

Seven Poems · *Marvin Bell*

THE BODY BREAKING

I have been wiping the clear lens
on the right hand side
of a cheap pair of reading glasses
and it still has a spot somewhere near the middle
of my right eye.
It is like looking through an opal.
Somewhere there is a world of running rivers
where the light has passed through jewels
onto the rapids of the water
breaking down rock.
I have had a glimpse of it,
an interruption, an optical splinter,
or a bump in the road
unseen except that the wagon shook
and half the world
suddenly opened around a crown of light.
One eye at a time is all of how the bird sees me,
and he can fly!
So what if it's not the glasses,
and maybe it's not an opal.
Still the light has to go through something.
And there's nothing perfect here
that I know of.