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Blurry Eyes

Noah Musselman

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Blurry Eyes

Noah Musselman

Have you ever looked into the world with your blurry eyes?
To look around and see the world less clearly than before?
My blurry eyes look into the world and see trees.
I don't see leaves connected by various branches,
though I know they're there.
The fuzzy green mess is everywhere around here.
Have you ever seen the sky with blurry eyes?
To look up and to see a vibrant couple of blue and white
dancing in perfect randomness.
How you ever looked at people with your blurry eyes?
Looked at them walk and talk.
I see a tall silhouette with an outstretched hand
holding a tiny silhouette as the two walk underneath the sky, and the trees.
Oh, my blurry eyes, why can't people seem to see what I see?
A blurry existence for a blurry world.
A blurry world for a blurrier mind.
Who says that beauty is in the eyes? In what we see?
The beauty of the world is not to look at something that is already deemed beautiful,
but to look at nothing.
Let your mind go blank.
Let your eyes grow blurry, and let the world go blurry too.
You see, those blurry trees become wavey weird alien seaweed
reaching from the bottom of the sky
whose vast emptiness exceeds all expectations of beauty.
A silhouette becomes not just a man, but a man of mystery.
Free from the judgment of a world that does not truly know his heart.
His future is blurry, yet we often think we see him so clearly.
A small silhouette becomes as pure and gentle as a blurry moon
painting the night sky surrounding it in pure light.
Can you see now? Can you see with your blurry eyes?
Eyes who do not speak to only what you can see,
but seek the impossibility of something more extraordinary
than just a tree
Than just a cloud
Than a man with his daughter.
When I look into the world and dare to see nothing,
nothing but a blurry world, I too am free to see anything at all.