

The Sightless

A letter you found in a shoebox
Turned your every belief.
Or perhaps it tilted you
To a new angle from which
You see everything and everything
You see seems different now.
You can't remember being born;
You can't remember dying.
The slight blue butterflies are confined
To smaller and smaller islands
Of grass on the vast heath
And the low things we never even knew
Existed are extirpated, perhaps extinct.
Good men are gone; the sightless proliferate.
They face the heavens in silence or
Spouting ancient jabberwok,
Heads cocked at troubling angles
Listening for the coming of
Whatever is making the noise.
And you cut away the floor from beneath
Tile by tile and plank by plank
Until it is almost ready to crash away.
Then, just when the noise stops,
The sightless stand stock-still
And listen most intently.

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