The Chip on my shoulder A.R 8.0

The other day  
 I was downtown when I walked into the bus plaza and was immediately assaulted with  
Praise Jesus thank you Jesus, sir are you saved   
do you know the lord Jesus Christ can I invite you to my church  
 he says this while ignoring all of the other people around us   
who were in my opinion much more save worthy   
but no he was drawn to me like a moth to a candle   
why oh yeah because I’m blind   
I am sure he thought oh this guy is blind he will be much easier to save  
 and after all he clearly needs help  
 or was it that because I am blind I must be a sinner  
 or more apt my grevious sin is the direct cause of my blindness  
if that were the case and an exuberant proclivity to sin were the cause of blindness  
 I would have to write poems about sight to be any different   
I Politely told him I was saved thank you very much   
and that I even had a church I go to on a semi often basis and moved on   
however this poem isn’t about dissing Jesus or praising Jesus   
nor is it about my propensity to sleep in on Sundays

The other day   
I was at the bus plaza when someone came up to me and said  
 “you may be blind but you can see   
you can see beyond this world   
you may be physically blind but you my friend have the inner sight.   
Ok man what the fuck I’m sorry but I’m not a blind oracle here to tell your future   
at least not to a stoner at the bus plaza   
now get me a couple of drinks and talk to me nice then we’ll see   
then again I don’t drink much   
and this poem isn’t about my alcoholic tendancies or the lack there of

The other day  
 I was walking with my girlfriend holding her hand when someone said   
“Oh my gosh cool are you guys speaking sign language”   
No you dumbass I’m a blind guy on a romantic walk with my girlfriend.  
however this poem isn’t about love. Or Riverfront park

The other day   
White cane in hand  
someone said to me   
Oh cool what instrument do you play  
I’m sorry sir I’m blind not in the marching band  
however this poem isn’t about music nor is it about the 27 crestline

The other day  
 I was downtown finding my way when someone said   
oh excuse me sir are you lost can I help you get to your car  
No ma’m thank you very much but I walked today  
Anyway this poem isn’t about blondes

The other day  
 I was in the bus plaza when a homeless guy said  
wow really your blind you don’t look blind  
Really is that so I actually hear this a lot however tonight I was a little more irritated  
perhaps it was because I had just had a run in with the afore mentioned wanna be evangelist

so I said really what does blind look like?  
I wouldn’t know I’ve never seen blind  
 because I’m wait for it wait for it oh yeah blind.  
However I wasn’t nearly so irritated until he said  
wow well you sure are smart for being blind  
Sigh  
however this poem isn’t about my Mensa Membership

The Other day  
I some said to me   
Really I didn’t know they let blind people out on their own.  
however this poem isn’t about the blinds fight for equal rights and independence  
Nor is it about the 90 east Sprague

The other day  
a lady said to me oh wow what does your dog do for you  
does he like read maps and tell you what streets your at and stuff.   
I even managed to convince her I could smell color   
but again this poem isn’t about blondes

I suspect a permeation of ignorance stemms from the bus plaza  
 Yes I am blind   
and that means I can’t see at least not as well as you  
 nothing more nothing less and no I don’t have any superpowers  
and I can do everything you can do I just might do it differently  
well except for driving still can’t swing that one   
Seriously this poem really isn’t about transportation