

Christos Kalli

A Short History of My Eyelashes

In the beginning, oil and blood,
mud and salt, crushed and burned
in my grandmother's greasy palms
to paint her own eyes black. Since then,
we have searched and begged for
a language to describe exile-darkness,
a single unhyphenated word for the color
she made before the first day. Or at least
a theory to explain this split-island murk,
a shade from all the ingredients and spices
of war. Or even a prelude to this fog,
uncoverable by the thickest eyebrows
and walls. We have found
something boneless and bent, thin
as pleasure and flesh, to translate this light.