

Shearwater, Century Eyes

you were not the first to arrive,
and will not be the last to survive,
as the pigs and the oxen we bound
to the wheel
tear it off, tear it off!

you ate not the last of this house,
or the first to go over the side.
remember the wrecks of those elegant ships
"turn it off!
turn it off!"
no.
look with century eyes they make you go blind.

galloping into the void,
you are rolling your eyes like a horse,
all to turn from the beam,
from the eye of that screen.
"turn it off! turn it off!
with our backs to the arch
and the wreck of our kind,
we will stare straight ahead
for the rest of our lives!"