

Inner Sight

By Robin Lipinski

Blinded by body, by a surgeon,
A progress of hope only to end badly,
Not even able to cry.

But that's just the start,
As the bills never stop,
And the street beckons for you and your wife.

A hope?
A prayer?
Where is God in my life?
You ask age old questions never really understanding why.

Yes Mark, it sounds bad,
Your darkness blurs,
Yet you still have life and your other eye,
And friends who will support you,
If only YOU try.

The End