

WHEN EYES CANNOT SEE - *Owen Clark*

What happens when I cannot drive?
And cannot see where to arrive.
The thought that lingers in my mind,
Is that one day I may go blind.

I have forbears who couldn't see,
And they passed on their genes to me.
My children who are next in line,
Will end up with these genes of mine.

I've driven now for eighty years,
Beginning first with old-style gears.
The car has been a faithful friend,
Sadly, my driving days will end.

It was such a wonderful day,
To use the car, and drive away.
I've loved each straight and every bend,
And wished the road would never end.

Once I would simply take the keys,
And leave whenever I might please
Now journeys start with phone and plan
Depending on another's hand.

It's no use shouting at the air,
Or giving way to deep despair.
Some future day will come to me,
I hope I say, so let it be.

My strength may slowly fade away,
Dependence then will hold some sway,
I want to still see all the flowers,
And cope with long and slower hours.

When I can't drive, and just can't see,
Some limits will be placed on me.
Dependency is rather cruel,
It's learning in another school.

Learn how to wait, learn how to cope,
To navigate this slippery slope.
Now, when I can't see any more,
When eyes are closed, and can't explore,

Then comes some sort of mystery,
The things that human eyes can't see,
With spirit's sight and deeper light
That works in every day and night.

A soul that seeks eternal gleam,
And hopes to see the great unseen.
God's light is living, warm and real,
And that is found with searching zeal.

When the plain things we know have gone,
Eternal hope goes on and on.
A wish that human eyes might see,
The glories of eternity.