

# My Cane

(an old man's lament)

Would that I could  
Train that piece of bent wood  
To tap leading wherever I go.

Instead, it clings  
To doorknobs and things  
And leaves me to wobble alone.

I try thinking it not  
A devilish plot  
Conceived by some otherworld fiend,

But why can't I find it?  
What's the object behind it?  
Should a cane be heard and not seen?

*Myron F. Weiner, MD*

Dr. Weiner is Professor of Psychiatry Emeritus, University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center, Dallas, TX. His e-mail address is [myronweiner@yahoo.com](mailto:myronweiner@yahoo.com).

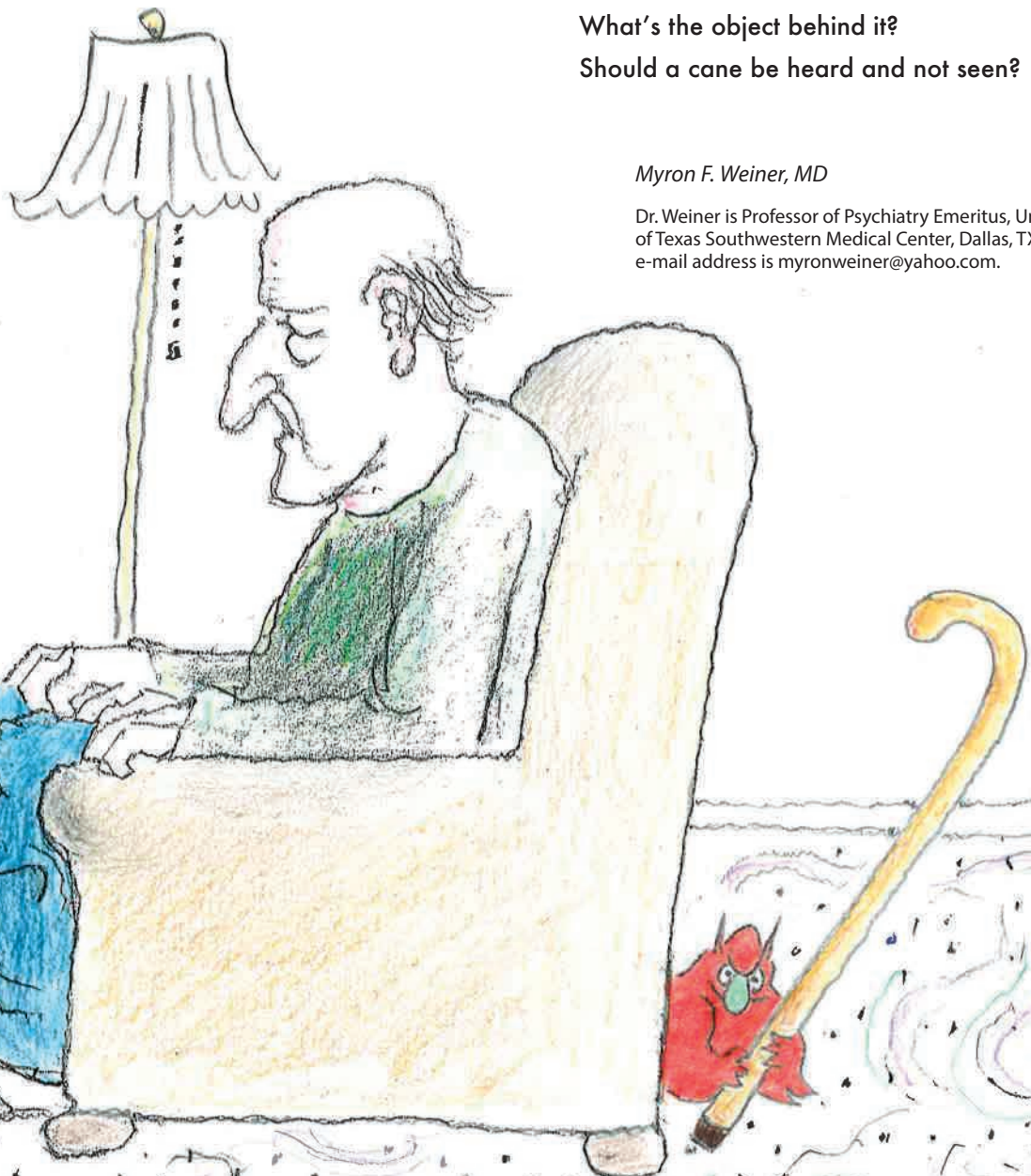


Illustration by Jim M'Guinness