

Seeing

1.

Light meets the body, begins not in the eye, not the brain
but a point that shifts alongside you like the tip of a cat's tail.

It borrows the body for a while,
guides its blind hands through the dark world.

Done with the body, light spills. All the images done
being seen
hang like a string of Christmas lights.

What is the body but a pocket
of days?

What is seeing
without the thing by which it sees, without the delicate assembly of flesh?

The fist-grip of atoms that you called the self
opens its hand.

II.

The eye sparkles where light arrives, gathers, narrows,
affixes itself to a point:
a boy, two years old,
in a stroller on the subway, a concerned,
wondering gleam that chose to land here, inhabit
this one.

Light finds its objects-
a woman's white blouse, its pouring light dictates curve, fold, wrinkle, shadows insinuate,
light

leans into the things
we seem to be looking at
when looking is merely the place
where light meets our discarded intentions.

"What does the boy see
when I have named it *white blouse, its pouring*, he doesn't know
white or *pour*?"

Fuchsia, navy, black, white, subway seat, pristine, watery. "What is this
world to him?"

Light sets loose
millions of tiny footsteps in a mad dash

to trick the invisible,
as if it needed to be tricked,
as if the invisible so much wanted to clamp its hand down, flat,
on reality, to spread its long fingers between us.

by Hila Ratzabi