

Hymn of Glasses-Wearers

We fog up in cold weather, snuffle-nosed,
bumping into things, a delicate winter dance
that makes us slow, graceful, or klutzy,
but we are proud of our four eyes, cats eyes,
wire framed eyes. We don't want contacts.

Lord, bless this astigmatism, the near-sighted,
far-sighted, all-seeing collective that carries
tissues and cleaning cloths for the inevitable
water splash, bane of our existence, but we know
the tense or romantic drama of taking glasses off.

We look authoritative even when we don't
know what we're talking about. Especially when
we don't. Gifted with fifteen extra IQ points,
the assumption made with this hallowed badge
of nerdiness, brain magnified by two tiny lenses,
all four of my eyes calculating. Why endure
the solution-filled life of contact lenses, chemical
cleansing, eyelash irritation, to free yourself of frames?
Heavens, you don't know what you're missing.