

Through My Eye

Alone I think, as I often have,
while dust collects along my frame.
Those other tools watch me rust.
Time has put out my flame.

I've no one to look through my eye,
no one to view my tiny things.
I've no flesh to touch my cold metal,
to feel my shiny golden ring.

Colossal insects crawl under my glass
with no master to swat them away.
I doubt anyone would be able
to see them through me anyway.

I've no lord to spend his time
using my eye to divine.