

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."*