

TRI HEDRONESS

You've seen her looking from under
Lashes long enough to blow in the wind—
Wanton's eyes, wild and avid as a black colt's.
Stranger's eyes, cool and hot as a puma's.
Weighing, always waiting—
When the lids raise again
She is gone.

You've seen her eyes transmit hope—
Blue-green tapestries of deep velvet understanding,
Reflex lenses of compassion, unblinking,
Clear of dream-haze.

A wink. That fast. Once more
Only rapport with the vagrant sea.

You know I share the eyes with her and her.
One I would keep chained in the cellar.
One I would keep in the sun.
Both are prisoners of me.