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SEE

Sight is blinding.
Stereotypes binding,
With out sight we discriminate.
In time we can eliminate,
That with one glance
We can lose chance.

Dominated by sight,
And scared of the night.
What can one find?
Transformation of the mind.
The world is clear;
You feel, smell, hear.

Appearances are misleading,
And deep down our hearts are pleading,
That we use our other senses,
And not just the eye lenses.
For the heart does not only use sight,
It smells, feels, hears, with all its might.

We should all spend time in the dark,
And our other senses will spark.
We should know just how lucky we are;
For we can gaze up at the stars.
Oh and while we will eventually leave the dark night,
Others never have the option to regain the gift of sight.

Sight is a gift, a gift we take so lightly.
I hope the dark will change us, at least slightly.