

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

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pratt-rivers eyes

rooms in this objective museum are of
a fluorescent kind
spliced
in boots of practical we stood
poking at the r-atom in the armor watching the bind
of feet and corset ribs and heart
beats to play on the over-hung of a traveler's drip of finds
soft the table-top lights and shrunken
skulls here
to say: gear these eyes towards the objects
clunking bones and trumpet laws with a neon flush

not learning to see in the distance between

where words get lost in glass and beauty and love waits naked
or murmurs masked patterns of light
less consorted and contained than matter
in nights as overblown as bombs and powder bullets, off course these
pebbled
eyes
saw
deep in the lake's limestone where youth knew no time

I heard birth or a bird's cry when you
returned
made loving
an objected pleasure
pillaged profound
broke the heat of the east
dust the activities of eskimos, landed
half a million sheets of feather
with the last floor's weapons and narrow margins
bows and arrows, pistols, shields, and samurai shoes

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all this to learn that for a leather ledge of know
we were happy to walk
around
as though we were
blind
but sometimes I zoom on the boxes and think maybe they
mind
the hollow blue circles that echo
from under my eyes