



Scott Blackwell

Second Sight

Here's a wide-open stare for you,
and something you can see
behind it for a change—
unself-conscious, inscrutable,
all the old wisdoms, platitudes,
finally bartered for the clarity of desire,

whatever now cuts straight
through every sham and
thing superficial,
not nearly as clouded,
no longer hidden from view,
more often caught these days moving
just beyond the horizon,

reluctant to turn backwards,
burning holes through
the top of the skull,
its world suddenly in focus, dilated,
all opposites reconciled,
merging
indistinguishable,
naïve, narrowed at the mirror,

itching to leave home,
tired by what has already been
replayed
over and over again,

closed by sixth sense, time
and thought,
now as always, wanting to be raised
only by beauty,
the good surprise.

Scott Blackwell, a graduate of the San Francisco Art Institute, has published poetry in *Tiger's Eye*, *The Iconoclast*, *Barbaric Yawp*, *Crab Creek Review*, and elsewhere.

Image: Broken Mirror, from Amy Jo Goddard (website).