

# There's An Itching In My Eye

Poetry • Kayla Burrell

There's an etching, someone scratching,  
someone carving out a word  
with a chisel—  
or a pencil—  
or the talon  
of a bird. That is it! I hear a calling,  
distant cawing in my ear,  
from a crow atop my eyelash  
who's engraving the word 'fear'.

I can feel his shifting feathers  
on my face—a flutter full—  
yet I only see his foot, a  
sharpened tool for him to pull  
through the surface of my eyeball,  
iris bleeding like an ink  
into teary white surroundings.  
I am careful not to blink.

One might think he'd use a quill,  
the plumed fellow on my face—  
but the nail is more efficient,  
with a time-enduring trace:  
So forever when I glance at  
my reflection in a glass,  
I will get a chill, reminded  
of the crow who haunts my past.