

Contents

01	Before I Needed Spoons	4
02	Paperwork for Pain	20
03	The Professional Body	41
04	The Body in Bed	60
05	The Stable Door	69
06	The Chair for Anger	85
07	Sounding Solvent	102
08	Bananas	116
09	The Scale	127

FINE.

STATUS: UNCOUNTED

*Before I needed to know about spoons,
I was fine.*

Before I Needed Spoons

Before I needed to know about spoons, I was fine.

That is what I would have said, at least.

Fine.

There is that word again, walking into the room like it owns the place.

I was fine, and I did not know how great fine was. That is the thing about perspective. People talk about it as if it is wisdom, as if perspective arrives gently, carrying tea and a blanket and a better understanding of the world. But perspective is not always kind. Sometimes perspective is a before and an after. Sometimes it is the cruel little gift you get only once something else has happened.

You need a baseline.

You need the neutral zone.

That imaginary place where everything is fine. Managed, presumably, by someone calm and sane. Someone who looks at a body, a job, a relationship, a house, a horse, a day, and says: yes, this is ordinary. This is manageable. This is life.

I lived there once.

Or close enough.

I liked my job. Not in the vague way people say they like their jobs when they mean they tolerate the salary and have made peace with the coffee machine. I really liked it. I liked the structure of it, the sense of usefulness, the absurdity, the small victories, the way a room full of young people could exhaust and energize me in the same hour. I liked being needed. I liked being good at something. I liked arriving with plans and leaving with stories.