

We Need Our Eyelashes

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For without their vigilance,
tears are grimy
and no one will offer a shoulder to cry on.

Blue eyes charm,
even without a face,
as anyone
who has played with marbles
will tell you.
But inflamed eyes
with their hinges clogged open
remind us of zombies.

It's not entirely the color,
for everyone like to gaze
into a fireplace.

Think of it this way:
the fluttering of red wings over dying wood.

And again,
think of it this way:
the rustle of eyelids
blinking at everything.