

Fruits of the season

**In the summer I write smooth sunny words
And the dragon wears bright green summer shoes
In the winter my teeth ache
as I walk with the cold snow in my face
The wild thing is sky steel blue
As my nose
The dragon bites my skin where the cherry pips are hiding
Am I really living?
My disability comforts me
Knowing that I am different from all of they
They that exist to mock such as me
With my blindness for an infirmity
Someday they will get all their mockery back
Ruins will be their relation
Their children on them will turn their backs
Disabled die but so do they
I have lived for ten years constantly with my blindness and
disability
To those who mock I give the fruit of the season
A raspberry**