Ode to the Eye

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Keywords
creative writing, poetry, ode, eye, nature, sight, sensory

Abstract
"Ode to the Eye" is written in the form of an ode; whereby, it celebrates and praises the 'eye' for its ability to see the beauty of nature and its surroundings.

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Ode to the Eye

The eye is not a miner, not a diver, not a seeker after buried treasure.
it rests only on beauty; like a butterfly seeks colour and basks in warmth.

- Virginia Woolf

The eye, bubble of curiosity, small oysters of our emptiness extracting brightness from darkness, polished precious pearl, enchanting candlelight of the deep-sea.

Eye, almond shaped—you watch the waning of the amber glow, trace the slope of a mountain, illuminating the native trees, and control the laws of sunset.

Eye, you are the gateway to the soul, fire burns in the heart, like an erupting volcano. You dilate in darkness, and constrict in light. You see, What the next four senses cannot see.

Eye, you float over smooth pages, engrained with black inks, and you untangle words wrapped in long sentences. You seize the beauty of waves — rolling, crashing and breaking, rivers running outward in all directions, tall palm trees swaying — bowing to the breeze, geographies.

Eye, at night, your small closing window opens up from the opposite end, like a passageway, to the realm of dreams. and I see myself falling deep—in an endless pit, of the unknown.