

Floaters

Today, through black floaters,
because my right eye is under siege
by the best-intentioned surgeon with laser,
today is thinly veiled.
And the sky with its black floaters
seems half-blind, too;
the crows dipping over the town.

October's brilliance is half gone from the avenues,
or lies on lawns and gutters;
and rain, the blessed curse
in dissolved frost, yields ropes of mirrors.
The cheap, chiming clock says almost ten.

Then why this happiness in muted things?
Some equation of time and space,
a slowed perception of the battered brain
strips back like leaves to unexpected glittering.

(2004)