

Eyes and Ears

My eyes. They see everything around me. Everything but everyone else's eyes. When they encounter another of the same kind, they bounce away like two south poles of a magnet. And it's not that they won't attract, it's only because I'm telling myself they can't. My pupils are small. Smaller than the ones of everyone around me and everyone I've ever seen and met and talked to before. I know they are small because people have told me they are, and with every interaction I fear they will get smaller. Smaller to the point where I am barely able to let in any light. And the dark isn't what I fear, not at all, but the thing I fear most is not being seen. I try to grow my pupils, open up to others, but every time, no matter how hard I try they tense up again and shrink and I just can't control it.

My ears. They hear everything, everyone's plan for the weekend, everyone's favourite colour, favourite number. But they also hear things that don't even exist. They hear people laughing, people judging, people looking at me and thinking, what is she doing? But most importantly, my ears hear my own running thoughts. They run on and on and on. They run fast and far away and it's almost impossible to catch them. When I try to step out of my comfort zone they trip and fall over and get all mixed and jumbled up.

Sometimes I wish my ears would stop making me hear everything I don't want to hear. I wish my eyes would see things without over analyzing. I wish for many things, but I know I'll have to put in my own effort to make these wishes come true. I hope one day I can open my eyes and grow my pupils.

Open my eyes and close my ears. Grow my pupils and shrink my thoughts.