



My Friend, Michal and Me

By: Gitty Zee

I have two eyes
That don't see you
And two feet
That don't move the way I want them to

I have a nose and a mouth
And a loud one at that
So come let's have
A little chat

Every time we meet
You'll surely see
My dear friend, 'Michal'
Who's always with me

Michal changes colors
By the day
Red, white, green or purple
She really has no say

You see, she's my full-time companion
No matter her mood
She's always at my side
As though we are glued

She is my companion
But she is not me
Contrary to what people think
When my cane, Michal, they see

I can understand your thoughts
From the way she does run
Always a step ahead of me
As if we are one

But let's clear this up
So as not to confuse -
She's just a cane
A stick that I use

She doesn't make me a Bubby
Or a sight to see
She's just there
To give me mobility

Although you might think
I'm just a woman with a cane
Try speaking to me
You'll see: I actually have a brain.