

# 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.

