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by Diana Raab

A poet's eyes

They come in every color
but not of the rainbow
only God's chosen—
blue, brown, hazel,
yet all this physical stuff
is really irrelevant
when thinking of their power
and what they capture—
every essence of life,
feelings and beyond,
chaos and mayhem,
love and war,
sharing and calming in one sweep,
and even when looking at stars
they see futures
and other planets on the other side,
like they'd want to visit one day
in faraway realms
never touched by dirty human hands.