

## Ode to a Wheelchair (in three parts):

by B. Pshaw  
(aka Vic Finkelstein)

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1. Over the edge  
    Slowly,  
Take care, my mind draws in, hesitates.  
I see the kerb inch closer, danger.  
I feel the people, around, about their business.  
    Busy.  
    Their world.  
    Wheels slipping.  
    A kerb, a precipice.  
My world's slipping . . .

2. A hard front  
    The steel supports.  
It carries from end to end.  
Over smooth and struggling rough.  
To barriers surround and back again.  
From closeted home to shy encounter.  
    Still firm and here, evermore.  
    A carriage to life and severe ring.  
From distance to you and a distance from you.

3. Once more  
    Once more the wheels turn.  
    Round the counters go clicking  
Miles of distance past and a future, pushing.  
    Turn, turn, turn.  
Heavy heights and anxious slopes.  
Skimming the smooth and dodging the dropping.  
    Turn, turn, turn.  
Once more the wheels turn.  
    My heart is racing  
    Wind in the wheels.  
    Life embracing.  
    Turn, turn, turn.  
Aching shoulders rhythmic pushing.  
    Ah, you!

### Labelled Disabled

by B. Pshaw  
(aka Vic Finkelstein)

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labelled  
disabled  
that's me  
you see

labelled  
disabled  
that's me  
you see

labelled  
disabled  
that's me  
you see

## The Magic Flower

by B. Pshaw  
(aka Vic Finkelstein)

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I wander down the road  
    edging close to the kerb  
in a terrible display of making bold  
and indifferent to the absurd.

Wheelchair bound by an act of fate  
    and not a sign of hostility.  
Too many risks to contemplate,  
    slowly pushing for mobility.

Suddenly a kindly word aimed at me  
through a sympathetic smile, so demure.  
Now here's a really nice a-b,  
    or is this devious and obscure!

And in my head I'm plagued by danger  
    casting a shadow over all I see  
making me into quite the stranger  
because of the stereotypes imposed on me.

Now feel devil defiant and "I don't care"  
pushing over toes and lost in thought,  
mindless of those who stop and stare  
and not even bothering to make a retort!

Calming down after rushing away,  
puffing and panting with anger abating,  
wheeling through life day by day  
and always trying to stop the hating.

Coyly glancing into busy faces  
never a sign of my hidden glee,  
but noticing all the subtle places  
just a little person with no humanity.

Yet still open-eyed with wonderment  
you follow my labours down the street  
imposing your stigma without consent  
you make me feel quite incomplete.

A flower magics to rescue me  
having found a way through a paving hole.  
Turning it's struggle into a victory  
and rising up to clasp my soul.

And now I can dribble and consider my fate  
this flower defiance calling to me.  
How long can I day-dream and prevaricate  
before the struggle will make me be free?

I'm getting myself together again  
smiling blank-faced and a little subdued,  
your actions I hesitate to condemn  
because they're all muddled and confused.

A sudden push from authority.  
Brave little flower so unaware  
of able-bodied superiority  
and the little man's wheelchair!



*Me & my wheelchair №3*

*IN LOVE...*

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By B. Pshaw (aka Vic Finkelstein)



Banana Tree, Zimbabwe 1985  
By Vic Finkelstein