An orchestra of solos

By Marge Piercy

At 90, it's a matter of waiting
to see what will light up next.
Are my ears complaining?
My eyes blurry? My sinuses

packed like old fashioned trunks?
My back? My arthritic elbow?
My wobbly ankles? My knees?
What will claim attention next?

It's always something acting up
or down, demanding I somehow
fix and make pain crawl back
inside where it always lurks.

I would like a day, even one
with every body part quiet.
Silence would be a joy.
My old body says otherwise.

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