

RESIDUE OF DAYS

Jacie Ragan

I fear the sand of years has etched my eyes,
the dust of centuries has made them blur.
I don't see landscapes now the way they were
when irises were bright as dragonflies.
For grit will scour lenses, topsoil dries
and drifts to sting like gnats when breezes stir.
Each passing month my gaze grows blearier.
This haze of soot and ashes mystifies.

And yet, it's only surfaces that dim.
I peer below the husk to see the core,
and penetrate facades I used to skim.
Constricted vision seems a corridor
that draws us down the canyon past the rim
to fathom depths we've never seen before.

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