

blind spot

by Shin Yu Pai

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when I turn back to stare

at the man poised at the street

crossing, long after

the light has gone green

only then do I see

the round sticker affixed

to his chest

I am deaf and blind

in big white letters

paling in comparison to

his outfit: the oversized purple shirt

beneath the orange safety vest

in his right hand a retracted

walking stick; the way

he doesn't move, lost

in thought, I think,

the way I lose

myself in daydreaming

dumbstruck, I am

without words when

I realize there is no other

way to communicate
but through touch &
I do not have permission
when I lay my hand
upon his arm; see him
give a start; cross
traffic, just as the red palm
begins to flash, I
place myself between
his body & the hostile line
of humming cars queuing;
when we reach the other side
he's ready for me to let go
there is just this practice