

FORGIVE ME WHEN I WHINE

A Serious Poem

(Author Unknown)



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Today upon a bus, I saw
A lovely maid with golden hair.
I envied her--she seemed so gay--
And I wished I were as fair.

When suddenly she rose to leave,
I saw her hobble down the aisle;
She had one foot, and wore a crutch,
But as she passed, she wore a smile.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two feet--the world is mine.

And when I stopped to buy some sweets,
The lad who sold them had such charm.
I talked with him--he said to me,
"It's nice to talk to men like you.
You see," he said, "I'm blind."

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two eyes--the world is mine.

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