



FOR MY SON

By Brad Ingrao

Look my child, and you shall see,
All the things that you can be.
Open your eyes, free your mind,
Leave the garbled words behind.

Your hands have the power to touch our souls,
Without the need for volume controls.

The Hand and Eye, not Lip and Ear,
Will make the world around you clear.

L'Eppe' and Clerc and Gallaudet
Knew which language on which to bet.

Sign Fits your body like a glove,
So you can see your parents' love.

You need not speak to prove your worth,
For Sign was with you at your birth.

So Sign my child, that we may see,
The wonderful You
That you will be.