

# Light at Heart

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As inevitable as a cataract,  
light appears,  
tarnishing the aging ebony.  
I watch from the porch,  
see the pigeons  
(sullen angels avoiding God)  
bob in and out of the streaks.

As visions go,  
this is better than most.  
Omniscience, I console myself,  
is merely vision metastasized,  
a bright contemplation sick with overkill.

When dawn has burnt away the shadows,  
I will wear sunglasses,  
make my way to breakfast,  
see whatever I can.