

The Influence of Vision On The Mind

Jennifer Militello

When I slice into the eye's insulation, I am allergic to the fiberglass slivers and to the sirens its physics sets off. I am allergic to the ladders coughing as if the way up were a lung. I am allergic to the crucifix's blur from the roof of a church, and to its shadow, mast of a ship. I am allergic to the blades that pass through diagram A, I am allergic to the nails that are hammered through axis B. Where am I. I am allergic to knowing where I am. Despite the eye which wears the ice feathers of any afternoon, I am left hidden and dazed, as if the wilderness of seeing had a tree's variation and a mind's trail of blossoms. Despite the eye and its kind siege, I must step away. The scalpel is laid aside/put down and I find I must sketch myself instead as a seizure or a tapestry of any object sinking into a thigh or fervor carved from light.

Traits/The Eye

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A flexibility that goes beyond the tenderness of its exoskeleton, that goes beyond the yield of the body, to an ease that is irregular and explained by the pores of the naked eye glistening their smooth mechanism nearby to the firm sponge of flesh and rugged furniture of joints, until the properties are half-imagined where the talons of structure give way and the soft underbelly hinders actuality: in this way we are real, in a way influenced by what we guess beats in the blood, but cannot prove.

Post Script

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Ultraviolet, my sigh fills the small sink meant to stave contamination off.

There's a room I feel easing its way toward how I understand. There, the world makes a noise I can trellis to the palm of my hand.

I make of myself a monster. The liver like a looted cathedral. The kidney like mistake's return. I drug and stitch and mix and alter until sacrifices are made and the results yield. Until hives of the narrow broaden and gloat, rhizome assembly with the chaos of chaos.

I have a dream that matters and it rattles at my armor and its precipice shrieks and inside I am an aviary and inside I skin a lamb. This dream already wrought and I am unarmed by its quick pantoum, its obsessive lows and rusted highs and how it rises to perform like the mind of me I haven't seen, like the mind of me for days.

Its self is an apprentice, pry of breakage, shadow, pry of mastery never measured, dragged like a hunger from midline to shore.

The calms and crucibles I shed become cilia.

The data fibs. Its whittled rooms from which we grow actual.

Pollen: I divested it of parts and watched it moor. The embers dwindled, deciduous selves.

I felt the rehearsal, I lost my nerve.