



the art of zipping up

One morning, I was in the bathroom. Stood up from the toilet, pulled my jeans up in the slowest of motions. Then came the biggest challenge: How was I going to zip up? My hands, elbows, and shoulders were inflamed, tender, and painful (as they often are). My fingers were swollen to the size of mini-bananas. I could not bend them even to slightest degree needed to grasp the zipper. Sliding that tiny thing up meant pushing my fingers in the direction of pain, which would make my fingers bend outward. Within this constellation, that tiny zipper pull felt like a ton of weight put on one side of a lever, and I had nothing to put on the other side.

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