

READING *METAMORPHOSES*

CHRIS HAUG

I awake to find that I am become
an enormous supermarket potato
reading Ovid's story
about Narcissus and Echo.
I find I desire someone
to plant me in a garden, any garden.
I feel my tuberous eyes
beginning to sprout.
They'll no longer notice
the florescent buzz overhead
and forget the neat rows of beans meditating,
the gentle bunches of lettuce, asleep.
I can feel the tentacles
of my own making
wrapping themselves
around my glasses,
and I shudder
as I sense them
turning their gaze back at me.