I’m happy today.

That’s unusual for me. Typically I’m anxious, nervous, worried. There are always too many options, too many possible outcomes coming for you like a knife in the back or banana in your tailpipe.

Even that was whimsical, whatever I am feeling today I like it, alot. I hope it hangs on as I see dark clouds approaching.

I am always seeing, looking at what’s ahead, or what would catch others unawares. Or looking back reliving dark times and sad times. I try to stay focused on what’s ahead, but it feels as awkward as holding a wink, and looks twice as ingenuous.

I get worried that people think I’m spying on them, or that I’m not interested in talking to them cause my eyes are always on something else. But I can’t help it. And everyone that sees me, judges me, with the same sense that is my curse.

However today! I am not worried about that at all. I can breathe deep and open my eyes wide, I fan my lashes at the sunlight and spread myself to my most broad.

I am feeling so good inside. I am going to close my eyes and get a sense of all that goodness. It’s really hard to look at myself and know who I am. I look so odd, not cuddly or graceful or talented like the others, and it’s so hard not too look at the others. But when I close my eyes I feel safe. The possibilities shrink down and there is just the current moment. And me expanding.

I can feel my mind and my heart. I can remember what it felt like to for someone to hold my hand and lead me everywhere, not knowing where I was going. I can remember getting upset and stubbing my toes on sidewalk curbs, and wondering what was flashing beyond the flesh of my eyelids. I remember what it felt like to be safe and present.

I love my eyes. They are what people notice about me, they let me stay alert and prepared! They come in so many colors and sizes. They make me like my favorite animal, the spider. Spiders humbly protect their households and keep intruders out! They guard doorways and thresholds and never ask for anything in return. Spiders never stop building, no matter how many times they watch their homes get swept away. I love my eyes, just some days I wish for a fight that might blacken almost all of them.

Someone is coming. I don’t want to know that!

My eyes are still closed.

Can’t I hold onto this good feeling a little bit longer?

Fill yourself up, hold onto that happy feeling.

Don’t open your eyes.

Don’t open your eyes.

DON’T OPEN YOUR EYES!

YOU’LL BREAK THE SPELL!

I can hear myself think over the alarm bells going off in my head. It’s probably someone I know, coming near, someone who means me no harm. I could hang on, maybe, keep this peace I have in my mind a little longer. Maybe they will think I am asleep on my feet or in a trance and decide not to bother me; maybe they will walk away. But I don’t trust what I hear, or the vibrations I feel from the approaching footsteps. I can’t trust that this person will be as kind as my friend who held my hand and led me through city streets.

OPEN YOUR EYES!

DON’T OPEN YOUR EYES!

OPEN YOUR EYES!!!

And I do.

Goodbye happy feeling. Back to my normal, paranoid self.

I jump to see him even though I knew he was there, even though I know he means me no harm (for now). I just had no idea he was so close. What was I thinking? What if that was a man with a knife? Or someone injured and dying, taking their last breath? Or a wild creature, ready to lunge at my throat?

But it’s not any of those things, maybe it’s my imagination that’s the curse rather than these eyes.

“Are you ready to rejoin the party my dear?”

He asks me so sweetly, offering his hand. He’s charming that’s for sure. Even if I could I don’t think I’d want to take my eyes off him, he can be so fascinating!

I don’t want to take his hand though, I’ve upset myself, getting so happy and so full and large and satisfied. Having to draw myself back, folding and tucking in my loose edges is something I’m not sure I’m willing to do.

“Not quite yet,” I say.

It comes out sounding snotty and more childish than I mean to be. How is anyone going to respect a person that sounds like that?

“Do come, please.” He entreats, reaching for the hand I haven’t offered.

Am I still imagining when I was a kid, being led by a hand bigger and stronger than mine? Is this what I want to happen? All the sights around me are kind of dizzying. I can see the lights flashing from the room ahead, I want the familiar solitude I see in this calm, familiar room.

I look at his hands. They aren’t right. They look untrustworthy.

What do I know of untrustworthy hands? I couldn’t see them when my eyes were closed, and back then, they were just fine. Better than.

A moment ago that was all I wanted. A hand in mine.

I resist the urge to yank my hand away. I blink, longing for the confidence blindness gave me a minute ago. I can’t resist opening them again to watch the gathering storm.

“Ok” Can he hear the pout in my voice?

We start to walk.

I’m still not feeling quite myself. I want to feel reassured.

“Does it bother you when I look at you?” I ask.

He doesn’t answer right away.

I was right. He thinks I’m a spy or a gossip, just like everybody else. I’m not, I’m cautious, I’m vigilant, I’m a defender.

“Oh certainly,” My face falls, “I get so bothered I can’t wait to be under your gaze again.” He chuckles. He’s making fun of me. I should have seen this would happen.

He ducks his head to look into my downcast eye, the low one at the base of my visage.

“Especially this one.”