

## EYE CONTACT

I

As if bees are known for their pride.  
But what's so great about horses? They're stuck  
on the earth except when they jump,

but even then they're not bees.  
But is there anything we value so highly  
as streetlights, which, unlike bees,

watch over us with their swan-like  
necks and open their eyes at the right time  
every night? The answer is lonely

and whoever among us is brave enough  
to find it will come home to a family  
that won't even look us in the eyes.

2

But what's so great about eye contact?  
As if a horse knows a newspaper  
when he sees it. Streetlights don't live

in hives; they're not more afraid  
of us than we are, fortified by stingers and swarms.  
Bees don't brighten the alleyways

in which we commit our most heinous crimes  
to keep things moving and fill  
the papers with news. Why don't we have

a holiday to recognize the alleyways?  
The answer is lonely and whoever  
among us is brave will have nowhere to jump.

3

Why don't we sing a song that makes  
the bees proud? What's so great  
about desolate meadows? The answer

is lonely. Why don't we come home  
and look at our family? Why don't we  
designate an hour to brag about news?

What's so great about the way the papers  
blow through alleyways in the evening  
like deflated rats? As if pride could

brighten the meadows at night. Whoever  
among us is brave enough to forgive  
a family gets to make eyes with a lonely horse.

4

As if the answer is flowers. As if  
we could gather streetlights  
in a bouquet from the alleyways

and brighten family after  
beekeeping family. But what's so  
great about seeing the truth?

Beneath every meadow is the earth's  
molten core, red and hot as an evil eye.  
Why don't we blow through the streets

at night? The answer is lonely, even  
if a horse knows the way home.  
What's so great about being brave?