**My Glasses**

Thick and heavy, they protect me from

the exhaustion of glaring. Yet I’m still

exhausted. At least the darkness

surrounding my eyes is hidden.

Eyes, the window to the soul,

they say. My window must be small

and foggy, especially when I come in from

the piercing chill, sharp as it is blinding.

Not needed, my glasses, once lay forgotten

a lot. Many years back, my face was naked,

nothing to shield it, nothing for the tears

to land on and stain.

Now, forgetting is them is impossible,

with a blurry world around me that will

cause pain if I don’t look fast

enough. Never has the thickness

been broken, even in a car crash.