

ROGER REEVES

Let Us Each Put Out Our Good Eyes

Beware of pity, warned the saint, so in the middle of the pilgrimage,
Shortly after we turned away from the public execution
Of all the men who could not quit their singing and darkness
And therefore were hanged in darkness
From whatever would bear their weight, we watched the bull snake
Feast upon the falcon though some argued that witnessing this
annihilation,
Was pity, and therefore we should continue our journey;
But others said that this witnessing, a devotion
To the saint's warning, that bearing this obliteration was, in fact,
shunning pity
Because we were not offering relief,
Rather we allowed nature its increase: its destruction
And improvement as the lake welcomes the yellow breast of the
moon
Or the village below the falling mountain it's crushing; so we sat
As if beneath a weighing stone meant to keep our bodies from
rising out of some river
And into the mind of some green day that has already turned
From the disaster of our red and rancid mouths, the legs of our
famous murder; holy
The pilgrim who can find fame in disappearance, Crow Jane
Cried above the falcon's head disappearing into the mouth of the
bull snake.
It is a useless war.
Let us each put out our good eyes.
But none did wondering if willful blindness, not also an act of pity,
And so we wandered as pilgrims promiscuous into the debt and
flaw of the day,
Awaited the change that so many had promised;
It was as if we were travelling into some belly of something that

hungered for us
And because of its hunger, we, too, hungered to be hungered.
We were sleepless though we slept.
We were dry mountains though we were wet.
Many times, our tongues broke against our prayers.
What was it that we began this journey for?
What light had we not glimpsed playing against a wooden floor?
And then we saw a woman lying in her own blood, and four
finches dancing about
Her head as if a crown,
And we wondered if we had truly been aware of pity.