

With My Eye

by Tim G. Young

my space heater throws a pale orange light
my white candles flicker in the middle of the night
a lava lamp dances purple in disguise
a television blinks with television eyes

my toasted brown bread leaves crumbs on the counter
my cream cheddar cheese is exactly what I wanted
a dark red wine insists on reflecting
a string of colored lights hung near the ceiling

the chill on my back never quite leaves me
though I try and I try the heat won't believe me
but if something in the air can catch on fire
then the sadness I feel may move and retire

so I sit very still tuning my ears for a listen
hoping for a response so I'll know what I'm missing
and if there's a chance a thought does fly by
then I'll write it down and see it with my eye

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