

I've been held up

by [Mark Hiskes](#) in the [November 12, 2014](#) issue

in traffic, like everyone, window down,  
exhaust and summer air wrinkling  
above I-94, crawling toward the Loop

by thrift stores anywhere along the way, she  
inside hunting cast-off cast iron, I  
at rest in a parking-lot novel

because of a worn-out hip joint, its new  
titanium step-twin taking two  
years to find the other's stride

in love and loss, her breast cancer, my  
tears, her pale face vulnerable amid  
surgeons, percentages, fear

like the feel of a gun barrel back of my skull,  
one long-ago college night, masked  
men demanding money, drugs—all

of which, this warming March morning,  
makes each step along this sunlit side-  
walk light, light, sweet Godlit light