Myopia

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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,  
Hurtling straight at your face.  
Distance without glass  
Hid its clearness  
In a private fog.

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.