

MORE THAN MIRROR IMAGES
Glenna Holloway

At school I saw a girl fall on her knee.
It bled. She cried. And then my knee pained me.
I looked to see what made mine start to sting.
It's been a year since I pitched off my swing
And landed in a heap-- embarrassed-- hurt.
My knee was sprained and scraped and full of dirt
Like hers. I sobbed and rocked it in the yard,
But it's all smooth now, isn't even scarred.

This girl was new, I didn't know her name;
She came from far away, we're not the same.
She kind of stayed apart, I guess it's true--
If you look different, no one plays with you.
I couldn't understand what made me cry
As I stood watching her and wondering why
I felt it when the nurse began to swab
And pressed her fingers on the tender knob
And asked if she could stand and bear her weight.
But then I thought-- the reason I relate
To her is just because God made us all--
Our legs, our arms, our bones-- and when we fall
And break the skin the blood is always red.
And all our cells designed by Him, the head
The eyes, the feet, the inside things we share
Are all alike. And if it aches somewhere
Somebody else has felt it just like you.
And then I thought about what I could do.

My hands are celebrations of God's skill,
My heart was put together by His will.
And like all other people made by Him--
(I glanced around at Karen, Juan and Jim)--
We're something wonderful in spite of quirks,
An engineering miracle that works!

I volunteered to carry all her books
To class, and gave back smiles for timid looks.
And then I said, "I know just how you feel,
But you'll be real surprised how fast you heal.
I'll show you how to roll a pillow up
To rest your knee, and cut a paper cup
To keep the bandage pressure off the sore.
Hey look, you'll soon be running like before!"