

BRUCE BOND

Blink

In each eye a little darkness falls.
It snips the cord of light so quick to mend
you hardly see it mending, if at all,

hardly blur beneath the waterfall
of missing things, faster than the mind.
In each eye a little darkness falls

to wet the living glass you cannot feel
against the lid. The shadow of its moon,
you hardly see it. Mending after all,

you do not think to wipe clean the awful
dust of seeing, the tired world it summons
in. Each eye, a little darkness, falls

asleep, filled though ever unfulfilled,
the way it shudders with what light remains.
You hardly see it mending if, in all

your grief, the blackest of the water spills
its absolution on the day. Amen.
In each eye a little darkness falls.
You hardly see it ending, if at all.