Poem by a Woman With Glaucoma

Terri Kirby Erickson, BA

Light is everywhere this morning—carried on the backs of three songbirds flying past the pin oak tree, bouncing off windows of the church behind our house, in a snail's pearlized trail meandering around the patio. Dewdrops look like sparkling diamonds strewn about the yard. And on the floor of our screened-in porch, tiny flecks of mica gleam like a thousand stars. Even the grille on a neighbor's parked car is a miracle of light, and a lawn rake leaning against a fence shines as though it were still in the store, waiting to be bought. I want to press my face against the sunlit panes in every room until light seeps into my cells, until there is no darkness deep and wide enough to reach me—and by this light, nothing in the world I cannot see.