

## *Verso de entrada*

### **Game changer**

I relive it: the collapse,  
my foot bent back  
like a finger to the knuckle –  
the bone rattling,  
light-pierced. I bolt upright,  
hobbled.

Encased

in a ferula – my giant 7-League boot,  
towel inside for shinbite,  
each morning, I oil  
the chapped splotches, Velcro myself in.

Talus Bone, posterior lateral,  
two severe sprains –

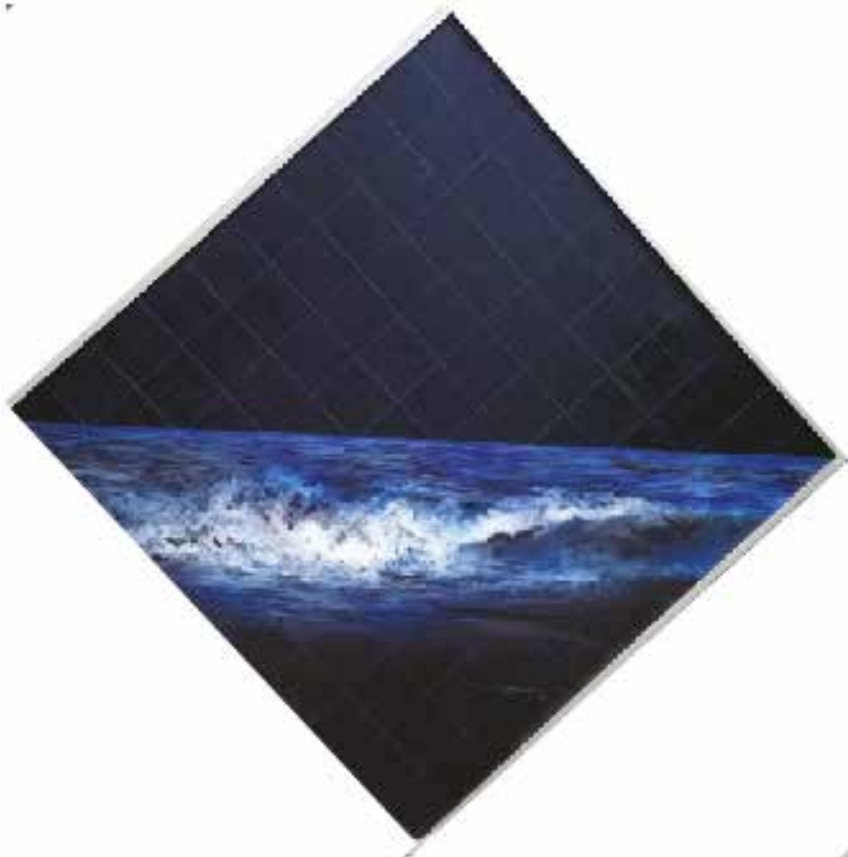
I learn to say esquinces,  
Unnoticed  
for four months, La Fractura:  
on wet cobblestones, the ferula,  
Never-Slip,  
carries the unmuscular foot  
up and down the escaleras.

I pull myself by the metal railings  
into buses –  
last one on, first off, dive  
into my cane, its black nub bites the stone,  
holds me.

**Lee Gould (1937)**

Poeta, ensayista, traductora y profesora.

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