

Unable to see far

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [June 19, 2019](#) issue

Unable to see far, I write
what's near. How snow
responds to footprints and
the garden to a spade.
How my cat's lion face
softens under my caress.
How words fall through me
like water, though some
thicken into thoughts
like scars. How, today,
when I complained of cold,
my husband covered me
with the old green blanket
and I napped and dreamed
of summer. How this afternoon
one robin, having arrived
too early, sits now on the
power line, thinking to himself
this is not so smart.
How the two chairs on our deck,

face each other as if
conversing about the weather.