

For Debbie and Her Friends

Clifford T. Ward

Growing up can be a lot of fun
Learning how to walk, and dance, and run
I know someone very special, she takes such care
Tell me what it's like in your wheel-chair. You have learned to watch the others play
Joining in your stationary way
In your little world of stillness what do you dream?
Tell me where you go, how does it seem? You have taught me more
Than any book I've ever read
And now I find
That I refer to you instead. You ask me if I believe in God
I say he's someone I'm not sure of
Then you say that's silly of me - he must be there
Tell me what it's like in your wheel-chair
Tell me what it's like in your wheel-chair.

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