

# Eye Contact

by Nicole Kubilus

If eyes are the windows of the soul  
Then I must be staring into the sun

A supernova of ego and trauma  
Waiting to explode, turn into a black hole

I don't want to be sucked  
Into the vortex of your bias

Of your baggage filled  
With desires to be seen

When you can't see me  
I am Pluto

I am not really a planet  
I don't belong in your solar system

*Look at me!*  
*Show me some respect*

So, I do. I am blinded  
By your searchlight eyes

Like a dentist examining teeth  
*Straighten up. Polish your looks*

*Cover up the parts*  
*That are rotting inside*

Like a prison ward catching runaways  
*You broke the rules. Face the punishment*

Even if I trust you  
I'm not really looking at you

Unless you count the freckles in your irises  
And styes in your eyes

Each speckle and sequin  
Is my sensory escape

That's how I feel connected  
Without actually connecting

Otherwise, I'll stare at your nose  
Or the unplucked hair between your eyebrows

And get lost in my own thoughts  
And have a conversation with myself

*LOOK AT ME*  
*SHOW ME SOME RESPECT*

Blue is not the color of your eyes  
But the color of fire. The heat

Of your stare, like stovetops  
My eyes are scrambled

They need a break  
So the blisters can callus over

So that double vision  
Isn't a hallucination

So that spots can become stars  
That are dim from a distance

Why can't  
You see that?

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