

Our Eyes Reverse

A boy and a girl walk down the streets of a city,
hand in hand.

The girl walks quickly and with purpose,
her eyes watching the ground pass rapidly away beneath her booted feet.
The boy walks next to her, walking more slowly,
either more deliberately
or less,
with him, the two are the same.

His eyes slide back and forth between the skyline,
the sides of the buildings surrounding them,
framing the face of the girl.

She has a pretty face—traditionally—
smooth skin a full to pouting lower lip dramatic brows

Invisible to the boy

The forehead of the girl wrinkles with worry or womanly concern,
but the boy's eyes soften despite his blindness.

In the moments when the boy's eyes wander upwards
to the tips of the skyline, beyond the rising moon,

The eyes of the girl snap to the boy's face, searching—

His mouth an angry seeming neutral,
his eyes listless and wandering,
bright but somehow blank.

His long lines and sloping figure lean away,
dipping into the chipped and faded brickness of the walls that hold them.

Their eyes reverse.

His eyes her smooth, clean face,
hers the dampened littered pavement
cracking cradled in the earth.

His eyes soften and clear as he looks at her.
He imagines that mists flee from their feet as they walk,
further and farther into night.

The girl's hand tightens around the boy's and the boy squeezes back,
lightening fast,
reflexively,
too fast for meaning.
The boy's eyes flash to the girl's hand,
delicate,
tender,
lined with swollen l— and all its worries.

His eyes speak longing and desperation.
Hers of isolation and desire.

Somewhere down the street,
alleyways flutter full of feathers,
an aluminum lid clatters closed,
a wind bustles past.

Their eyes reverse, and meet.