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The Problem with Microscopes

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The Problem with Microscopes

Beth Shirley

The Problem with Microscopes is that they require a lens. Mine seeped light through ethereal matter, clouded, examined through frosted glass on a white-washed platform.

It offered a thin view of a narrow slice of a dead thing.

I saw black and I saw white. I saw great minds of my generation with cloudy disdain, mistook my own squinting for scoffing.

Organic vision crept quietly, patiently stealing through the night…

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and I saw a hue.
And another, and another,
until I saw the one,
so repulsive, I drew away.

I saw my microscope
painted white on a red,
glossy sandwich board.
And I saw minds of my generation,
sifting through empirical data,
seeking desired answers
by blocking hues with ethereal matter. ☺