Mike Lombardo
Advanced Poetry
Poem 2

Behind Blank Eyes

In
the mirror I see no
face, no draping caramel skin, no eyes as
dark
as shadows—no. I see
words dancing. I feel them thrash my cochlea’s
and I taste their potency. I want to tear out my contacts to

not
be mocked by my reflection.
Please tear out my eyes, stretch the optic nerve
until
it snaps, and launch them up
until they see the curvature of the
Earth. Now, skin the sun and wrap me up in its flesh to turn

away
onlookers by burning
their sockets. Those pompous, proverbial beings
protest
peoples poise and attire
with persistent persistence to per-
meate the poor’s innards with protrusions of humiliation and degradation.

Sick
dogs to eat the plague that
is their pupils. I’ll claw my eyes out and
swallow
my tongue, not because I
am afraid that these two beasts will torment
another, but because I am ashamed they already have.

These
gelatinous corneas,
pointless irides, and ignorant pupils
are
stuck in my fingernails.