

Through the Lens

Lines I never noticed before
appear throughout the scene
yet they have been there
all along

My vision blurs
and I am impressed
with its effect
dramatic - yet soft

The light creeps from my view
and the canvas is transformed.
Color fades
and shadow prevails.

An image
becomes a feeling
captured
shared
immortal.

The world changes
when seen through a lens.
It is something to be remembered
to be preserved.

I now see
what was there yesterday.
Blinded by my ignorance
I shuffled through life
a screen forever in motion
oblivious to my presence.

But now my eyes are open
and I don't want to miss a thing.

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