



Descriptive Essay on Eyes

Eyes. What are the first things you will notice about every individual? Eyes. How does their hair fall on their faces? Eyes. Maybe how they stand, or when they look into each other's eyes and yell out words while talking to you? Eyes, eyes are what I notice... whether they are glittering, shiny, or shiny; or maybe they are dirty, lonely, and hiding behind saltwater—either way, their eyes, their eyes.

Everyone has eyes or has eyes, and if not, everyone at least wants eyes. So why do some cling to me? An older man by the side of the road in Bangkok, whose leg was full of redness and disease, was painful to look at. But that was not heart-breaking, not at all. His eyes were an old film for me, with black and white colors. The brown swim, which shakes the beautiful rainbow... is missing. How could I describe to the world what his eyes were like? As his black students disappeared behind his dark irises, a hand came out of them and reached out to grab me. They seized me and dragged me down to his earth, a land that I could see with his black eyes.

It all has a way of finding your way in my heart. No matter how painful it is. You may be surprised at how sad the eyes can be ... especially when they are sitting looking at you. The armless young woman stared at me with frightened eyes, red and confused and eager. I was sad to tell her something good if I could, if only. But I could not, no. We can't just go and tell people how beautiful they are! Can we? Shouldn't it? His eyes, if the brown sea could be considered beautiful, I would want to swim in his eyes. But I would be terrified that I would get lost in the dark. Have you ever been to the beach at night? Or even a pool for that story? You can see nothing; it's scary to say a little, but it's always tricky when it's dark.

That blind man, his eyes hidden by a black lens. I could see through it; I could see through that cup that the man had put in his hand. It all came out of it; he was unpopular. No one loved or cared for her, nor did anyone want to love her for that matter. Was it because they could not see his eyes? Are his eyes blind? I wish I were a ghost behind this man to see how many people can go through his grief and feel remorse. I feel like it won't be... if you are. I could count how many people would bend down and put a glimmer of hope in his cup, or perhaps even a piece of wood.

Missing, a man stood next to me. His kind heart I could feel in his gaze. Not much needed to be said, if any. He held out his hand for me to shake; I couldn't believe the thoughts that were running through my mind. Should I shake this man's hand? Suddenly my hand went out after thinking of the awful idea.

"Happy New Year," the man struggled to say, with his swollen thyroid block blocking any movement because of his approaching smile.

"Same to you," I replied with a smile as much as possible.

"Happy N... n..n... ew Year," he walked away, releasing my weak hand, though his own was violent and powerful because of years of hard work and toil; his eyes were beautiful, and his hands were strong. Her eyes, her eyes, her eyes never let me sleep so much at night. As well as the few faces I

mentioned in this article. I'll tell you one thing before I go, no matter how dark your eyes are or how bright they are ... they all tell a story, an incredible story.

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