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Now a Good Morning

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WILLA SCHNEBERG
OW A GOOD MORNING

is when I look in the mirror
and don't have to use my plastic tweezers
to pull gunk
out of the stoma, or when
I haven't misplaced
the screwdriver to twist off the tab
on a can of Compleat Modified,
so I won't starve to death.

When my incontinence pad is dry
and I open the door to find the *Oregonian*
on the mat, it is a good morning.

On a good morning I roll my chair away from the desk,
don't think about cancer taking my voice,
(no one has to talk out loud when they are alone anyway), and
all my medications are still in alphabetical order:

Accupril, the triangular salmon-colored one and

Atenolol, the beta-blocker are for high blood pressure.
The square-shaped Capoten prevents heart attacks.
Taking Detrol pills stamped D.T., I don't run as often
to the bathroom. Lopressor, the pink capsule
is also for the high blood pressure.
Like Capoten, the Nitro patch helps my heart.
Purple Synthroid keeps me cancer free.
Dr. Tagen says Wellbutrin—the shape and color
of a harvest moon—keeps my energy up.

It's a good morning when my arm doesn't ache
as I hold my feeding tube and funnel
up high like the Statue of Liberty,
to push the slowpoke coffee-colored liquid
and my ground-up pills into my stomach.

On a good morning the poorly translated closed-captions
on my T.V. screen almost make sense
and I'm able to work the damn Mailstation
to read one e-mail from my daughter who says,
Ma, you have to learn how to use it, it's your voice now.