

Was blind, but now I see

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [September 4, 2007](#) issue

You have your sight, and yet you cannot see.

—Tiresias, *Oedipus Rex*

Driving into the city to teach
in gray-green late summer,
I see one flaming red maple
and think of Oedipus
standing dangerously above the hoi polloi.

But it is Moses' tree,
a call story on a highway hillside.
I want to stop traffic,
shout, "Take off your shoes, people!"

For the world is on fire
with a beauty so fragile that,
like the thread of ash
after the stick of incense burns,
one breath can topple it.