

Hard-Won Images 2

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Tunnel Tunnel / 28.05. – 02.07.2022

I spy with my little eye

I spy with my little eye
a baby chameleon walking hesitantly, you told me,
for fear of the earth opening up underneath its feet.
Even on even ground, chameleons share this careful gait
on that thin crusty line that separates
living and dead, above and below. A pesky thing

Traversing it in either direction is usually a hard negotiation,
except for this chameleon here; there is no line, no above and below.
The world spins

An important frontier seems to sustain strong focus from either side,
touches of attention polishing it into fact. Marbling.
The absence of an important frontier solicits
strange turns
strange sights
losing one's marbles

(A scorpion's dust filled belly
and its caring fears.
A look of complicity and habit
during a prayer over a tomb)

I spy with my little, myopic eye
the border of the skin; a dog in the Souk leans against its owner.
At the borders of the entire world, you told me
there are dogs: guarding, leaning, spun in circles

At the borders of me, something stirs
and moves in half-memory out the corner of sight.
Stars at twilight disappear once they're focused on
but reappear once the focus is beside them.
You told me you're familiar

(eye is filled with sky and sunlight, ecstatic, couched.
Then saltwater and sand)

FYI, I can't write about some things:
1) it is impossible (or pointless) to trace what sits at the edge
2) some things are only reachable by those
who possess within them the necessary thread and spool
like you, in this case, do

I spy with my eye ridiculous, scrunched up,
passages neither canny nor scrutable,
and your shadow appearing next to a vulture
then seeing itself and ducking out of sight

"Whereof one cannot speak...thereof one
cannot be silent and cannot help showing
what cannot be said"

... perhaps, something like that?

You suggest, for weightlessness' sake

– Jackie Poloni

