

Beyond the line of sight

My fingers are my eyes, my hands are my ears, I create a sense of
space with my mind.

I depend on the memories of what I do, not on the memories of what I
see.

Everyone has their language expressing things in their own unique
way.

I remember I place through my senses even though I can not see it.
The warmth of the sun: rain and wind.

Different sounds and smells, rough and smooth textures the taste of
food and drink, I take in every moment.

I learnt the meaning of freedom when I learnt to accept myself as I am
now, to be independent and live for every moment.

Taking small or big steps to find your way in life.
Accept yourself and do what you think is right in life.

Be true.