

Katharine B. Ferguson

Eyeglass Shopping

In the eyeglass shop I am trying on frames,
sifting through glossy rows of
cat eyes, soft ovals, or sensible squares.

Each of them seems more like a mask
than something to accentuate--
pompous birds who perch on the bridge
of my nose then unfold their wiry wings.
They are marvels of science
haughty in the presence of these,
my impractical, inept, failing eyes

and concealment is key
so I choose the least obtrusive of them,
brushed silver wire framing
two delicate concaves that aren't yet the lenses
I need to see ordinary things--

the orange on the breakfast table
bright as the sun after rain

or each leaf's meticulous outline in July

or the stars
myriad and piercing as the eyes which are everywhere tonight
turning upward to take in once more
the agelessness of the sky.