

I Am Called The Ethicist

Ken Sparling

I once woke up on the floor.
I could see a leg. It was a bare leg,
crooked over the edge of the bed.

I thought: *I must have fallen
off the bed in the night.*

But it wasn't night when I woke.
There was light bleeding
through the slats in the blinds,
ribboning my face and chest.

I had no idea where I was.

I didn't recognize the leg
hanging over me.

I wasn't troubled by this situation.
These sorts of things happened
to me sometimes. I would wake up
in a place I didn't recognize,
with people I didn't remember.

I knew it would all be okay, though.
Even if it didn't turn out okay
at all, it would still be okay, I knew.

It would be what it was,
and that was okay with me.

Truly, I would be okay,
even if I wasn't okay.

I was at ease in that moment
with whatever came my way.