

# January 2013

by Lilia Sokolova

I saw a man with many eyes,  
A man confused in the light of a day,  
His sadness looked upon the skies,  
His fear tried hard to look away.  
Another pair of this man's eyes  
Could scarcely modestly reveal  
What had been running through his mind,  
What he thought must have been real.  
And I was just needing to see,  
If only he would turn his head,  
What pair of eyes would look at me,  
Which person I am in the end.