

honorable mention, poetry

Guiding Eyes

by Christine Martin

It's a crippling effect

When the colors disappear

The leaves that you love to watch

Change about this time of year

And unable to notice

Strikes your soul with jaded fear.

It's then a rush of panic

Shadows reside in your view

Now it's only voices

From faces you once knew.

Grasping onto photos

That are messy in your mind

Praying they're not lost

With the passage of time.

Calculating steps

As you walk into a room.

Staring out a window

The light gone away too soon.

Waking up of the senses

Must now come into play

One you took for granted

Are cherished on this day.

The touch of something soft  
And the smell of spring now in the air,  
Hear him breathe as he sits next to your chair.  
He will be your eyes  
To the world you no longer see.  
They tell you his fur is golden  
The color of falling leaves.  
The lead is placed in your hand  
And with proper instruction  
You both begin to stand.  
Learning about leading each other  
Teaching heel, stop, and stay.  
It's meeting a friend  
That will help you along the way.  
Classes and practice  
To instruct you both what to do  
And then it is official,  
A guide dog just for YOU!