

# Dead Eyes Open

Cinema Strange

+++Dead Eyes Open, or,  
How the Woman in the Attic Fled, Never to Return+++

## Prelude

My eyes are arid and cold on a portrait's insides.  
I am time-hardened wax and I can see wide!  
Fungus and frost have fondled my frontside and I  
- Did he wonder and wander in small ages?  
Did he forget that I died?  
He's older and ugly and a beautiful baby, he's retinal mist.  
Far away, far away, leaning and twisting, I moan and I list!

## Middle

Not flying, not walking, porous, like curtains,  
I hang on the dampness of Spring!  
I've known my own scrapings for so many years,  
I know that something is coming!  
Not demon, not quickly, gradual breaking glass...  
My knees will go out from under me!  
I've borne my own weight for so many years,  
I know the ground is dissolving!  
Not under, not behind, not slow and torpid...  
I'm far-away attic frost, free and untangled!

## Conclusion

Didn't he wonder?  
I shall surprise him!  
Did he forget?  
I shall remind him!  
Please hold my hand, beautiful, ugly man!  
I've come untangled, but we shall find frost again!  
Dizzy and turning, you never need walk!  
I shall carry you, hold you, early and blinded!  
My son is no burden, I'm ancient with sorrow strength!