



I CAN AND I WILL

POETRY COLLECTION

Sara Mahgoub | Disability in Literature | 04/04/2019

Table of Contents

A Thousand Shades of Gray.....	2-8
Disabilities.....	9
Excuse me, I'm Sorry.....	10
Poem Explanations.....	11-13

A Thousand Shades of Gray

I opened my eyes to the sun

Shining on my face

grey sunshine

I slowly lift my head up

I was still tired and sleepy

From staying up last night

I couldn't sleep

I was too excited

I gobbled down eggs and sausage

An unappetizing plate of gray

And drank my gray juice

Threw on random clothes and shoes

I grabbed my keys and headed out

Got in the car and backed out of the driveway

All my friends would be surprised

Only if they knew

The thing is, I'm blind

Well, colorblind that is

No, I don't see purple as blue and green as whatever

I live in a world that's grey

With a little bit of black and white here and there

No one has ever guessed

Maybe they don't care

Or maybe they're just stupid

I could never tell which

They do always laugh at me though

Make jokes about how I'm blind

And need glasses

And how bad I am at twister

I opened my eyes to the sun

Shining on my face

grey sunshine

I slowly lift my head up

I was still tired and sleepy

From staying up last night

I couldn't sleep

I was too excited

I gobbled down eggs and sausage

An unappetizing plate of gray

And drank my gray juice
Threw on random clothes and shoes

I grabbed my keys and headed out
Got in the car and backed out of the driveway
All my friends would be surprised
 Only if they knew

The thing is, I'm blind
 Well, colorblind that is
No, I don't see purple as blue and green as whatever
 I live in a world that's grey
With a little bit of black and white here and there

No one has ever guessed
 Maybe they don't care
 Or maybe they're just stupid

I could never tell which

They do always laugh at me though
Make jokes about how I'm blind
 And need glasses
And how bad I am at twister

I came to a stop at a red light
Or as I see it, the “darkest gray” light
I get to the store and enter through the exit door
 Ignoring the gray DO NOT ENTER sign

I can never tell what’s ripe
 Everything is gray
I rely on my hands to tell
Not too hard, not to squishy

Gray apples,
 gray mangos
 Gray tomatoes
 Gray oranges

I grabbed everything I needed
And checked myself out
Next, I headed home
And grabbed the mail
 It’s here! It’s here!
I rip the envelope open excitedly

“We regret to inform you–”
 I stopped

I didn't need to read any more
I knew I shouldn't have gotten my hopes up

I threw the letter on the ground
Now I have to plan my whole life over again
I laid on my bed, mood ruined
 No point in doing anything else today

My dream was to be in the army
Just like my dad was
I wanted to carry out his legacy
 Now that'll never happen

But dad wasn't colorblind like
 Mom is, and she has done great things in her life
She was born colorblind, I wasn't
If mom can become something great,
With a totally different view of the world
 Then so can I

I came to a stop at a red light
Or as I see it, the "darkest gray" light
I get to the store and enter through the exit door
 Ignoring the gray DO NOT ENTER sign

I can never tell what's ripe

Everything is gray

I rely on my hands to tell

Not too hard, not to squishy

Gray apples,

gray mangos

Gray tomatoes

Gray *oranges*

I grabbed everything I needed

And checked myself out

Next, I headed home

And grabbed the mail

It's here! It's here!

I rip the envelope open excitedly

"We regret to inform you--"

I stopped

I didn't need to read any more

I knew I shouldn't have gotten my hopes up

I threw the letter on the ground

Now I have to plan my whole life over again

I laid on my bed, mood ruined

No point in doing anything else today

My dream was to be in the military

Just like my dad was

I wanted to carry out his legacy

Now that'll never happen

But dad wasn't colorblind like

Mom is, and she has done great things in her life

She was born colorblind, I wasn't

If mom can become something great,

With a totally different view of the world

Then so can I

Dude look at that girl's leg

It looks like a fucking

Shark bit it off

All crusty and gross

Bro! I'll give you five bucks

If you go touch it

Lowering my skirt

Iwheeled myself away

They were right there

I could hear their

Every word, not that they cared

Screw them

EXCUSE ME, I'M SORRY

Excuse me, if my wheelchair
Took too much space on the elevator
I didn't mean to invade your bubble
I'm sorry

Excuse me, if I slowed down
The lesson by asking too many questions
And not understanding as fast as you
I'm sorry

Excuse me, if my missing arm
Makes you feel uncomfortable
I should have tried to cover up
I'm sorry

Excuse me, if I bumped in to you
I didn't see you there
And I didn't mean to hit you with my stick
I'm sorry

Excuse me, if I didn't answer you
The first time and upset you
My hearing aid was turned down
I'm sorry

POEM EXPLANATIONS (WRITE-OUT)

I decided to take advantage of the creative writing option for my major project because I love writing poetry. I have written three different poem each with a different topic but all pertaining to and focusing on disabilities.

The first poem is called, “A Thousand Shades of Gray.” It tells a short story of a young woman who has a monochromacy colorblindness, the rarest form of colorblindness. This means she sees the world in black, white, and mostly shades of gray. Colorblindness affects more people than society thinks, this is why my character’s friends didn’t know about it. The poem starts off as the character wakes up, immediately describing how everything she sees is gray. A plate of fluffy, yellow eggs and sizzling brown sausage is unappetizing for her, because she sees it as a plate full off dull, gray food. To most people, what makes food look good and appetizing are the colors.

The character in the poem dreamed of being in the military for a while. She registered and unfortunately got denied approval because her colorblindness is considered a deficiency that risks security affairs during wartime. At first, she’s really upset because she had her whole life planned around the idea of her being in the military. But then she thinks of her mother, who is a well-known lawyer. Her mom has been completely colorblind since birth, so she’s never even seen color. This inspired her, if her mom can be so great, then she can as well and she will.

The poem has a little bit of humor here and there to make it more interesting to read. (twister)

The second poem is called "Disabilities." I was inspired to write this poem from a couple of poems we read during the semester. It is a twelve-line poem, that spells out the word disabilities using the first letter of every line. It illustrates the ignorance of bullies and how they downgrade certain people and their disabilities. Just like the poems we read this semester, the bullies in my poem refer to the girl's missing limb as, "it." They start off by insulting the girl's leg and one of them even dares his friend to go touch her. What makes it even more sad is that the girl in the wheelchair hears everything they say because they're not even trying to be quiet about it. She wheels herself away. The point of this poem is to show bullies in the act of bullying.

Finally, the last poem is a very sassy and sarcastic one. It features different people with different disabilities apologizing for things they do not need to be apologizing for. What makes it sarcastic is that the people they are apologizing to are the ones who should be apologizing. Unfortunately, these are actual incidences that I have witnessed myself. The first verse is a kid in the elevator who apologized to another kid after giving him a dirty look for coming too close to him with his wheelchair. The second verse features a kid who has a learning deficiency who is trying to understand what everyone else seemed to get, but the other kids were getting impatient, so he felt the need to apologize. The third verse illustrates a

couple of kids making faces at another kid with a missing limb as if they're disgusted with what they see. The last two verses display kids who are hard of hearing and hard of seeing being harassed for something they can't control.

Word Count: 1568

I hereby declare on my word of honor that I have neither given nor received any unauthorized help on this work.

- Sara Mahgoub