

'Til the Next Full

Esperanza Spalding

Our eyeballs are hollow but presently hold shape
Around a gooey filling
Faculty of sight submerged in there
Tethered to sense-making mysteries
We have of course solved by now, technically
But that mystery is harder than my blurry comprehension
I barely touch an edge and it grinds my frame
Into another shape of seeing

I'm not sure what all this prescription's good for
But here, I give to you my lens
A gift of self brightens
Right before your eyes
Keep unwrapping it

Till source pours out your eye
And radiates x-ray like
To the heart behind the mask
Behind the mask, two pupils gleam there
Behind shielded entry points, to another being
Just within their learnt performance

Bowing in ovation, they then
Give to you their mirror
A gift to see yourself clearer
Right before your eyes
Keep unwrapping it

Till source pours out your eye
And radiates x-ray like
To the heart of the unseen
The unseen, two pupils gleam there
Your own shielded entry points
To the future, you are portals of sight in that vast mind

To see the magic all these hollow seeming nows contain
And see the magic all these hollow seeming nows contain