

## Her Blue Eyes

God, those blue eyes. You see them once and be hooked immediately. You hear mutuality whisper as they come by, watching them sparkle in the warm sunlight. They have a way of captivating you, letting you sink into their embrace as if you're looking from the ocean shore, witnessing dolphins jump across the waves. Just a simple glance has you mesmerized.

You see them shimmer and squint in a joyous fit of laughter during the best part of a sitcom, and your heart flutters with that same intense joy.

She blinks once or twice—just a quick disappearance of those bright pupils. And, during that quick disappearance, you miss them. You mourn for the light of those eyes. You experience the five stages of grief with just your reflection through the window to keep you grounded until her eyes return to bring you hope once again.

The brows above those angels in the color of the sky furrow in confusion as you slowly open the front door, praying that a closer look is worth the risk of possibly ruining your sight of them.

They glance down at what you have in your hand, and the two partners in holiness expand and widen with pride and glee in honor of you. The spoon is clutched safely in your palm, anticipating its long-awaited destination.

You hear a voice telling you to leave, but you know it isn't real.

You hear the screams as your friend the spoon hugs one of your loved ones. You know the screams are happy. You know it doesn't hurt. How can something so beautiful feel pain?

You hold your soulmates in your free hand, admiring them, worshipping them, loving them. Their host doesn't matter so much. She is plain without them. But, her eyes. They are what

makes the sun rise and set before you. They are what remind you that everything is quiet, peaceful, and safe. It is them. Her blue eyes.