

## Seeing the Glory

Whatever enters the eye—shade of ash leaf,  
Torn web dangling, movement of ice  
Over the canyon edge—enters only  
As the light of itself.  
It travels through the clear jelly  
Of the vitreo, turning once like the roll  
Of a fish in deep water, causing a shimmer  
In that thimbleful of cells waiting,  
Then proceeds as a quiver on a dark purple thread  
To pass from life into recognition.

The trick is to perceive glory  
When its light enters the eye,  
To recognize its penetration of the lens  
Whether it comes like the sudden crack  
Of glass shot or the needle in the center  
Of the hailstone, whether it appears like the slow  
Parting of fog by steady trees or the flashing  
Of piranha at their prey.

How easily it could go unnoticed  
Existing unseen as that line initiating  
The distinction of all things.  
It must be called by name  
Whether it dives with triple wings of gold  
Before the optic nerve or presses itself  
In black fins against the retina  
Or rises in its inversion like a fish  
Breaking into sky.

Watching on this hillside tonight,  
I want to know how to see  
And bear witness.