

## Juliet Turner

### "Narcissi"

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You look down with the eyes of a china man.  
It's a trick that you use to help you to see.  
When you've focussed on the spot, I'll be the small  
black dot on this festival stage.  
I'll be the only one who dares not meet your gaze.  
For I am not ready to let you see that I am so tired of  
thinking about me.

Narcissi, come down to the pool.  
Strut like a peacock and gawp at the fool.

Now your own thoughts they fly in ten thousand  
directions  
And as I look out on this sea of faces  
I could tell of how you'd burn like some vivid sunrise in  
all their windswept barren places.  
Now I'll never get used to your many disguises, but  
there's always a time  
When my ear recognises your haunting, high pitched,  
summoning cry.  
And it makes me so tired of thinking about I.

Narcissi, come down to the pool.  
Strut like a peacock and gawp at the fool.

I kneel down and get drunk on the eucharist wine.  
And I make me laugh without even trying.  
This fucked up, diva voice doesn't ring true.  
Would it make me feel better to think about you?

Narcissi, come down to the pool.  
Strut like a peacock and gawp at the fool.

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