

**Poem To A Drawer Full Of Eyeglasses**

You, my little ones, I'd nearly  
forgotten what I saw in you  
the first time: essence of summer  
blue, the complexities of distant trees  
in wind, the hill's texture and the walnut's,  
a crow or hawk to every soaring arc—  
small, narrow as a child's myopic world,  
lenses thin, because then  
the light was nearly good as new.

And you, so much larger so soon  
in an age of fitful growth,  
awkward on a troubled teenage face,  
who first told the body what to want,  
treasure hidden beneath skirts and blouses  
not a sister's, a world misted  
with love's burn and chill—  
slightly thicker, to correct already  
for the dim view age must take.

You others saw me through the university,  
down the length of church aisle,  
the sterile gore of hospitals,  
the shining of sons, stood  
between me and a receding world, stronger  
by degrees, until now it seems I carry  
the weight of all I've seen on my face,  
too old for vision or surprise,  
still young enough to see the ground.

—David Citino