

Blind Man on the Green Line

Swishing a white pegged stick
across the path ahead of him,
hitting people's shoes.
His balance makes them wonder why
he hasn't fallen on the tracks yet.

Beneath the itchy wool cap's brim,
his crooked eyes are naked.
He blinks hard –
squeezing lids shut, bursts them open again.
He likes the way these muscles feel.
Always smiles,
or his teeth are too big for his jaws.

Settled after tottering into a seat,
a song starts playing in his head.
Clapping and stomping his right foot in perfect rhythm:
clap-foot-clap-foot, clap-foot-clap-foot
one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four
Dry flakes of skin jumping from black knuckles.

Celebrating a melody he learned
when his eyes worked as well as his ears.

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