

Blessings Of The Blindspot

With tears dripping from my eyes
 leaking hints of condemning depression
 I hear my sister's joy
In amazement she is refreshed by me
 like each eye the Lord created for me
 blessed each with a spot made blind
 needing the other to tell the whole truth
One eye seeing something partial
 crying for hope of something more
 needing to stay blind less the casual invade
The other eye echoing perspective and honor
 reflecting the fuller truth in dignity
The blind spot needing to always remain
 to help me doubt myself and pray
 to need other members to be made full
What a blessing for us then to see in part
What a blessing for us to be seen in full
If ever I fail and be no more blind
 my sisters
 my brothers
 the members of His Body
 tragically, I need no more
In seeing I die, for the sake of life
In being seen, in the Body I live
In being blind I have cause to always hope
 and in Him, with them, rejoice always
 and know my eye in the Body
 in His Body will be full value to all

