

## Apology to My Muscles

Forgive my obtuseness,  
thinking you were meant for  
catching my honey's eyes  
and schlepping about babies  
one, two, three, four—oops! make it five,  
or lifting me through those packhorse years  
that sorely tried my back.  
You served me well, but time at last  
has shown me what you're best at:  
hoisting my grandkids high in the air.

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### *Darrell Petska*

Darrell Petska, a retired university engineering editor, is a 2021 and 2022 Pushcart Prize nominee. His work has appeared in *First Literary Review-East*, *3rd Wednesday*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Orchards Poetry Journal*, and widely elsewhere ([conservancies.wordpress.com](http://conservancies.wordpress.com)). Father of five and grandfather of six, he lives near Madison, Wisconsin, with his wife of more than 50 years.