

PATRICK PHILLIPS

Ghazal

Each year the spots multiply on my eyes,
says the doctor, lifting a light from my eyes.

Old love, lips pressed to my ear, all night
you loved me again, kissing and kissing my eyes.

Where have you gone? Whose are you now?
I give up the truth. For you I say yes, take my eyes.

But some days when I wake it is ten years ago.
How, love, can I trust my own eyes?

Each night, crossing the bridge, I tell the river
all this. I tell the nothing your name in disguise.

As if, said the doctor, the iris forgets to forget.
Soon my sky will be filled with your eyes.