

## Their Eyes Were Watching God

Jonathan Doram

He undressed me, tenderly,  
an impish glint in his eye  
that spoke of a lovingly cautious lust  
longing to be unleashed.

His desire matched my own;  
we had talked this through,  
our first times would be special.

My parents had left for a party;  
my sister watched a film downstairs;  
we were alone in my room,  
wholly together.

He lowered me onto my bed,  
the twin squeaking from our weight.

He leaned down and kissed me,  
our five o'clock shadows sending  
tremors down our spines.

This is what everyone has been talking about,  
Magic does beat in our bodies.

When he entered me, over his shoulder I  
saw the mirror on the opposing wall. At first,  
I saw my own hopeful eyes reflected...until  
I witnessed they were no longer my own, but  
transforming into another's. Now  
staring back at me were the eyes of  
my parents, cold and disapproving. Startled,  
my body forced me to blink. Upon opening, I  
looked to the wall above the mirror. New  
eyes sprung out of the plaster like overgrown vines! Now  
those of my pastor's, harsh and judging. Why  
were they watching us, with a look portending  
a menacing glare crouched in good intent? Trying  
to force them away, I looked directly up above  
to my ceiling. Oh no! Dozens

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of eyes screamed down, from school, from  
church, from Congress, all  
fiery and angry! Terrified,  
I jammed my eyelids shut, hoping  
I could escape within. But  
though the scene was black, I  
sensed one last pair of eyes watching. I  
felt them, all-seeing and all-encompassing. I  
then realized, they were the eyes of God. But  
I could not figure their expression.