

“Big Brother”
by Kathryn Yohe

The crimson first movement
Of Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony
On a choking piano, pounds in my mind.
A rancid eye focuses itself on me.

The braided red veins unveil focus.
Its sticky iris clings to my sight.
Screaming, the pupil warns,
“Blinking prohibited.”

My desert eyes blink in quench for thirst.

Expecting tabasco sirens,
The salty eye looks away.
The itchy music fades
And all is but a transparent whisper.

The eye looks back at me in a teary flash.
In the crashing cascade of a waterfall,
I see a green reflection:
A boy teaching his little sister to ride her bike.

The squatting eye notices my deceiving smile
And breaks its own commandment.
Its scorching blink storms into my whole body.

Its oatmeal eyelid rises
As I notice a laughing crow
Land, leave an imprint, and then fly away.
The eye’s pinched glance now sees right through me.

The eroding iris takes one final reflection of aromatic light.
Its brown beauty and echoing charm
Make me beg it not to leave me.

Hastily, she closes her eyelid,
Vanishes,
And leaves me in the bitter,
White abyss.