**Wheelchair Application**

For a while she works with the stiffness like winding a mechanical watch. The internal wheels jut against each other with no outward movement. Time passes and the desire to move increases but is not reflected by the cogs turning in any discernible direction. Soon, she gives in to the acceptance of her disability. A sense of grief, felt more, not less with the passage of time. The wheels of time shift, and she realises that it is no longer a choice between this or that, rather that she must give in to this latest betrayal of the body that she, despite thoughts to the contrary, remains attached to. And so, with stiff fingers and sighs, she applies. Of course, there is form to the process. There are many categories to which she is placed firmly inside boxes. She never envisioned the barriers in her way before she took ownership of the damn thing. Doorways too small in her Stannary town, calling to the shopkeeper, ‘I’m disabled, I’m disabled. Don’t let me in.’ And people who talk into the space above her head, to her companion, to her dog, even the cat, rather than look her in the eye as she travelled on wheels. So, she laughs as she picks herself up off the floor, metaphorically of course, because she cannot do that in real time. There is no assessment to be made unless you use the chair both indoors and out, but she points to the dining table, four chairs and all and says, ‘I already have disability here, I just need it for out there.’ But still they shake their heads, there are Rules, as though they invented themselves and declared their royalty. Mastery, above their subjects who were the recipients, or not of their good grace. Prisoners exercise daily she tells the Rules. She persists, in solitary but not alone, knowing the outdoors only through glass. The application grows weary – creating a replica chair from gathered dust, a throne for the Rules.