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Myopia

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MYOPIA

I

Somehow—poor light,
Faulty bloodline, bad luck—
The gems of your eyes
Flawed. Words on blackboards
Grew into tangles
Of blurred white snakes;
At twilight, any shrub
In town could become
The neighborhood bully.
The missiles of sports—
Baseballs most of all—
Scared you: they took shape
Sudden as demons,
Hurling straight at your face.
Distance without glass
Hid its clearness
In a private fog.

II

But now—though ragged leaves
Of alders on the peak
Fray into nothing,
And power lines vanish
As they stretch away—
Rain falls louder,
The grit of sandstone
Sharpens at your touch.

Your world of bare eyes
Changes: streetlamps
Fracture, grow auras,
Issue spikes of light.
A man's face as he walks
By may gel strangely,
A friend's; that smeared woman
Might turn beautiful
As the light you now
Need more. You see patterns,
Connections: the forest
Those alders make, the range
Its peak is part of.
City lights string out
New constellations.
And you learn to love
That special fog as it
Mystifies far places,
Making what you care for
Draw near. At your feet
Chewed gum, squashed
Into disks, dapples
The sidewalk. Some of them
Could even be coins.