

Jamais Vu

That which one cannot
Not see

Which the first eyes
Saw—
—George Oppen

Those don't look like your eyes,
three years of me told Mom—
as she cradled her aging baby

all afternoon, I studied
my first unfamiliar.

Eyes are loci
of whatever we have now
in lieu of souls, and so

when at three eyes
turned into what I

would later try to describe
as apparatus, or aperture, or
photocells: machine

much too unknown
to love, I panicked—

I remember that panic
in the midst of warm
arms in the midst

of home, I remember
when *here* deglazed

of its complacency and
became, somehow, *there*—
and there raised the question

where, *where*, I pled
are your eyes?