

“What do my eyes tell you?”



Many people tell me my eyes are really big and capture attention. Well, actually that's one of the reasons why I love my eyes, it's funny because it's practically the only thing I can love about myself without trying too hard. Why? Because thanks to my eyes I've been able to see beautiful places, meet different and wonderful people and just enjoy the precious things in life like rainbows, when the sunshine kisses the rain, or the night sky where clouds are out of sight.

If I had to choose what kind of feeling or message my eyes should pass to other people, I would rather say comfort or confidence. I want people to look at me and feel comfortable to open up whenever it gets too overwhelming to handle. I want them to know through my eyes that I'm hearing every word attentively and that I wouldn't mind at all to share the burden for them to breathe easier. If there's anything I can do to help them healing, I will do it. In terms of confidence, I try my best to pass that energy through eye contact conversation in which I'm quite good. I wish the world could know how confident I am but the truth is I am only able to show that side of me to people I've been knowing for a very long time, and even so I lack on that. Sometimes, all that's left of myself is holes in my false confidence but I always give my best not to show it.

My eyes carry the eternal gleam of a child, the love for each and every single precious soul I have ever crossed paths with, the excitement while I'm talking about something I deeply love, the euphoria by seeing the faces of the people that, despite not knowing me, still help me a lot going through this roller coaster that is life. They have met the most sparkling galaxy in the whole universe but also met the deepest of oceans. They lulled themselves and said "It's okay, tomorrow will be a new day and we will try again. There's nothing wrong with living one day at a time." (for that I truly need to give myself a pat on the shoulder); they burned themselves onto their own demons and learned how to sing in joy throughout all the living hells. These two little things showed me a perception of the world that only belongs to myself, isn't that amazing?

Like the famous saying, I believe my eyes are the windows to my soul but I must confess they are really good at building walls in order to protect themselves and not show fragileness. They are expressive, especially when I'm dancing (honestly that's indeed my soul's favorite expression itself). They tend to show a glimpse of what I feel, but only the ones who look at them with care can notice.

My eyes tell who I am. The important question here is: are you willing to try to learn their own language?

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