

## Blind Driver

So where in the hell are we going and  
 what in the hell will we find  
 On this long strange trip we travel  
 with drivers who are blind  
 Seven years shot to hell, six friends  
 in the ground  
 Ticket in hand searching for land, in  
 a life nearly drowned  
 At age twenty-four through a grayhound bus  
 door, dropped off three states away  
 The rules were changed a life rearranged  
 and finally I could play  
 and play I did in the bars, every night  
 till the break of day  
 No shit he's blind, double whiskey this time  
 and who the hell knows the way  
 Now while it was a big improvement, I still  
 had a long way to go  
 No more would blood run, heroin holding  
 the gun, driver riding the alcohol glow

Terrence Michael Wall

To the  
 see  
 reading