

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

