The wheelchair

The wheelchair and me
a deep sigh ...
Burning eyes,
a silent sob ...
Confused thoughts,
impotence and shame.
Cut off from the world,
lonely and alone.
Fly ... but where
Damn ... walking is over.

Be courageous and strong,
make a new start.
Learn to go sitting,
enter that wheelchair.
Discover soon
you’ll run fast,
without making a step.

People look down on you ...
rather talk with a "stander",
about you and how.
You feel rage and pain ...
words get stuck.

To be a child and small ...
is to show your will power.
My "IQ" is equal ... to yours.
You need neither shun me,
nor push me about.
Because ... me and my wheelchair ...
attain our end together!

Y.L.van Muilekom