

It's all white.
White walls.
White coats.
White sheets.
White masks.
White clouds painted on the ceiling.

The only thing that isn't white was the damn ice. The ice I didn't see on the way home last night. They say you're supposed to try and brake on black ice. Does anybody actually think about what you're "supposed to do" when something like that happens to you? Theres not supposed to be ice in May. It doesn't matter, I'm stuck with these white bandages on my legs. Compound fractures I'm told. I can't walk anymore and maybe never again. All over a stupid email. It wasn't an argument with my wife. It wasn't a message from my son. It wasn't even a bad song on the radio. It was an email scam, but I had to look anyways. I had to look. It's strange how little pain you feel when your body is shattered and the tranquility you feel when your legs become an unrecognizable mess. They call it a defense mechanism. Sometimes something is so terrible that your brain has to tell you it's not real.

Usually in spring I walk through the neighborhood so I can enjoy the fresh air and the blooming flowers. Today I can enjoy a pinhole of the season from my wheelchair with plastic leaves and conditioned air. It's been like this for the last few weeks. I wake up. The nurse wheels me to the window and sit. I sit and I watch the world. Today was different though. I saw something I hadn't noticed before. In the tree outside the window was a tiny little spot. I looked closer. It was a chrysalis. A tiny little cocoon hanging from one of the branches. I must have stared at that thing for hours. Intently too, I didn't even notice when the nurse came back to wheel me to my room. The next day I asked the nurse to wheel me back to that window and again I stared at the chrysalis for hours and like yesterday I was caught off guard when the nurse came back. I kept doing this every day. I'd wheel to the same window and the chrysalis was a little bigger each time. One day I was watching it and the sun hit it just right. I expected to see a caterpillar inside. But no, i just saw mush. Caterpillars disintegrate into mush inside chrysalises. "He must be close" I thought to myself. Any day now he'll come out of it. The next day I waited for the nurse to come and wheel me to the window but she came in with discharge papers and wheeled me to the curb instead. Sometimes I still wonder about that chrysalis; did it turn into a butterfly? What color were the wings? Does it remember life as a caterpillar? I get my casts off next week and it's still an uphill battle. maybe someday I'll run into that butterfly when the air gets cool and the flowers start to bloom.