

The Stare

Caylee Ruth Kreller

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With each step fear appears.

It is an overwhelming presence.

Forcing movement through the pain is a never-ending horror.

Simply walking terrifies my soul and the feeling of being on an endless stage never ceases.

Looking up, I watch you observe me taking a step.

I see your eyes dart madly to the ground and then back to the place of disunity;

behind them arise the questions of “why?” and “how?”

I stare back at you waiting for the reconnaissance to end.

Mentally imploring you to behold the person behind the physical manifestation.

I scream so very privately, “please, please, please look at *me!*”

Desperately seeking in you the desire to look beyond rather than to stereotype or judge,

for I am not the portrait of “cripple” that so easily defines the broken.



You have yet to look at *me*, but I live what you see.

With plastic parts and pieces, a fragmented and tattered shell,

there is disconnection in dis-ability brought on by the dissension of limbs.

And I can tell your mind is frantically searching to make sense of this ravaged image.

Yet, a stare is not enough for you to see what truly embodies me.

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