

Fantasies and Terrors of Becoming

Brendan Reeves

English 92 Final Portfolio

Phosphene

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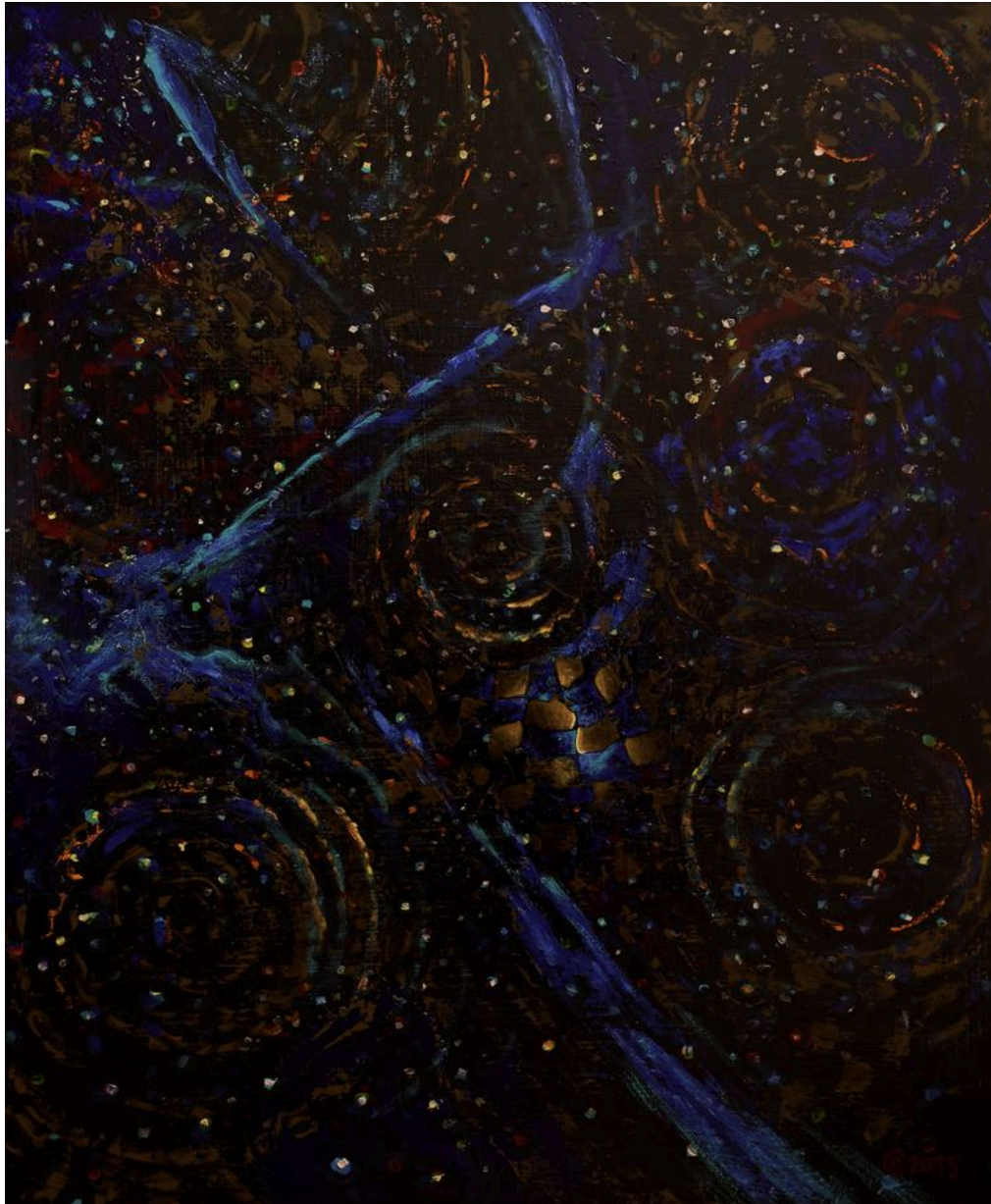
Oh, fuzzy nighttime kaleidoscopic hues that dance when I close my eyes
you constellations seldom go unnoticed, forcing sight on eyes
closed. when I seek darkness' quiet
I get a pointillistic rave.
you steal the little joy of blindness

Pixelated tide pools strobing phantom light; God's free painting. Squint and push them
push hard enough I see blood veins, though I'm sure it's not healthy for my eyes
weakens them in Sun's time when eyes are windows
but at night eyes are mirrors.

Help, is this meditation? Yes. A ritually glorified waiting room with a static movie playing
bridging one world and the next; I'm captively audienced by my superconscious' eyes
they whisper wickedly to me:
nothingness has a horizon.

I fixate on a fuzzy line, now it's a clarinet's effigy, now music, now it's an idea. I spot it
it's horrible, it's the comeback that would've killed yesterday... articulated in my eyes
twenty-nine hours too late, now it's a petty regret
guiding me to gallows you build.

Jon said he hopes he dies in his sleep so there's no pain, no witnesses
but you know he's wrong. That's when you'll dig into your prey's eyes
concentrating so long life into a single fuzzy line
full of what I didn't see.
you steal the little joy of blindness



Phosphene Painting - Peter Serebrovskiy

I realized this poem was really ekphrastic, responding to the visual artistic stimulus in our own eyes. This is one artist's depiction that rang true to me.

Vignettes of a Wanderer

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— NYC Pigeon —

I saw a newborn pigeon, with his couple
plastic twigs, rent-stabilized aluminum nest
on a 19th floor AC unit in Gramercy –
Nature's man or man's nature?

— Superstition —

I have a superstition that showing
a project to someone jinxes it – that
perhaps appearance in the world at all
is a subtle, venial kind of demise.

— Covered —

empty ritual is to wisdom
what a blanket is to fire;
swallowing numbing agents makes you feel
nothing, not better.

— Shattered —

If something is worth holding,
you must be willing to let it break
or else it will surely shatter –
to forget is the folly of lovers and lunatics.

— Love Scars —

I see blood dripping from your palms
and scars you haven't noticed
and yet I fell – fell like a knife falls
from a hand with nothing to hold.

The Cynical Bartender

Brendan Reeves

he fills your glass as high as it will go
but turns you away when he knows you've had enough
he's seen a thousand faces, a thousand liars,

and he's had to learn a thousand tricks to convince
you he did put a full shot in that daiquiri
but he always lets his eyes find a familiar face,

that he might honor with a smile or a thought
a moment –
he has no patience for a grand gesture

but sometimes affection isn't so much a grand gesture
as much as a detailed attention.
And as he faithfully washes his glass

staring out at everyone and no one
I wonder if his thoughts,
might wander back to me.