Fifty Minutes of Blindness

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fifty minutes of blindness

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She

turns to speak and I am

lost to look into her eyes

is to gaze at the sun.

I struggle for poise

against sweet blindness,

easier to fall into the details

of perfect face.

all that I desire

is in the infinite form’s embrace

I memorize with painful intent.

She starts to speak.

my eyes enveloped by the lips

that frame the smile

that swallows me.

mute words of inspiration

(They hear them all)

scatter like echoes,

skillful touch with expression,

hollow,

vision bound by my limited tongue.

tired words draw shadows,

She is a new language.