

Lines Written While You Were Putting on Makeup

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Your mascaraed eye now flashes
like a snake boat oared with lashes.
Shaken by seismic waves of smiles,
it bobs and lurches yet beguiles
the laws of movement, staying fixed.
Another gaze and I am transfixed
by how it morphs into a kite
fastened to the string of my sight.

If it were just to aestheticize
that my eyes ever sought your eyes,
you could say I saw only half
the truth and a quick polygraph
would expose me for what I am:
a peddler of elite flim-flam.

But I also see a penguin
bereft of all its wobbly kin
stranded on the melting ice floe
of your sclera. Does it know
it's our greed and mass delusion
about GDP that brought the ruin?

An atom bomb sending shock waves
across all our impending graves,
a swirl of dust and detritus—
that's what your dilated pupil is.
A charred planet floating through space
before fading without a trace.

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