

OBSCURITY

Curly hair frames your face
Eyes staring, not seeing me.
Your eyes see nothing; they never will.
I pity you. but why?
You see the sunrise with your ears
As the birds begin to talk, and know the sunset
By the end of their conversation.
You watch the fragrance of the opening roses.
Fingertips see satin grasses, powdery sand,
Crisp dry leaves in autumn.
All you see in so many ways.
I long to see so well.

Marlene DeMeyer