

Blissful ignorance of chronic disability

When you were born, we didn't know

When your lips turned blue, we didn't know

When your body tremored, we didn't know

When you had brain surgery, we knew

When you convulsed uncontrollably, we knew

When you finally escaped the hospital, we knew

When we go out, and you make a scene, they don't know

When you go to school, and others stare, they don't know

When you have an accident, and others judge, they don't know

When you see me, you love, and you don't know

You don't see the judgment in the eyes of onlookers, you don't know

You love unconditionally, you don't know

Oh how grateful I am that you don't know

—*Kaylee Fredrickson*

