

My Legs

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Gratitude for legs. And wheels.

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I like my legs this is true they take me places like the Zoo.

They keep me from the ground, they make me high, so I can view all around.

They take me to the shops, they take me to my school, they let me play with my football.

But then my legs let me down, now Iâm not that far from the ground, all I can see is arses all around.

I miss my legs this is true, all I have is wheels, I feel like I live in a Zoo.

Donât pat me on the back, shoulder or head, donât ask me how I do, for actually I am just like you.

I have my pride, my feelings too and just remember I will always beat you, to the front of the queue

Donât pity me or look to understand, of course Iâm angry, but I do need a hand.

Help me from this chair, so that I may see, past all these arses that inhibit me.

Dear God please take no more parts from me, for I miss my legs, they made me free.

I thank you for the wheels and those that feel the empathy for me.

I miss my legs and wonder why, the lady in the car began to cry.

It is strange you see, on the way back from a Christmas party, her car ran all over me.

Was it the drink, was it the speed, who cares it just doesnât bother me.

All I got was this awful chair and many a strangerâs stare.

Donât get me wrong I love you all, just remember I am not a fool.

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