

Fall From

By Julia Chevan, PT, DPT, PhD, MPH

My new reality began when
my brain hit the pavement, at least
I think it did.

In my new reality

I was concussed.

In that reality,

I sat on a couch and looked

out a window counting the leaves

as they fell from the autumn trees

until

it was OK to talk to people and then

OK to listen to music and then

OK to send an email, or two.

Every day a little more was OK.

One day it was OK to drive,

to go to work again

and that was when

I noted my other reality.

In my other reality

the pavement was my demise.

I never got to say goodbye.

I watched my family,

my colleagues, my friends

in that other reality.

And the leaves kept falling

About the Author



Julia Chevan is Chair and Professor of Physical Therapy at Springfield College where she teaches mostly “left-brained” analytic material. She enjoys running. One day, while setting out for a run, her dog suddenly lurched and she sustained a concussion falling directly onto her head. In the days that followed, she struggled with the inactivity of recuperation, but also reveled in the meditative quiet of rest while sitting by the window watching the leaves fall from an old maple tree. When she was able to return to her office she found her brain wandering and wondering if, in another reality maybe she sustained a bleed, or a brain injury, or an outcome that results in becoming a patient in rehabilitation as opposed to returning to full participation in social and employment activities.