


Nazar 

the bluest eyes
or the blackest obsidian
won't keep them from praying for my downfall

i walk naked
protecting myself
from the watchful eyes of them all
in the fog of serendipity
that they've caused me

but within it all,
with their watchful eyes on me
there's a reflection
of the culprit who
stole my clothes and covered
my eyes with the haze of the fog,
she looks a little like me

Note: Try to guess what it's about. I wrote it after watching a tarot card video. Idk if the message comes across properly. Sometimes I forget that people can't read my writing the way I can. I'll email y'all the answer after I read your interpretations.