

WITHOUT MY BODY

**MICHAEL
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If my glasses could tell where
they've gone when I lose them
and, without my loud body,
what they've seen while stuck
on my car's dash, pointed at a night
of bats, skunks, possum, hawks,
a rare, quick coyote; or left
on a shelf where mice fleece us

of non-essential oats; or while
dropped beside our kitchen sink
—how the bright faces become
blindingly true as kids wield tape
and scissors, stick leaves just so
onto thick paper, or climb chairs
to reach a water glass when
they're sure no one's watching.