

RICK BURSKY

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*Ocular Triptych*

He used to fear he would swallow it,  
or blind it drinking coffee,  
but the man with a third eye in his tongue  
learned to think of the eyelid like the door  
of a vault protecting a terrible secret,  
or perhaps a trapdoor to a flooded basement  
where old music boxes  
and a pair of crutches float.

The man with a third eye in his tongue  
could see his breath being shaped  
into words by the mouth's warm walls.  
At night, he closed the eyes in his head  
and opened his mouth, let his third eye  
blink as he dreamed, black snapshots of sleep,  
someone else's nightmare.  
His mother told a doctor,  
don't talk to me about mistakes.