

## Windows of Visibility (Glasses)

Born with perfect eyes, but slowly, slowly,  
Diminishing the quality of sight.  
You and me – Many people are like this.  
I cannot survive without clear eyesight,  
So my special objects are my glasses.

My parents gave me genes of bad eyesight,  
Forcing me to wear wearisome glasses.  
There were no reasons to hate my glasses,  
So I grew fonder towards this object.  
I brought these glasses with me, everywhere,  
With my magic visual aid I can see....

Two elegantly bent arms grasp my ears  
Two curved, crystal- clear windows, both half edged,  
By frames of the purple colour of eggplant,  
-frames with a smooth feel of polish and wax.

I say farewell to my special object,  
Placing it delicately in its case  
Closing it with an ear-splitting sharp snap  
And it will be waiting very loyally,  
For me...

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