

Second Sight

Before the lenses came, my world was double,
each object soft, each boundary a guess.
I saw the way that water sees – the bubble
and blur of light and line. Nevertheless,
the optometrist pronounced me out of true,
prescribed correction: something clear and thin
to fix me in the managed point of view
where edges hold and surfaces begin.
But sometimes, late and certain I'm alone,
I set them down. The edges bleed and run.
I see the way that water sees – the known
world, soft again, and almost overrun
with light. As I recede into the blur,
I see things as they are. Or as they were.