

# With My Eye

*by* Tim 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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