

Unable to see far

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [June 19, 2019](#) issue

Unable to see far, I write  
what's near. How snow  
responds to footprints and  
the garden to a spade.  
How my cat's lion face  
softens under my caress.  
How words fall through me  
like water, though some  
thicken into thoughts  
like scars. How, today,  
when I complained of cold,  
my husband covered me  
with the old green blanket  
and I napped and dreamed  
of summer. How this afternoon  
one robin, having arrived  
too early, sits now on the  
power line, thinking to himself  
this is not so smart.  
How the two chairs on our deck,  
  
face each other as if  
conversing about the weather.