

THE TRIHEDRONESS

You've seen her, a cunning child
looking from under
lashes long enough to blow
in the wind. You've seen her eyes,
wild and craving as a falcon's,
cool and hot as a cougar's.
Waiting, always weighing.
When the lids lower and raise
she's gone.

You've seen her,
eyes benign as a fawn's,
you've met them transmitting praise
and hope, blue-green tunnels
of velvet understanding.
Reflex lenses anointing you.
She may stay long in the past;
she may come back tomorrow.

A blink. That fast.
Disconnection is silent.
Looking returns to a vagrant sea.

You know I share the eyes
with her and her.
One member of the trio
needs confining below the surface,
forever out of sight.
One should wear
a wide-brimmed white lace hat
and hold hands with the sun.

Both are prisoners of me.