

## MY WAYWARD FEET

*By Verna Kwiatkowski. Wheelchair-bound at Sky View. After my son George read to me a selection of Ogden Nash's whimsical poems.*

My feet have their place  
On a platform on my chair.  
But they often go a-flying,  
Dangling loosely in the air.

How do my feet go flying? –  
Please now don't you scoff! –  
They leave their safe position  
Because I cough them off!

Don't ask me how that happens;  
My body is connected, that's true!  
So when I cough or when I sneeze,  
Off the platform flies a shoe – or two.

The trick is getting them back.  
It seems they PREFER being off!  
One thing I know, for I've tried –  
I can't get them ON with a cough!

"Aha!" you may be saying.  
"I know a simple solution:  
Just get rid of the cough!  
What an easy conclusion!"

Easier said than done! I've been  
Coughing since 1935  
When, as a toddler, I had pneumonia.  
I am fortunate to still be alive!

My cough reminds me to give thanks:  
There were other times I nearly died.  
My infirmities all have taken their toll,  
But I'll tell you why I am satisfied –

There are no wheelchairs in Heaven!  
No platforms for feet to fly off!  
Perfect health is normal for everyone,  
And NO one will EVER cough!!

In the meantime, this plea I often repeat –  
Would you please lift up my wayward feet?

Thank you!