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*Eyes Gone To Seed*

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## Eyes Gone To Seed

Blank eyes semi-conscious under the sand,  
a liquid caterpillar hidden half-lidded against margins of  
rippled cambium, living prisms meeting seed-wise in the canopy—

four years, in open soil yawning,

waiting for the soft bumblebee pinch,  
a torn-off stinger burning in place,  
honeycomb hexagons tucked away behind cobwebs  
that tight-lace organs into crimson blossom-bruises,  
top-billed nectar sealed in a mason jar,

the anesthetic delivered like routine hands pulling weeds,  
latex glove holding your hand spread beneath a blinding sun,  
watered down to grow verdant faces that shift towards the light,  
rousing thoughts that the foam-green padding galls a  
parted body into the cruciform flex of a sterile trellis,  
(the dentist would have given you glasses and an umbrella),  
but there's no time for this, blank eyes—

rain dries into blank eyes, through rootless ground falling,

two hours to draw the serum out through a silver tube,  
told you later that the pliant earthy strips were  
blissfully nicotine-free, gluten-free, lactose-free  
cystic butterflies in silk-scarred cocoons set free,  
soaring up out of a ribcage poised with latex gloves  
wrapped round a beating mudslide heart.

Fog rolls above the surface of the sea foam slab,  
hallway moonlight waxing fluorescent white  
caught in the reflection of the tide pools, cafeteria coffee,  
two sugars no milk, orange power drink in the IV hardline,  
the sour face of a frog croaking your secrets to tadpoles  
from behind a curtain of blue sky when your brain  
ought to have been blank behind shut eyes—

forget the vacant body, nests of buried shoots curling,

for the remainder of your years a one-off merchant,  
tadpoles in water-filled plastic sandwich bags tied with ribbon,  
bulk-traded for market-value on the pier, one future  
double helix chance-ransomed for the apiary,  
for a butterfly without pins and glass,

for blank eyes waking out of dilated sleep measured by  
eyelashes fluttering quiet butterfly kisses against living skin,  
a mossy fingerprint honey-pressed against a bloom of wildflowers,  
a parcelled field sown with time for silver leaves and figures etched on sand.