



Disabled Souls

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DISABLED SOULS

A poem by Zoher F. Kapasi

I have no legs
They call me disabled.
Am I?
I have this wheelchair.
Wheels are my legs

They look down at what I have not
And miss out what I have.
For them, I am nothing.
Just objects of pity--
I and my wheelchair

So what? if I have no legs
I have a head to think
And hands to toil
I look at them-
Those disabled minds
To think of me as nothing
I pity them for looking down at me
Even more for not looking down at themselves
God bless them--
Them- the disabled souls.