

To You Who Walk and Talk

By John Garberson, '37

I TURN my aching head and see, out there,
How beautiful a day it is for them . . .
Those men and women, boys and girls who dare
Waste time as though it weren't a priceless gem.
Oh, what a sum I'd give to have the health,
The faculties for life that they confess.
I'd gladly part with any other wealth
That, lying here in bed, I might possess.
For two long years the Doc and nurse have claimed
That any day I might get out of bed.
(You see, I wasn't killed or cut or maimed . . .
Just "partly paralyzed," the Doctor said.)
But shucks, that's awfully dull to you who walk
And dance and swim and skate and play and talk.

I know that I can't move my legs and arms . . .
For many months I've been in bed this way,
And never stand much chance of roaming farms
Or picnicking, or walking home, someday.
I know that folks come in to visit me
And often have to leave because it's sad.
(I've seen them softly turn and say, you see,
"Too bad," or ". . . and he was such a strong young lad!")
But I don't know that it's so bad in here
Where one can lie and sleep or think at will.
Outside, there's strife and crime and war and fear;
In here there's pain, but not the kind to fill
The lives of men with things so hard to bear
That they must be exceptions to be square.