

Seeing Silence

What will these eyes have when they are in someone else's body?

The same intelligence, glow, warmth?

They do not see the same things they did when she lived.

They do not reflect the same things as she saw them,
as she lived them.

The portage obliterates the slimy screen

A screen to thought

These vital instruments she used do not serve her

As artist, she painted her visions

Viewed and projected

Another with her eyes, what *can* they see

Abstracted from belonging

I cannot know these new sights

Nor interface with the thoughts behind

I see under my own screen the screen remembered

Inverted, reflected, turning this memory outwardly on a page

Severed sentience separated by silence

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