

My Cane

(an old man's lament)

Would that I could
Train that piece of bent wood
To tap leading wherever I go.

Instead, it clings
To doorknobs and things
And leaves me to wobble alone.

I try thinking it not
A devilish plot
Conceived by some otherworld fiend,

But why can't I find it?
What's the object behind it?
Should a cane be heard and not seen?

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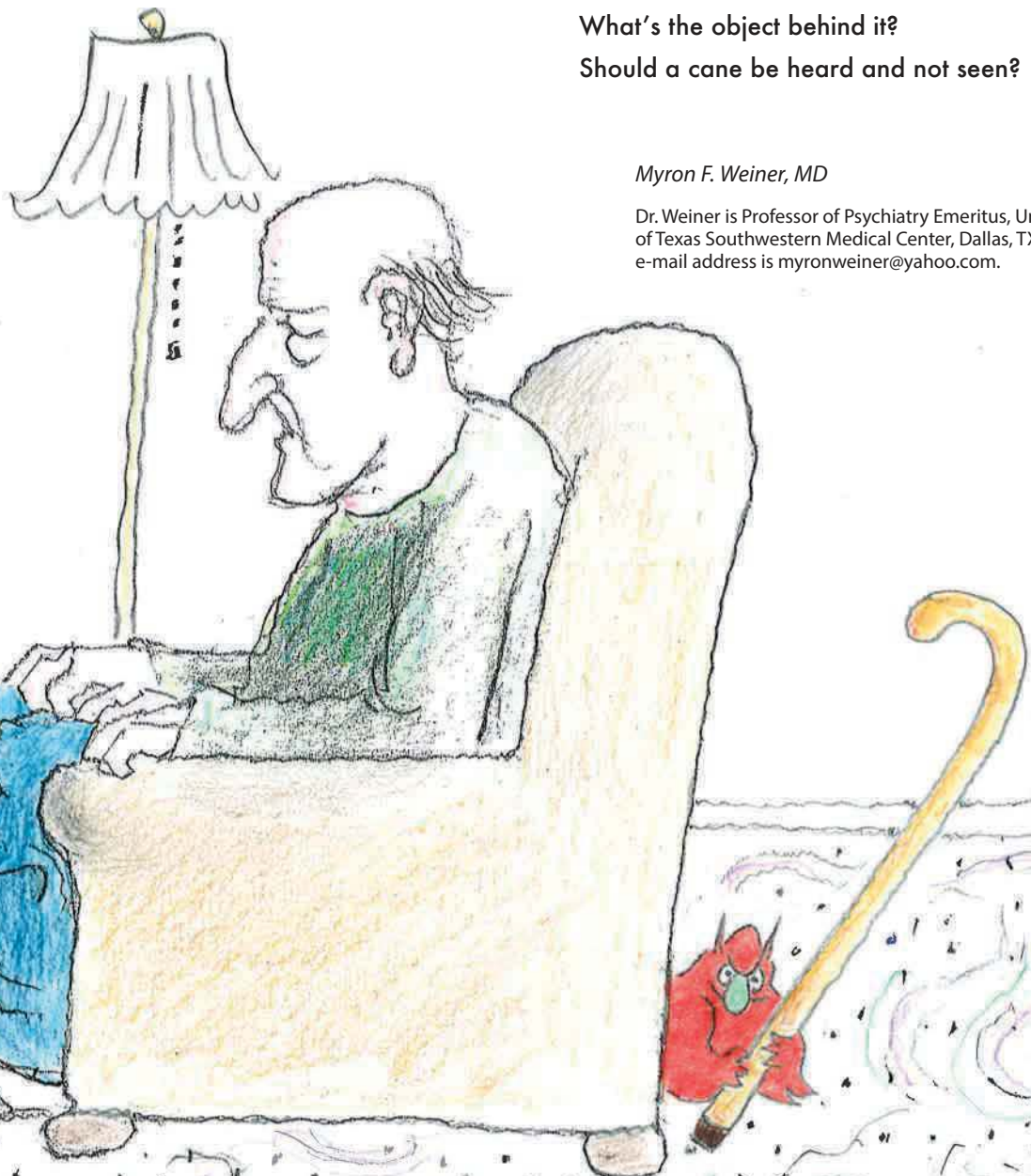


Illustration by Jim M'Guinness

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