

Blurry Windows

Kelly Mullins 05/22/2011

Upon my vision I too much rely.
Perceptions tainted by my silly pride.
Perhaps I should not trust unaided eye.

Too much I miss each day because I try
To let my narrow vision be my guide.
Upon my vision I too much rely.

How much beauty I let pass me by;
When my focus is on me and not inside.
Perhaps I should not trust unaided eye.

It may be what I see becomes my lie;
To help avoid the truth and keep me tied.
Upon my vision I too much rely.

When I choose to ask the simple question, "why?"
I test the nature of my seeing side.
Perhaps I should not trust unaided eye.

My vision is a thing I must defy
The Truth is there. It doesn't try to hide.
Upon my vision I too much rely.
Perhaps I should not trust unaided eye.