

BIRTHDAY POEM

ADAM SCHEFFLER

Thank you, life, for the 23,000 breaths
I took yesterday, for the 206 bones
of my body, not a single one broken.
Thanks for my 13 major organs all healthy,
for a vision whose blur is correctable,
for ears only a little deaf thus far.
Thanks for my mysterious sturdy formation,
how cars, pens, books, shirts, roses all wear out
but my body repairs itself.
But thanks above all for my gondolier heart,
which when I awoke last night,
anxious and fearful, kept beating,
pushing the blood back,
drawing me toward dawn.

