

## POEMS WITH DISABILITIES

By Jim Ferris

I'm sorry – this space is reserved for poems with disabilities. I know it's one of the best spaces in the book, but the Poems with Disabilities Act requires us to make all reasonable accommodations for poems that aren't normal. There is a nice space just a few pages over – in fact (don't tell anyone) I think it's better than this one, I myself prefer it. Actually I don't see any of those poems right now myself, but you never know when one might show up, so we have to keep this space open. You can't always tell just from looking at them, either. Sometimes they'll look just like a regular poem when they roll in... you're reading along and suddenly everything changes, the world tilts a little, angle of vision jumps, your entrails aren't where you left them. You remember your aunt died of cancer at just your age and maybe yesterday's twinge means something after all. Your sloppy, fragile heart beats a little faster and then you know. You just know: the poem is right where it belongs.



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