

Song of the Blind by Vidya Iyer

Not for me, not for me,
the world isn't made for folks like me...

Blue grey clouds on Scarlet skies,
crimson flowers and butterflies.
fluttering leaves and swaying trees,
hues and shapes for eyes to see.

Not for me, not for me
The world isn't made for folks like me...

Moonlight walks on starry nights,
Elegant dinners in ethereal lights.
Carefree strolls on buzzing streets,
Nods and smiles when eyes 'oft meet.

Not for me Not for me
The world isn't made for folks like me...

Just stop, resist, revel! Rise, renew, rejoice.
Celebrate the soaring senses, restore perpetual poise.
Dream, devise, draft & design, perfect paved paths 'specially for you
When one leads you astray, do not dismay, there always are, other paths to pursue!

Yes, Life has more ways than one, to solve its mystery.
So what if I've no sight, my vision sets me free!
I'll Customize my palette, create & cope with flair.
The world has much to offer, I'll Go claim my own fair share!

Cherry clouds and lilac skies,
Chromatic feats within the mind's eye.
Trees that fly and leaves that flounce,
Imagination knows no bounds!

A leisure walk is an obstacle course,
Grand exploits seek no recourse.
Mundane tasks are Olympian feats,
with glorious winds and triumphant defeat.

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The earth transforms and space mutates,
Into whims and wishes the will dictates.
From common rock comes diamond rare,
what's cut to fit, is fit to wear.

Run-of-the-mill fabric for a one of a kind gown,
Swivel, sashay, like royalty sans crown.
A brave new choreography for an age old song,
Prance pirouette, I'll stay strong and dance on...

Yes, The world isn't made for folks like me,
So, I'll shape it the way I want it to be!