

# 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,  
Condensed,  
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  
chromatic.  
Electric lovers  
only have eyes  
for Blue Moon you.

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

