

Great Moments in Blindness

by Bill Yarrow

I am complicit in the darkness. It trails
after me like the milky spoor of a mother
skunk. I breathe it out in stumpy conversation
I must have learned from television. Well, this
lack of vision is my own fault. I should have
known better than to circumcise my heart
and bathe my eyes in witch hazel.

I was already an adult when I stood in that cage
with you. We bent our knees and rocked it
side to side, higher and higher, and you laughed,
you laughed, and when we almost sent it over
the top, you screamed with laughter, you
shrieked for joy. But you weren't laughing.
No. I see that now. You were just screaming.

