

The cure to myopia (not my contact lenses)

An ode to drifting idly in the flood of everything to be seen, the ceaseless outpouring of inspiration.

To float, to perspire, quenched of thirst, then to drown here is surely a blessing.

?

By late evening,

Synapses firing blue light,

Optic nerve incinerated by swirling reflections in a 6-inch screen;

Admire these selections on the menu.

I'll have— ooh, this one is better— I'll have that!

Ravenously hungry for painted sheets, patterned cloth, pretty words, plastic beads.

Deliberating, salivating, over the dizzying potential of a medium well-done.

Each one an unassuming stranger to learn to love.

What'll it be this time?

Pliers and silver wires or watercolour or polymer clay

Or rosin and shoulder pain or a pre-loved guitar from Vinnies

Or a Wacom tablet and 8 gigabytes of storage

Caressed by Bluetooth,

and the forgiving *ctrl* + *z* key.

Entrées (min. 1/person):

colour

perspective

gesture

lineweight

anatomised

composition

de-

composed.

Feverish – clock ticking

Feathered out, cross-hatching.

Makeshift dip pen, nib and nail glue on the end of a paintbrush,

Scratching,

Devoid of conscious thought,
Gasping for air in an ink-washed delirium.
Where furrowed concentration bleeds past the outline of midnight.
Refracted light looks so different beneath the rippling surface.

By next morning
Flitting between, bright-eyed, eager to please.
Fighting upstream against the undertow,
Regurgitating masticated mush (one of the infinite entrées)
Into thrashing tails, gnashing rows of teeth – useless against glass tank cages –
To keep these hoarded hobbies fed.
Else moonlight above dims and the tsunami crashes back down.
Violent waves kissing the shore, clawing into limestone
‘Til remnants of seafoam erode their feeder.

I need these hands to know
My hands and mind must know
How to render it.
ing, (some would say) all created.

In the absence of a god, we take its place to realise reality, with unique clarity, focus.
A single eyedrop, unyielding against the blurry comfort of myopia.

Beginning once more
On a blank page.

Tangled thread through the eye,
Punctures the systematically webbed and woven,
Perpetually perforates the shallowest layer of skin.
Pinpricks of pain pockmarked with the indescribable ecstasy
of making meaning,
of seeing the world anew.
What a joy it is to experience the process of becoming,
With a familiar friend.

Time
And again.