
MARTHA ZWEIG

Ophthalmology

Pox & scars: nightfall & the moon
seeps out to take a turn
for the better or worse. Stars contagious; dark:
insects & bats catching. Spots
slide in among the wash waters. *We two*
rolled like dice & came up such snake eyes.

Picked alive between the numbers one
to infinity, I'd've liked never! better
than tucked to bed, loved a minute, then cried so foul.
Heart's bottom you drew
my happiness from & slipped into it lies
like a trout lake sickening, limp brown by dawn.

Stale breaths inquire door
to door in town. Daylights hang the windows.
A paper bag skids: three sparrows investigate.
So the local crises of consortium pass,
and over the years my eyes' vitreous
humor dries little by little, casting a few black floaters.