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## The Gift

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## The Gift

*Andrea DeField*

A blessed gift some say, but I do know  
Of its horrors you hope not to possess,  
The repulsion that dwells in your mind's eye  
For nothing short of pure eternity.  
Scenes of death need not be remembered,  
And the face of the true arch nemesis.

Those who lack this gift may yearn for its use.  
The picture show of the simple faces,  
The destinations of our great journey,  
The images of our life that pass them by,  
These, their desires for a miraculous gift.

Without sight, would darkness reign over our  
minds?  
Would the shadows of hate grow through our  
souls?  
Would life be more than utter melancholy  
Wanting and hoping to someday receive?  
These I cannot answer for I have seen.  
I have seen horror, I have seen darkness,  
I have seen war, along with painful death.

Yet, I have seen the beauty of our world.  
I have seen light and I have seen courage,  
And those who have not seen have felt these  
things.  
Sight is a gift. The sun chooses to rise  
So it might share with us its true glory,  
A gift that may bring sorrow but truth, too.  
I wish to keep my sight, the intact sense,  
So that it may teach me its beauty.