

Once Seen to Smile

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Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself.

– Ross, *Macbeth*, Act 4, Scene 3

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**THE EYE
&
ABSTRACTIONS IN GREEN**

INFINITE EYES

It's an eye, infinite eyes within,
Out in the depths of the gray pupil,
Another white eye in the infinite distance,
Everything within black-green
A single eye, always a single eye
Perceived as a pair



THE SUNFLOWER

I watch the sunflower bloom
Millions of crabs in its eye
Bright yellow
Dying down
Petals radiate from the eye
As death boils behind the blackened veil
The eye piercing through.

I enter the dark.

In thick indistinct emptiness, slowly appearing,
Encompassing everywhere,
The smoldering white pupil,
 within black-purple iris,
 surrounded by blue-white blaze
 . . . sees.
Slowly pulsating. Cyclopean.

Eyelids and face, made of moss-covered aging blocks.

Not approaching
Not withdrawing
Not beckoning.
 Watching
 Knowing
 Being...

I am snapped back, out from the dark.
 The eye, last to dissolve

. . . Until my next encounter

THE BLUE SKY

Blue sky
Green grass
Sparkle
Dew drop
Blue blue

The wanting
The ranting
The bloating

Abandonment
Encouragement
Disillusion

Gray spots abound
Dark damp
Black
Glimmer
Sliver
Light shining
Lighthouse
Specks of light

Bright red sunrise
Sunshine
Blue sky

THE SERPENT'S EYE

Death
Green
Eye

The eye of the
Serpent
Eating own tail
Becoming tail
 becoming itself

Green thorns grow
 out of black pupil

Radiating its
 rebirth



SEAHORSES

My ovoid neurons
Firing away
Lightning cracks
Eyes active
Ears active
So I feel
So I think
So I idealize
As crisp life passes
Into soft billowing memories
Dissipating contrails in clear blue sky
While the
Washingtonia mocks me in the
Wind

Videos,
Snapshots,
Journal entries:
All attempts

Time sneers
At least, I find it sneering
I experience it sneering
I've decided it sneers

As spacetime doesn't care
Can't care
Only I care
Only I think I care
Only I think I feel
Only I think
Only I feel
Only I
Only
I
I alone
I am alone