Earth, You Have Returned to Me

By Elaine Equi

Can you imagine waking up
   every morning on a different planet,
   each with its own gravity?

Slogging, wobbling,
   wavering. Atilt
   and out-of-sync
   with all that moves
   and doesn’t.

Through years of trial
   and mostly error
   did I study this unsteady way —

changing pills, adjusting the dosage,
   never settling.

A long time we were separate,
   O Earth,
   but now you have returned to me.