

A Tangle of Dreams

When I was five years old, I thought I was stupid: other children had worked out how to walk, I couldn't. I needed to move, I dreamt of running. In chairs, I always felt more unable. I was rigid, bound, my thoughts tangled in the tension. I preferred the comfort of a soft lap.

I have broken many chairs and chairs have broken me - torn my skin, bent my bones, warped my muscles. Chairs have defined what I can do.

It is imperative to move; with movement I know I am alive. Without movement my life is stuck - a river damned.

I have helped engineers to rethink the idea of a wheelchair, a design that hasn't changed for 400 years.

In this talk, you will experience how I feel - a storm of spasms locked in a chair. I will bring along equipment my father has built which enables me to stand and move every day.

Together, we can free minds and bodies.

Marchant Barron - Poet

www.marchantbarronwords.org