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