

The Other Side of the Eyes

You cannot actually read a person's
thoughts the way you think.
The way you think you can
is the leg showing between
a business sock and the end
of the pant. And
the blue veins that work
their way through the skin. You *can* read
thoughts, but in the way that
the cataract becomes the eye.
Light like thread that didn't make it past
the spool. People
always thinking. So many
stitches to secure a button
in its whole to keep
a shirt closed.
Of what you think you've read,
there is a man somewhere
who we can't be concerned with.
Not him, not his clothes. What he wants
helps us say what we want,
not what he has. What he is
looking at, repeatedly:
his wrists
just outside his blazer pockets.
This is about revealing.
What else?

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