

Disability

Shuck off your giant mushroom
head — I am very capable.
I can hoe and hoe till
the gardens have ceased,
till they are dead and I have told
you I was capable.

Though this page is twenty-eight lines
and keeps out the sun like the
duty of the blinds, I can do
this too, for I can block out
anything with my determinations.
This I tell you is true.

Hangman, hangman is no longer a game.
It is a fact. It is a fact.
Someone will be honed
by horrendous appetites and seasoned palates
and galore, galore, it is not going to be me.
I told you I am very capable.

Amanda Tumminaro lives in Illinois with her family, including a cat named Goldie. Her poems have appeared in *Teen Ink*, *Ceremony*, and *Black Book Press*. She enjoys being a poetic ne'er-do-well.