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Dolls' eyes

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Dolls' eyes

1

Mightn't a stem be blacker at the ground,
redden itself to flesh?

At the furthest reach expend itself,
to pale its leaves seasonally?

2

On either side, no views
wash off their three days

in all directions by
bean-like tenderness

and inside all
the tendrils

some sort of sight
bend LONG THE FENCES

afraid

to let your eyes face upward

the skinning serving to collect

things falling
are fallen

sideways the rock cuts each root of turf
ripening to open NOW
THY

BEND