

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,
 I find my stick that close by lay,
 A few sure paces I go on my own,
 To the doorknob, I make my way.

Navigating to kitchen is my next drill,
 Hands, feet and stick, in tandem they reel.
 I reach the kettle, get water to boil,
 Make coffee, toast and my oatmeal.

It's in this life of darkness, I have lingered,
 Yet there isn't a routine I haven't mastered.
 My skin, my joints, hands and fingers,
 Help navigate, stay clear of disaster.

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

Events that roll that I cannot anticipate,
 Unfamiliar places, or with ditches; and holes
 Staircases, puddles, fences and gates,
 These present challenges that take their toll.

Colors of objects is a mere concept,
 Sunsets' dazzle, nightly moon's shine,
 The blue of sky, lakes and ocean depths,
 These remain abstract, however divine.

Majestic structures of world renown,
 Cathedrals and temples that link us to god,
 Big Ben, Eiffel, Taj and, Alhambra dome,
 Miserably do they fail to make a nod.

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

Skyscrapers exist to impress our senses,
 But impress they don't if they can't be seen!
 Tall dams, long bridges and other structures,
 Mere concepts to me, lost is their sheen.

Simple pleasures most folks enjoy,
 Like driving cars, sports and skiing,
 Out of bounds are these and reason for envy,
 How much the humans depend on seeing!

Smile, frown and anger express emotions,
 Feelings of love and devotion that eyes convey,
 For good or bad, they remain just notions;
 Wasted they are, to me of no avail.

Movies, shows and programs on TV,
 I 'see' them only in the confines of my mind;
 Animations and CADs, HD and 3D to view,
 These are concepts I can't comprehend.

Imprisoned, I am, in this long sleep,
 From this nightmare I cannot ever flee,
 This is the frustration frequently 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, and in disbelief I stare;
 "I can see, I can see" indeed and oh! So clear,
 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 are intact, and I'm in my prime,
 I look around just to make sure, again.

Within my heart now compassion wells,
 For those of us who are less fortunate.
 Mental retardation condemns to living in a shell;
 Or born without limbs that then imprison future.

Imagine, for life you're condemned to crawl,
Or to a silent or dark world you were born,
Or dyslexia's deceptive devastation does befall;
Or the 'minor' problem stuttering portends.

Cancers that claim many before their time;
Mobility that paralysis from victims robs,
Lou Gehrig's wreaks destruction in their prime,
Leaving body but a shell, holding hapless soul.

Hard it is for the healthy and young to feel,
As compassion for fellow being isn't natural.
Can the gift of wisdom this poem unveils,
Let the milk of human kindness flow for real?

Vanity makes us crave Hollywood shapes,
But the stars we emulate aren't perfect either,
Dire maladies and defects, we mostly escape,
So...count your blessings and make them matter!