

## **Not Quite Blind**

*July 31, 2013*

There were things here, things I loved.

Now are only shapes unsharp,  
now that eyesight slips, as shoved  
roughly down a bitter scarp.

Faith, I need your sight today.

Come and play, come back - come back!  
Play where sun his happy ray  
should away have burned the wrack

clouding native sight. If light  
earthly is too much to ask,  
how then heaven's? Pity plight  
deep, familiar forms should mask.