

MECHANISMS

Fine glass, fired, and tempered to crystal, delicate concaveness, matched to the machine of the human eyes. Simply larger—the better to see with.

All machines are extensions of our anatomy. Nature goes on inspiring itself, remaking its image, our minds inevitably work this way. In the glass we can see

what we cannot appropriately name, the chatter of a vacuum, an empty hiccup sprouting outrageous lights. Existential poems are a drag, I know.

But I can't help my marvel at humans putting omnipotence in a curved sheet of glass set to a timer, that takes polaroids of the most intimate shatterings. The blood

of all of this gravity keeps us from being strewn all over, scattered. Some words we use for these things are so old, that we can never know who first cussed

them out after witnessing what they must have felt a terrible retching of the sky, purpleblue clouds shaped like our own irises staring back, never winking. Every nerve

is a sort of eye, straining to seams we will never find. If we could know the past under all of its lingerie, we would know there are things we already solved,

such as the measure of ourselves, know that we already figured out we were merging with another galaxy hundreds of years ago, that a tiny truth may be

that we already know the distance between us and away is so magnificent that it is nothing.