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Your Eyes

When I asked you the question, I knew my hypothesis was right
Your face became pale, nearly completely white
Your eyes already dull and dead from suffering seemed to lose the last bit of their light
After a long stretch of silence, you looked at me and stared
And stared
And stared
And stared
Then finally, you asked how I knew
I looked into your eyes, they were a beautiful pale blue
Your pale blue irises spoke of pain of various kinds
That's when I remembered the signs
You always spoke wistfully of birds, saying you admired their freedom
You admired that they could come and go as they please
You couldn't, not with the man that sticks to you like a disease
The man who acts as if he has the power of kings
The man who holds you captive, like a bird with clipped wings
I can see it in your eyes, how you wish to rise and fly free from captivity
You work long hours with no complain, at times it seems inspirational
But the little amount you get paid is unsustainable
Large is the burden of your debt
Even larger is the gap of time in which you last slept
The harsh treatment the man gives you for the smallest mistakes
I can see it in your eyes
Every word causes the cracks in your soul to become large breaks
You yearn for sanitation
Yet that house that you live in has an insect infestation
Yes, house not home
If it were a home, entering it would not make you look like a lamb prepared for slaughter
You have no food or running water
You truly are like a lamb, that house is like a fence
A barrier
But that barrier cannot hide the physical proof
No matter how much you try to act aloof
I can see it
I can see them
The bruises that map your skin
The deep cuts and scarring on your thin body

The single broken tooth
The bleeding wounds on your forehead
The constant black bruised eye
The cigarette burns on your arms you try so hard to hide
The stories you give too inconsistent to hold any truth
Not to mention you neglect to have ever stated your full name
The tattoo on your wrist is something you "got for fun" you claim
Yet every time you look at it, fear impales you like a spear
Your paranoia knows no bounds
Your anxiety keeps you from speaking up, not allowing you to make any sounds
You always speak with discretion
But it's not enough to hide your depression
So you see
It's your eyes
Your eyes tell me the horrors you have faced
Your eyes show me fragments of the memories you desperately wish could be erased
Many say that the eyes are windows to ones soul
They were right, I can see it
I can see it through your eyes
Your soul has been battered
Like a mirror, it has shattered