I spy with my little eye

a picture book written and illustrated by
Lizette Andersson
I spy with my little eye, how to move around in life
The simplest of moves, like cutting a queue
might cause a disaster if I can’t see you
When we talk these days, there's stuff in the way. You sound the same, yes, but you're so far away. Even though you can't see me, I'll do the best I can... It's silly, really, but when we talk - I still move my hands.
If we're both blinded
there's no guarantees
That you'll recognize me
when we finally meet
and while trusting somebody to care for your heart
is a beautiful thing to do
It's easily broken when given away
to someone who did not choose you...
You see, bad boys and girls have two eyes of their own
They'll wait around, without a sound
until you're home alone...
And a pair of paws
can never foresee
if a new employee
has an appetite for me!
So I spy and I spy with my little eye...
Perhaps it won’t work, but at least I can try.
Sometimes, vision really is everything
while sometimes I'd rather be blind
If my absolute favourite song comes on
my two ears will do just fine!
I spy with my little eye,
the smallest of difference
in our spots, dots and stripes
But things are not always what they appear to be...
there's more to my person than you can see.
I'm just acting out so you'll like my jam,
you'll have to look further to see who I am
Because the coolest discovery must be to see
that beyond spots and stripes we're just YOU and ME
Our laughter, our sadness, the dirt on our knees
looks exactly the same in our earth-family!
And when it's time say good night, I close my two eyes nice and tight
Because between you and me, they're unnecessary
You don't need to see
to dream.

The end.