

Touch Typing
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Damp forest
our shoes sink with each step
my back strains
my right hand dangles
below my hip
the index finger moving toward
arthritic loneliness
in the cool air

Such poetry!
But I'm not writing this poem
from the forest or a
muddy trail. I'm commanding
my swollen knuckle
to move along
with the rest of
my four fingers
of the right hand
my five of the left hand

that *tap* and *dunk dunk*
on my laptop
like underwater thrums
tendons and bones
relaxed even in pain
hang over the
keyboard

My high school voc teacher
told my parents on
parent-teacher night
how happy I was
in her class
Sometimes I can hear her
humming as she types.
She was sure I would make
an excellent secretary

They couldn't know
that each finger stroke saved me
from killing myself.
I was a happy depressive.

Four decades later
my fingertips still know
the keyboard in
all its guises
Lucifer
Gabriel
Mary M or BVM
I can find the XY and Z like
nobody's business. I can
() and I can : and “ or ‘
I mean even the weakest of these fingers
can find their way in the dark