

the curtained claws of shade

by strannikov

wanted: gastroenterologist of souls

with holograms we haunt our houses:
our screens simulate velocities
we are moved.

holograms we've conjured patrol rooms:
our lenses capture perspectives, those
that move through.

fish fed on microplastics we eat—
hologrammatic robots send for
laxatives.

holograms do not depict all things:
constipation of soul—not perceived,
not relieved.

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invisible, all these eyes of night:
these eyes of night are eyes without glint—
never seen seeing, these eyes of night.

surely with so many some few could be spared!
some enucleations for practice would do—
with so many thick curtains hung out to shroud
so many unlit eyes, Night you'd think could spare

a small few for our diversion: they can't see
through all those curtains, either—Night is so thick
its own eyes get strangled their optic nerves choked
by thick curtained shrouds impervious to light.
pat the curtain shrouds to pat the eyes of night
soft with blindness—with thumbs and fingers pluck them,
you have to think the eyes of night cannot see!

true, I don't remember having eyes:
odd—I still trust that others can see . . .
and yes, I keep my fingers licked clean.

