



Susan Jennifer McAlister

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There's some in the world who cannot see,
Through genes, disease or injury.
To the physical nuisance, we are resigned,
We're known quite simply as, The Blind.

But though we are blind, it is not tragic,
So much of our lives are truly magic.
We laugh, we love, we cry, we care,
With special folk, our lives we share.

When it comes to hearing, we have no gift,
Analysis of sound's just swift.
To show us something let us touch,
The comprehension's helped so much.

There's loads we do like you and he,
We garden, we cook, we watch TV.
Social media movies, smartphones too,
Meeting with friends and having a brew.

Many have careers and uni degrees,
Made easier with modern technologies.
But some have our chance to grow declined,
Simply just because we're blind.

Looks seem important, to some who see,
Its not the way we judge beauty.
Colour of skin or size of nose,
Thinning hair or length of toes.

These things don't matter, the world still turns,
If your socks don't match or you're marked with burns.
We seek out those who are fun and fine,
Genuine souls with a sturdy spine.

Though you may see us as impaired,
Our zest for life will be declared.
Give us a chance, we may surprise,
Ability abounds, without eyes.

Link to Online Tribute



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