

PEARL PIRIE

SPEAKING

didn't stop
because of
the color of eyes
nor the line of brow
nor the soft openings
of skin or possibility that catch
the brain stem and breath
that makes words
tangle a hairnet
over tongue
but it all
comes
down
to
a
study
in light
and shadow
the flecks in iris
let me get technical
distant from your pupils
from which scales have fallen
between what we'll call blink's sine "B" to "C"
tangent to those buffering contacts which
fell which usually float
as cats eyes
over
your
own
vivid
humanity
which compels
the longer glance
so that who can help
but not indulge in the thing
which we shall refrain from calling
beauty so will call "nothing" and set aside
that treacherous potential flattery for now, as that fellow
notices how I give you too much attention and
he chuckles and she who would be me
standing here instead has changed
her usual eyelashes for quills

two entire sacks of arrows
for the archery eyes
that would
red dot
me
us
down
with a glance
for a glance, a death
dance as reparation for
the dance which this isn't, for
the touchless touch you give me
which I return in not quite the same kind
on your arm, as I let go of ground, begin to float
for just a few, too short days, over your grazed notice.