

CRYSTAL HURDLE
CONJOINED TWINS

I never make a spectacle
of myself in spectacles
reserved, schoolmarmish
something to hide
behind

contact lenses the thinner sheath
go wild and crazy,
almost like being bare

fraternal twins
eye with contacts
(((I with glasses)))

when I ask about implant type
the cataract surgeon says,
It depends if you want to wear glasses.
He wears them.

Stephen Harper wore glasses
when he had an eye infection
added to his credibility
though not for long

something about that scholarly air

but I am uncaring, blithe, mad keen to go without
why would I want to wear glasses?

but now I feel exposed
no googly-eyed comfort and repose,
my shy self cries and cowers
uses each abandoned contact lens
as a too-small bell jar
protection laughably thin

through the *Alice* “eat me” distortion
we both know how soon they will shatter
as extraversion sings me, wings me away
the microscopic shards will bloody her
as she walks on hands and knees
sobbing so hard she cannot see
keening to find me

COTTONWOOD CROW COMET

cottonwood drifts
floaters inside and outside my eye

outside, slow-motion Perseids
or perhaps dancers
hesitant, wafting in and upwards,
spirals
beautiful but not benign
balletic acrobats
choreographed by, why?
pollens' breezy flirtatious licence

inside,
pre-retinal detachment
black dots
flung every which way
malevolent floaters
like a connect-the-dots game
without numbers
without order
a dark comet soon to come

anesthetic wearing off
I sleep shallowly
it continues to snow
whitely, softly, blackly
without seeming malice
something sticks in my throat

even cancer cells can appear beautiful