

Blindness

My grandfather once told me:
“You are born with your face turned everywhere”
As a child I struggled to see this
There must have been something I had missed.

How could your face look in every direction?

There had always been some sort of tension
Between my mother and father
Slowly, they drifted farther and farther...
I never understood
How passing glances caused crashing waves and rolling thunder
Good and bad, bad and good
Can't you see, what really matters lies under—

“You are born with your face turned everywhere”
Now, sometimes the truth in this is too much to bear.
We are born with our faces turned everywhere
Our brains open-minded
Our hearts never blinded
Yet somewhere along the way our view becomes narrow — shortsighted.

“We may be born with our faces turned everywhere
But we die staring
At ourselves”