child's body set biaswise  
into an aluminum cart

she calls home? Who stares  
upward at a ceiling fly or

whatever deity hovers there,  
frail geometry of zigzags

and the negative space flesh  
still claims for its own,

arms forever raised shoulder-high,  
arched as if showing off imagined

biceps, ready for some sort  
of violent exercise. We know

no better passage: the bent fingers  
of a young girl and a leaky murmur

from this irresponsible sump of heart.

“That’s my little angel,”

her mother says, and yes, I can  
see that, too, in eyes that look beyond us,

a complicated, imponderable music,  
those pinioned arms lifting

perhaps in a gradual ascension or  
in praise for the inherent harmony

of nature. Sure, I suppose it’s  
possible the poisonous downslope

winds a famous poet writes about  
are to blame, or the gusts that snap

the willow bines like whips. Maybe  
it’s just another of nature’s pranks

within the white funnel, the williwaw  
of wind that carries a jar of pickles

for miles, unbroken, dumps the baby  
grand into the middle of a Nebraska

cornfield. Or maybe a more subtle  
gesture, gently shifting things

to counter-vision, to a spare diversity  
striking as beauty.