

## Watchers

by jaxie *Tuesday, May 19 2015, 5:23am*

international / poetry / post

from artificial elevations  
they watch  
yet they fail to see,  
the apparatus was designed  
to see and hear all  
but the watchers see only  
images of themselves  
and hear distorted familiar echoes

the apparatus was flawed by design  
but the watchers failed to detect  
the problem,  
that of seer and seen,  
subject and object  
and mutually effective  
inter-relationships

it is true, that one sees paradise  
whereas another sees gloom  
though the scene remains unaltered  
it is the seer that determines the quality  
and character of that perceived  
and so it goes that those  
who watch us  
watch only themselves

soldiers see enemies  
police see offenders  
spies see everything as adversaries  
and so we all look through a glass darkly  
or brightly whatever the case  
may be

a faulty apparatus designed by  
human engineers  
sees only the universe  
they created  
but fails to see  
reality as it is,  
a world of splendour open  
to an artist's senses

the more the apparatus gathers  
the less the watchers know,  
it's as plain as day

those adept in the arts  
remain invisible or visible  
taking any form they choose

and so a man named Charles  
looked through his glass  
and saw Alice and Lorina

....

*"One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.*

*And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!  
He chortled in his joy.*

....

*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe."*