

an excerpt of

Perception Poem

One by one, and errorless, the sightless cave fish
—waxy-white albino slivers—sleek up into the pock
in a rock that's barely bigger than they are,
and through it. Somewhere in there's a metaphor
for us, and what we're blind to, what enormity
we're blind to, and how surely and emphatically we still
conduct our daily selves. The difference is: *they* don't know
that they don't know. Ours is an awful awareness,
filled with itch and wonder. There's a pattern out there
we can't see—not even if we're the threads of it;
or especially. Swift and close enough, those fish become
a single silver thread. A continuity. Our generations
might be lines like that, to the eyes of the universe.
That might be its perception.