

# Blind Jack

*by* Jerry Ratch

The blind can be a little bit  
Angry now and then  
Trying to be independent

They don't want or need your help  
Usually. They're a little like bees  
You have to learn to leave them alone

But I remember one day when I  
Guided the fingers of Blind Jack  
Along the crease on the correct side of a milk carton

So he wouldn't keep opening the wrong side  
Spilling milk all over the place  
And getting angry at himself and everything around him

All he really wanted to do in life, he said  
Was to take the shirt off his back  
Sit on a rock

And let the hot sun fall  
On his pasty skin  
Then take down the Braille Bible

And feel his way through the solace  
Of those verses  
In a safe place in the mountains

Away from civilization  
Where no one  
Wanted to try and help him

And maybe rubbing some  
Honey on his heart  
Along the way

