

Katherine Clair

This I Believe

I believe in my eyes.  
The eyes that are the gate way to  
understanding  
Or the windows to my soul

The windows to my soul ? psh  
For if these are my windows then they are  
shattered, battered, broken  
They are splintered,  
Shards of glass that  
Drop like tears to reveal the loneliness, the  
brokenness inside.

Glass that  
Falls like tears  
Drip, drip, drop-  
Stagger onto my cheeks  
Staining them with the lines of forced  
smiles.  
And drip, drip, drop  
Slide like daggers into my heart.

For if these eyes are the windows to my  
soul than they are also the mirrors to the  
world.  
A world I have seen,  
A world I have felt,  
The world I have loved.

These mirrors, or these eyes, act as my  
motivator, my protector, and my greatest  
enemy.  
They glisten with fear, sweat, hurt, and  
beauty  
And I think...  
Am I right? Is this right?

They tell me that now that I have seen...  
I am responsible.

My eyes twitch each time I think of my  
responsibilities  
It presses down on my shoulders  
Not like a brick  
Not like a weight  
But like the arms of a child- begging for  
support  
Because I know,  
And they know I know

Now that I have seen  
I am responsible.

You know...  
I have a tattoo that reads-  
*Amanecer*  
To awaken.  
And the last time I checked?  
You have to open your eyes to wake up.

So wake up!  
Look before you to see the beauty that lies  
ahead,  
And glance behind to remember the lessons  
learned

Then LOOK UP and let the sun blind you,  
the tears kiss you, and the darkness cover  
you.  
But wake up -  
Keep your eyes open -  
Keep your eyes open and believe

Because I  
I believe in my eyes  
The eyes that don't lie  
When every other part of my body screams  
NO- they cry YES

I can't hide behind my eyes,  
And nothing can hide from them.  
With my eyes I see all.

So now that I have seen I am responsible.

But now that I have seen,  
I know that the world **does** not just need  
eyes.  
It yearns to show those eyes that it not only  
needs eyes to see-  
But *hands to hold*  
And *hearts to break*  
Because only a broken heart can love as  
deeply as the world needs.

And broken is how I see the world.

Now that I have seen I am responsible.