

## THE PARK BENCH

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The park bench was deserted as I sat down to read. Beneath the long, straggly branches of an old willow tree; Disillusioned by life with good reason to frown; For the world was intent on dragging me down.

And if that weren't enough to ruin my day, A young boy out of breath approached me, all tired from play. He stood right before me with his head tilted down; And said with great excitement, "Look what I found!"

In his hand was a flower, and what a pitiful sight; With its petals all worn - not enough rain, or too little light. Wanting him to take his dead flower and go off to play, I faked a small smile and then shifted away.

But instead of retreating he sat next to my side; And placed the flower to his nose and declared with overacted surprise, "It sure smells pretty and it's beautiful, too. That's why I picked it; here, it's for you." The weed before me was dying or dead. Not vibrant of colors - orange, yellow or red.

But I knew I must take it, or he might never leave. So I reached for the flower, and replied, "Just what I need." But instead of him placing the flower in my hand, He held it mid-air without reason or plan.

It was then that I noticed for the very first time; That weed-toting boy could not see, he was blind.

I heard my voice quiver, tears shone in the sun; As I thanked him for picking the very best one. "You're welcome," he smiled, and then ran off to play; Unaware of the impact he'd had on my day.

I sat there and wondered how he managed to see; A self-pitying person beneath an old willow tree. How did he know of my self-indulged plight? Perhaps from his heart, he'd been blessed with true sight.

Through the eyes of a blind child, at last I could see; The problem was not with the world, the problem was me. And for all of those times I myself had been blind, I vowed to see the beauty in life; And appreciate every second that's mine.

And then I held that wilted flower up to my nose; And breathed in the fragrance of a beautiful rose. And smiled as I watched that young boy,

Another weed in his hand; About to change the life of an unsuspecting old man.