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A Pair of Glasses

Finical, clinical, paradoxical object,
When lost you baffle your own finding,
When found you leap to the eye.
In use you disappear completely,
Invisibly refining
The very vision
Which you help supply.

Gold-framed, as simple as a sage,
You've seen me through
An iron and a silver age
And stayed the same
Whatever the landscape,
Whatever the tour.
You were there
But unobtrusive,
Like some ascetic,
Voluptuary
Voyeur.

Through lenses that have waxed
With the waning of my sight,
I've had the chance to study
The timed caprices of the moon,
The shock of recognition,
The candid light of noon,
The tenderness of shape,
The varied shades of kind,
And the meaninglessness
Of mirrors
In the country
Of the blind.