



Being disabled

***They look at me and what do they see?
Please everyone just let me be
Underneath I am just like you
Not many like us, only a few***

***My legs I lost in a roadside bomb
Now I am living in this silent tomb
How would I cope I asked once or twice
Running in the sand would be oh so nice***

***How would I live feeling not whole
Sleepless nights I had to search my soul
Its mentally accepting that this is now you
Getting around had to be learnt all anew***

***Would I be able to lead a normal life
Would I be able to find a wife
So many thoughts running through my brain
Plenty of tablets could mask the pain***

***The Paralympics were on the TV
I searched my soul could this be me?
Tomorrow my new legs they would come and fit
A difference it made – more than a bit***

***Walking again gave me such a goal
Cracking this, put me into a roll
More and more I learnt to go fast
Being disabled was a thing of the past***

***So after many gruelling months and years
Winning a medal brought everyone in tears
People were there to see me win at the post
Cheering crowds I just loved the most***

***Years have gone by and I am the best at my game
So many articles and so much fame
Now when they look they can see whats inside
Yes you folk, I have nothing to hide!***

***Being disabled – you may stick out in a crowd
But winning a medal makes you feel so very proud!***

Linda Lane August 2012