

Eyes Open To Interpretive Readings

By: A.X. Bueno

You look at my eyes and in a sense I'm looking back at yours
But also at our surroundings that are all around
Eyes are supposed to be like doors
And I feel like revealing too much of what's behind them is a decision unsound
But I'm not in complete control of what people do and don't see
Though I do try to keep my eyes from staring or wandering
And staying aware as I try and tread carefully
Not bothering with words right now in case I end up squandering
Them as I try and let silence take their place calculating internally
So you catch me off guard when you tell me not to give you that look
And I wish I knew how I was doing it
As you reel me back into things with your verbal hook
And I become self conscious again at what emotions my eyes emit
Worried that they've made what I'm thinking so clear
But knowing I've been misread plenty of times before
Especially at times when my mind drifts and isn't fully there or here
That's why I try to stay someone whose presence someone could ignore
Not constantly of course for there can be so much to do
And to do it I still need to be willing to be seen and looked at right in the eyes
To let myself be interpreted by someone else and I can let that be you