

Dead Eyes Open, Or, How The Woman In The Attic Fled, Never To Return

Cinema Strange

My eyes are arid and cold on a portrait's insides.
I am time-hardened wax and I can see wide!
Fungus and frost have fondled my frontside and I- Did
he wonder and wander in small ages?
Did he forget that I died?
He's older and ugly and a beautiful baby,
he's retinal mist.
Far away, far away,
leaning and turning,
I moan and I list!

Not flying, not walking,
porous, like curtains,
I hang on the dampness of Spring!
I've known my own scrapings for so many years,
I know that something is coming!
Not demon, not quickly, gradual breaking glass...
My knees will go out from under me!
I've borne my own weight for so many years,
I know the ground is dissolving!
Not under, not behind, not slow and torpid...
I'm far-away attic frost, free and untangled!

free and untangled!

Didn't he wonder?
I shall surprise him!
Did he forget?
I shall remind him!
Please hold my hand,
beautiful, ugly man!
I've come untangled,
but we shall find frost again!
Dizzy and turning,
you never need walk!
I shall carry you, hold you,
early and blinded!
My son is no burden,
I'm ancient with sorrow strength!