

The mind's eye

by [Marci Rae Johnson](#) in the [July 1, 2008](#) issue

Could be the sun, if it ever was.

Darkening sky, darker shapes

not shadows but clouds

shapes only you can see—

smoke from a fire,

that dream about your mother.

Could be the thing at the back of your eye

upside down

until the brain turns it around—

trees walking on their leaves,

wearing their roots like hair.

Could be the thought you forgot

then remembered later

after everyone had gone.

In the daytime it'd be different.

Everything white and fluffy.

The sky blue.

Still the half-formed shape, the real beneath.