

THE DAY HE BECAME BLIND

The lake is an invention of the brilliant and blind captain who never got used to the wind. He had a daughter who was too invisible and intransigent to be anything but a lake the boys who knew her came to look in. There was an unplanned tree, and her father felt its light on his face, a transparent fan that turned his skin into a mirror; appearing too briefly for him to see what was there. Held just a moment longer, it was as if it were a photograph being taken relentlessly by a man who stood in front of us no matter which way we turned, and who wanted us to hold the daughter closer, to come down from beneath the shade of the tree, and to stand next to the sound of the water pulling the rocks and grass under. This is the way he became blind: One day their ship was struck by a hurricane. The daughter threw up both her arms and evenly let go of her end of the rescue line.