Watchers

by jaxie via lil - Jungle Drum Newswire *Tuesday, May 19 2015, 9:19am* international / poetry / post

from artificial elevations
they watch
yet they fail to see,
the apparatus was designed
to see and hear all
but the watchers see only
images of themselves
and hear distorted familiar echoes

the apparatus was flawed by design but the watchers failed to detect the problem, that of seer and seen, subject and object and mutually effective inter-relationships

it is true, that one sees paradise whereas another sees gloom though the scene remains unaltered it is the seer that determines the quality and character of that perceived and so it goes that those who watch us watch only themselves

soldiers see enemies
police see offenders
spies see everything as adversaries
and so we all look through a glass darkly
or brightly whatever the case
may be

a faulty apparatus designed by human engineers sees only the universe they created but fails to see reality as it is, a world of splendour open to an artist's senses the more the apparatus gathers the less the watchers know, it's as plain as day

those adept in the arts remain invisible or visible taking any form they choose

and so a man named Charles looked through his glass and saw Alice and Lorina

....

"One, two! One, two! And through and through The vorpal blade went snicker-snack! He left it dead, and with its head He went galumphing back.

And, has thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!' He chortled in his joy.

. . . .

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe."

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1620.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-578.html