

Sundials

I used to know a girl who had kaleidoscopes for eyes.
She'd tell people they changed
with her emotions, and the kinder people of the
world would humor her.

As time went on, I began to believe her. I'd watch
them turn like dials,
each shade a color more captivating than the one
that came before it.
She locked them to mine and for years I swore I
would hold her gaze until the moment
my heart stopped beating.

I watched as they would darken to a rich ebony,
her frustration toward me hardening her stare, and
then
just as quickly,
mellow to a warm amber, the sunlight softening her
rage.

In the winter they would fall grey
as the absence of sun wasn't something she was
accustomed to,
and I'd watch her turn cold along with the changing
season.

I found it curious that the spray of the ocean would
bring a vibrant turquoise—
the moments she felt most alive—
yet stinging tears would bring an electrified green.

She could have put the stars in the sky with those
eyes of hers.
I thought the light they held would illuminate my
world for the rest of my life,

but she never understood the power they held, and
she chose to burn me with them instead.

It may not have been a celestial concept,
this power she had over me.
Her eyes were simply the word I expunged from
my vocabulary the moment I swore I saw the entire
universe inside them:

Hazel.

I read somewhere that poetry loses its grandeur
when you realize there isn't a single combination of
words that will make someone love you back.

by H.L.

