Crazy Eyes

by Gary V. Powell

The boy across the street
The kid with Holocaust eyes
Lids like shades pulled half down
Whites like crushed Easter bunnies
Pupils like black holes sucking up the light.

The kid with a testosterone chip
Instead of a brain, an XYY chromosome
Like some demon coursing through his veins
Tried to blind another boy at a Boy Scout jamboree
Choked a girl who called him weird in the eighth grade hall.

We watched out our window
Sunday night when EMS, police and firemen
Converged, lights flashing like a circus come to town
Watched that cop swagger the boy into his caged back seat.
Handcuffed, bloody, and hangdog, momentarily held prisoner of war.

The mother blamed it on his new drugs
The daughter said he'd attacked with a razor
A younger brother claimed he'd broken glass, smashed
A bottle against his own head, and like Lakota taking scalp
At the Little Big Horn, ripped hair away from his skull and laid it bare.

So where does crazy end and evil begin?
Does the disparity lie in the eye of the beholder?
Is the difference appraised by quarts of blood spilled?
Slit wrist versus slashed throat, gauged out eyes, and organs devoured?

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Or is it measured by hearts broken, and does the difference make a difference?