

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Alarm rings.....
Instantly I spring;
Searching with deft fingers,
The clock I find, and I squelch the ringer.

My feet engage the slip-ons,
Hands and my stick then guide me,
A few sure paces propel me and,
I make my way to the door knob.

Reaching the kitchen is my next job,
Hands, feet and stick, in tandem they labor.
I reach the kettle, get water to heat,
Make coffee, toast and my oat meal.

This life in darkness, I have endured,
Yet there isn't a routine I haven't mastered.
My skin, my joints, hands and fingers,
In synchrony they function, help navigate.

My space moves around me like a cloak,
By clinging to my every move and nook.
In 3D I exist, thus, as sure as one with sight,
Rare is an item that reminds me of my plight.

Then there are events I cannot anticipate,
In places strange, or with holes and ditches;
Staircases, puddles, fences and gravel,
Surprises these present, make me tripfall.

Color is one I have never once seen,
Sunsets of gold and moon's glow,
The blue of sky, lakes and oceans,
Lavish colors painted on rainbow,
Just concepts they are, minus a meaning.

Architectural masterpieces fall short,
Big Ben, Eiffel, the Taj and Alhambra dome,
Cathedrals and temples that link us to god,
Miserably they fail to make an impact.

Pyramids aren't so awesome to the blind;
 Great walls and grand canyons can't impress,
 Tall peaks of Everest and tall Sequoia trees,
 Nature's marvels they may be, but not mine.

Sky scrapers are designed to impress the eyes,
 But impress they don't if they aren't seen!
 Tall dams, long bridges and other edifices,
 Engineering masterpieces such as they are,
 Hard it is for me, however, to fully appreciate.

Simple pleasures most folks enjoy,
 Like driving cars, skiing and games,
 Out of bounds these are to me forever,
 How much the humans depend on vision!

Smile, frown, sneer and all emotions
 For good or bad, they remain just notions;
 If sounds don't convey or I can't feel,
 Wasted they are, to me of no avail.

Movies, TV shows and programs,
 I 'see' them only in mind's caverns;
 Computers and all the magic they conjure,
 Animations and CADs, HD and 3D,
 These are concepts I can't comprehend.

Imprisoned in, I am, in this long sleep,
 This nightmare I cannot ever flee,
 This is frustration on occasion I feel,
 Then, I want so, to wake up and spree.

On my door thumps and banging I hear,
 Out of the bed I jump, I look around;
 "I can see, I can see" I jump up and down,
 So, I couldn't 'see' was just a nightmare?!

I count my blessings, now for the first time,
 All fingers and toes, and other pairs remain,
 All the senses I have intact, and good brain,
 See in color, hear in stereo, smell and taste,
 How much these I did not appreciate!

I feel now for all those less fortunate,
Born without limbs or maybe fingers;
Deaf, mute, or even deaf and mute;
Disabled with dyslexia and stammering.

Imagine you're condemned to crawl,
Or, totally immersed in a silent world,
And your only contact is through signs.
Deceptive is the devastation of dyslexia;
Even the 'minor' problem stuttering presents.

Paralysis is sometimes from day one,
But polio can rob mobility early in life,
And Lou Gehrig's devastates in later life;
Body then is just a shell, holding hapless soul.

Illnesses that wreak havoc in families,
Like dwarfism, progeria, leukemia,
Cystic fibrosis, sickle disease and hemophilia;
To misery for life, these condemn the afflicted.

Vanity makes us crave for Hollywood shape,
But the stars we emulate aren't perfect either,
Dire maladies and defects, most of us escape,
So...count your blessings, my fellow beings!