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IN EXILE I DRAW THE TOWER CARD

When I injured my brain
it was barely spring.
Now it is mid-October
& getting up at eleven
is a big accomplishment.
Last month I counted
the five hundred extra
hours I've spent sleeping
in this new state
where sunlight augurs
pain. I lose simple thoughts
before I can finish them
& feel lonely without
my mind. I'm always asking
whoever I'm talking to
What was I saying?
When everyone went
back to school I stayed
home, stopped having
goals, stopped dreaming
of putting my body
in a body of water. I tried
to edit what I wrote
and was bad at it, the kind
of bad trying harder
can't fix. I felt useless
& alive. I watched
the doctor type prognosis
unknown & let hope
ghost me. Remind me where
the soul lives? How to tell
body from mind?
Ups & downs I say
when asked if I'm recovering.
In crowds I get dizzy
& sweat from the noise
& movement of bodies
around me. I am a woman

who holds her head
slightly off-centre,
always comes alone,
is relearning most things.
Where to begin?