

The White Cane

By Margaret Kelly

Clutching the cane in a white-knuckle grip
With a semblance of purpose while praying not to trip
The cane, like a pendulum, in an arc left to right
My feet try to stride but it takes all of my might
Not to shuffle and slide
Or maybe even hide

Adolescent angst is undoubtedly reborn
Feeling self-conscious and a little forlorn
But practice makes perfect, as the old adage says
And one of these days
I'll get out of the maze