Come and Visit Me

Today is a special day,

one I may never see again.

Although I am blind, I can see

through my thought now and then.

My mind races rapidly with

thoughts of yesterday,

and sometimes my anger gets

the best of me, day after day.

I don't like being blind but

that's just the way it is.

And when I am alone, I

think of all the faces I miss.

I know it's hard for you to see

me get frailer day after day.

And my not being easy to talk

to, seems to get in the way.

I also look angry all the time,

that's just gravity taking its toll.

Please come and visit me, when you

can, I hunger for a hand or two to hold.

Although I am blind, when

people visit, I use my heart to see.

And when the Lord calls me home, those

are the memories I will take with me.

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