

Open the Eye Within
By Sheila Johnson

I dreamt I was a Cyclops, with one and only one eye.
How hard it was to view the world. It was burdensome to cry.

I had no peripheral vision, I could only see straight ahead.
To see the sounds around me, I had to constantly turn my head.

And when I looked in the mirror, one sad face I'd see.
The "eye" of the storm within me was begging to blow free.

When others were round me, I wore a face of rugged stone.
Was it just a coincidence that "I" always stood alone?

So, because of my condition, I kept my one eye completely closed.
I kept myself from life and love, and for Death, I was always posed.

Well, thank God I'm not a Cyclops! And my dream is not really true.
But was my world so different, looking through one eye instead of two?

Am I often blind sighted by a world of tears and grief?
Did someone steal my joy and hope, and replace it with disbelief?

Do I find myself in the mirror looking for someone I used to see?
Everyone else has found my beauty, that is, everyone but me!

I'm stepping out of my Cyclops dream world. I'm going to open my "eye" and see.
That the "I" has always been the better half of "we".

I'm going to embrace my intuition with my arms and God's entwined.
I'll keep looking until perfect peace and harmony I find.

I won't hesitate to hug myself and kiss my self-esteem.
And the fire that I build inside will uncover miracles unseen.

I'll clothe myself with confidence, accessorize with pearls.
I'll use a rainbow for my makeup, and watch my beauty unfurl.

I'll tell myself I love me. I'll say it over and over again.
And when the final vote is taken, the "I's" have it, I win!