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Eileen Hennessy

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The Sight of the Blind

by Eileen Hennessy

For those who hunt the country night
(what a beautiful black it is!),
blind guides are best for feeling
its legs and nethers and steaming trunk
and proclaiming it Night in all its parts.
But in the city, where night
is as bright as day,
ah, there the situation becomes unclear.
It was at night in the city that

my glaucoma'd aunt baked a silver knife
into my cousin's wedding cake,
my cataracted mother threw away a spoon
in a collapsing ice-cream box.
What matter that they could still
see themselves in the face
of our hand-polished mirror?
Loss had come to them and gone,
and they had not felt it
brush against their arms.