

Myopia*Alexandra Goldsworthy*

Do you recall  
that morning in New York  
when you left your glasses  
on the floor beside you  
as you slept? And I, with  
my hair still dripping from the shower,  
bent over to kiss you  
and felt the crunch of  
the thick lens beneath my heel.  
You clutched my arm with both hands  
as I led you, half-blind, through the city;  
I fancied that this was  
the closest I would ever be  
to knowing the little boy  
who stayed up late,  
reading in poor light.

I imagine you as a child,  
staying awake long past your bedtime  
to read comic books  
in the grainy white glow of a nightlight  
shaped like a stegosaurus.  
As you ruined your vision  
you developed your hearing  
by learning to differentiate between  
the restless sighs of the house  
and the sound of slippers feet  
outside your door.  
Sometimes, when I awake  
in the morning and smile at you,  
I forget for a moment that you can't see me.  
But then, you rest your cheek on my pillow,  
with your nose pressed against my nose,  
your eyes reading  
(every word)  
the blue of my eyes.