

# PANOPTICON

By: Kyle Basten

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I look out my window  
The great spire looks back at me  
    as it always does  
    as it never does  
I return to my reading  
The current events of the world outside  
    murder, bombings, pain  
    thank God we have security  
I look back at the great spire  
    thank God  
I set the paper down and stand up  
I grab my drink  
    walk to the window  
I gaze into the windows of my neighbors  
    each of them occupying themselves  
It's getting late  
I finish my drink and walk over to my bed  
    I lay down and pull the covers up  
Suddenly my room is flooded  
A light from the spire moves past my window  
    around the circle of windows surrounding it  
    looking in every one  
It illuminates a room five from mine

I look out my window to see the guards rush to the  
room

they drag out a man  
he had his blinds closed  
was he planning something bad

He has nothing to fear from surveillance if he has  
nothing to hide

He's dragged out to the spire and disappears within

I return to my bed

Sunlight comes through my window

I wake up

All the neighbors look out their windows

watching the birds

the sky

each other

The man who was hiding things is gone

there's a new window

there are new neighbors

our safety is secured

I eat breakfast and turn on the news

murder, bombings, pain

thank God we have security

I look back at the great spire

thank god

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**Kyle Basten** is a sophomore civil engineering student who hates reading poetry. He likes old war movies, black coffee, and Audrey Hepburn.