

THE EYES HAVE IT

BY: SARAH BURAKOFF

EYES ARE THE WINDOWS OF EXPRESSION.

WHEN I LOOKED INTO HIS EYES,

I COULD READ HIS THOUGHTS.

IF HE WAS HAPPY, HIS EYES SMILED AT ME.

TEARS OVERFLOWED

TELLING ME HOW SAD HE WAS.

ANGER NARROWED HIS EYES

AS THEY BLAZED AT ME!

PAIN AND FEAR WERE TELEGRAPHED TO ME

BY THEIR EXPRESSION.

HIS EYES USED TO TALK TO ME.

NOW WHEN I LOOK INTO HIS EYES

I FIND HIS WINDOWS FOGGY!

THERE IS A DULLNESS

THAT WAS NEVER THERE BEFORE.

HIS EYES NO LONGER CONFIDE IN ME.

ALZHEIMER'S IS THE THIEF

THAT STOLE HIS EXPRESSIONS