

LOOK

who hears
except for the blind
blinded when at birth
their body
a great eye
their body
a great pupil of the eye

first the ones who are loving
plants, they do
thousands of planets – then

say we dig the ground under the plants
when the bugs from under
stampede who knows to what places
sunless moonless
from lands lightless with thoughts

yes the bugs from the ground under
an old look they are
to wrap up the oldest of our bodies

towards the sense that dims
without sun or moon maybe
stampede
come and go timidly
their budgings are a den each
a dark telling each

nobody can put themselves
nobody
into words, songs, or sound
not even slightly
but
for the eyes of darkness

water
being in sight
woods
being in sight
bird
being in sight
beauty
being out of sight eye

them my hands my feet
a great eye, each
know
the planets far
know
my looks, yet not on their way, from all the planets far

one pupil of the eye
there is
in us all