

## Unreachable Eyes (Pawn Shop)

Your eyes  
You live there  
Readable  
But unreachable  
Unchangeable  
My words paper with no skin  
No blood flowing in them  
Not passing for life

And there you are  
Right there in front of me  
But behind the glass  
Untouchable  
Yours eyes a notice on a locked door

And all my knocking  
All of my overtures  
Come to nothing  
Lie flat in my lap  
Leaving an embarrassing stain of truth  
My efforts, mere refuse,  
Bodily fluids  
Dribbling, drying evidence  
Furthering your case against me

I am close enough to see my treasure  
But have nowhere near the asking price  
You require a life I have not given  
Because it never existed  
I never existed  
At least, not that "I"  
It was merely your mind's eye reflecting what it wanted to see

There is no saleswoman beckoning beyond the glass  
No one who will lift you out to me  
No one to convince me that I deserve to have you  
That I could protect you  
That I could make you shine  
I know I cannot  
I have not  
I know your value and your beauty  
But, I have somehow willingly lost you  
Tarnished and pawned by my lack  
My attention to distraction

My preoccupation with addictions

And you

Repossessed by your own sanity

Have come to yourself again

I have become proof that dreams are made only of imagination

Having no substance

That reality is much less than fair

Much less than enjoyable

And contains no true love

Only sympathy

Insulting sympathy

Condescending sympathy

Reminding you that you are alone

And that all men are liars

The silent scream of my powerlessness is excruciating

Reverberating deafness engulfing my insolent mind

Retribution for my truth-less words

Which have merely penned my own obituary

Notice on the door

“You no longer live in my world.”