

Bifocals

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [March 9, 2004](#) issue

Now I live in divided and distinguished
worlds, joined by an equatorial smudge,

the common murk of middle earth.

Now I learn to bring my book under

my nose, to bow my head in reverence
to observe my footing on the stairs.

Now the drawing down of blinds,
the narrowing of near and far,

the clarifying closure of these unhinged
doors of perception, cleansed but cloistered.