

To be in a wheel chair

Freezing night
By Penn Station
Sat, such sad eyes
Propelling herself
In that mobile chair
You could see the wrestle
The pain of her situation
Her contorted face
Her pained eyes
How could I know
What she felt
I could imagine
I could empathize
I could begin to imagine
I can care
I was noticing
There was a child of God
Showing such determination
To live, to move
To bare her reality
To be in a wheelchair
May I never forget
The worlds of bravery
Of endurance, helping me to notice
What bravery surrounds me every day