

Spectacular Spectacles - Tim Patterson

Spectacular Spectacles

A window to my soul
As much a part of me as my own two eyes.
Been with me through the good times
And the not so good times.

Without my glasses - I'm normal
Just another average looking Hipster.
With short stubble on his chin,
A tall stature to stand up in
And don't forget those handsome greenish blue eyes
Or so my mom says.

But I am not a hipster. I'm not handsome.
I prefer hiding.
Hiding behind my spectacular spectacles.
A shield to protect my ego. Defend against close talkers
Or even a blockade against embarrassment.

One pair of extra eyes, any reasonable person would take care of
Are bruised and battered like that bike you had as a kid
The one you would ride everywhere, but still, you tossed it to the ground
Like a science test with a fat, red "F."

When I lose them
Or misplace them
A part of me panics
And pauses
Retracing steps
Stopping all realms of time
Ceasing to do anything other than

Find them

Can't live without them

Until recently....

Now, they're just another thing I lug around
another stubborn, annoying accessory
That you simply "Can't Leave Home Without"
glued to my face and resting on my masked, swollen nose
Fogging up like a window on a chilly night

Limiting my field of vision
Prohibiting any ambition
Causing too much frustration

So I throw them off
Or they fall, naturally

And give up.

My glasses, once a reliable friend
now a pestering, invasive cockroach

Causing me to rethink what I look at
When to talk, when not to talk
What my "look" is
And whether or not I end up with an afternoon headache.

Not too long ago,
I felt they helped define me
Now, they are preventing me
From being, Well, I guess being Me.