

Dead Eyes Open

Cinema Strange

+++Dead Eyes Open, or,
How the Woman in the Attic Fled, Never to Return+++

Prelude

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 twisting, I moan and I list!

Middle

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!

Conclusion

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!