

Blinding Light

by David Ackley

Snow sheet on the river
in the dilate white light from

the VA eye clinic, where we
were propped among

all manner of aftermath.
the bent WWII Vet
steadied by a daughter

the old woman wheeling
her basketed little dog

such stinging kindness here

more cognisant now of infirmity
the mirrored limp and halt of others
they of mine the shoes now hard to tie
such now the small decisions like velcro straps
which come to resemble defeat

In the restaurant, I apologize to the waitress for my shades;
with them off, the river blazes like revelation

