Diagnosis

Dan Campion

The clutter in my left eye is debris from separation of the vitreous from retina. When age and genes agree, these structures come apart in some of us and let us see the stars and ghosts and bolts of lightning myth and scripture codify. The peeling’s slow, as when an adder molts, but nothing’s shed: the dross stays in the eye. I picture cavern in Platonic cave, the fire, procession, shadows—all inside the humor of one eye!—while I, the slave of sense impressions, rock from side to side. The phantoms shift along, now left, now right, dim silhouettes by day, bright darts by night.

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