

GILBERT ALLEN

But To Begin It

Somehow we've bumbled into
The Blind Garden—
a square ring
strung with braille
among leaves of mints,
marjoram and rosemary, ready
to be seen by the tag team
of fingers and nose

but that our four eyes gratefully
identify, taking we think it all
in—till we round the far corner and find
next to the exit, a fountain
with brass cymbals playing water
music we never heard, meant
not just to end the piece
but to begin it.