Why I Never Wrote You A Poem
For Megan
by Tori Kensington

And as I polish
my glass eye
to contemplate
the navel of
the universe
I see my mythology circumscribed;
Refracted,
Condenced,
by an f/4 mirage of
dust on face.

I
(not pushed
but moved
by camel’s hair brush)
at least
look in
and see
magik mirror montage:
Nadir, Zenith
Altitude,
Azimuth.
Decline to right
Ascensions;
Reflect on left
overs there.
Electromagnetic pulses
send waves
of retina
illumination
to tingle
my synaptic syntax.

The bare cross
of tomfoolery
and arena lit
public schools
have aberrations
cromatic.
Electric lovers
only have eyes
for Blue Moon you.

Vincent Lopez can't play it for you.
And nadir can eye.