

*What I See*  
*By: Johnny Dunn*

My memory's a liability, not a technical issue but user  
If no kettle comes a-whistling, then life's dramatized like film noir.  
Even our eyes remain faulty, seeing things upside down  
But our brains, like tautology, spin the world back around.  
Can I trust myself to not tell myself lies  
Reality superseded by a world idealized  
The plot remains unclear stuck with an unreliable narrator  
Blinding as headlights, doomed as deer; the story's still just tinder.  
This is not a pipe, nor a poem, just an image and chemistry  
It isn't you I see but me; the map is no territory.  
And life's no 'Edelweiss'; no musical numbers embarked  
I'd give up sound first over sight, because I'm afraid of the dark.