

Blind Leading the Blind

Tonight, his sad spirit
Seeks refuge in a bulbous wineglass
Of Shooting Star Cabernet Sauvignon,
Tries to engage in animated conversation
The floating face gazing up out of the bowl
Directly into his groping profile,
Staring deeply through the glistening surface
Into the eyes beneath and behind the eyes inside his eyes,
Hoping to gain insight
Into the nature of his newly acquainted intimate stranger,
Whether his identity be friendly or alien.
But sipping the shifting crimson liquid in the glass
Until he empties it,
He witnesses his own disappearance,
Recognizes in the elliptical crystal's convex contours
His hand holding the translucent stem-nexus,
Down which his entire history has just passed
In the single blink of his secret sharer's pair of blind eyes.

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