

Who Understands Having No Arms, But Me?

By Nadia Miller

Period 4

You first squeezed your mother's hand,
I first held my foot up to my mom,
you learned how to draw scribbles,
I put a crayon in my toes and made a line,
you pushed a door open,
I knead a door open,
you opened a drawer,
I balanced on one leg and reached for the handle,
you high fived your friend,
I high footed my friend,
you played basketball
I played soccer,
you used ski poles when you zipped down mountains,
I used my balance,
you played guitar for your family,
I sang,
you brushed your teeth,
I sat on the counter and lifted my foot to my teeth,
you tied your shoes,
I slipped on my shoes,
is there anything I can't do?
Do I have limitations?

I can't reach the top cabinet,
you can't reach the ceiling,
I can't hang onto a jump rope,
you can't always jump over one,
I can't catch a flying disc,
you can't catch a football every time,
I can't rock climb,
you can't find a place to put your feet,
we both wake up for school or work,
we both finish our homework after school,
we both love music,
we both laugh at funny jokes,
we both fall down sometimes,
we both get up,
we both write a poem.