

## Blind eye ambiguity<sup>1</sup>

Bethany Wilson<sup>2</sup>

Write whatever comes to mind  
Don't listen to said tales marking a narrative  
to declarative good or bad resonance  
here, I render such judgement underlined as pointless  
being, constructed. Forcing you to feel  
For who has given society's voice this stark authority.  
Beneath, spiels of debate spiral whilst the human  
condition cries, bangs its borders, contained in  
Silent suffering.

For some days the waves wash over my head, for  
it is possible that no ship will impose upon a sole satellite.  
Does my body and single finger touch  
still intact, spark clarity and sharpness?  
I must bear in mind  
A system, a defined structure,  
rooted in cartographer dials and marked motions that  
have not only been a past time of ancestors.

But when decay and and graceland excavation urgency are forced upon one's doorstep  
Thanking god it wasn't you that lies breathless becomes  
Reason enough to keep on surviving.  
In murky waters and in spite of the deserted  
Wasteland and the world as you

Know it appears to be. One candle continues to burn  
As most in parallel whose flame ceases to ash.  
Their leftovers give hope to marigold marvel.

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Space is so cold  
And when did rhythm fall out of place?  
Notes and tastes turned sour, your stave lies on  
Alternate melancholy mode.  
One balcony dwelling, taken for soul protection.  
Still, that single sweet last cigarette  
Holds out.

And maybe we die at eighteen  
For everything starts to feel and sink into the soul  
And realness must break childhood innocence.  
Yes, sheltered living is bliss, but I do not want a world  
Where I have tried to understand nothing.

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