

STUDY IN FOCUS

By Danny Fekete

There my Master lies with tight-shut eyes asleep—or, nay—*adream!* with all the world and all its words awhirl in wispy tatters, bright and gay and dark and grey while strands of here and yesterday adorn his mouth and pillow, billow from his tired, pleading face as crows the cruel cock, so graceless, from its distant, dusty, daunting place upon my Masters's bookshelf, *wretched!* O that reeking clock that crows my Master into waking, breaking slumber, then, unslaking dearest thirst for respite from the light of day, hot droplets fall upon his lips and tongue and eyes, his broken eyes that blink and sting and still despise him of the lines and twining of his towel or his face that looks, though glass, alas, as blind as he on it, and so it quits him from its place behind the frosted panels of the mirror of the place that he has left, bereft of corners, curves, or crossings, reeling in that light of day, that crazy lazy light whose sultry rays invade his vile jelly, dance uncaring on his retina and leave no corners, curves, or crossings, till, with groping fingers led by shimmers, grasps my Master that which glimmers: me! upon his night stand, in his right hand, on his nose and ears I perch and wrest the rays away from wayward courses, bind them, rule them, draw them from their sources to the spot that links the world without within, within his skull, and there and now his arm replaces, crisp and wrought with careful textures, damp and darkened cloth on hook, then hooks his clothes with graces of his sighted hands, embraces buttons, buckles, fly, and laces, and endowed as such he turns his eyes to sky and trees and soon forgets he only sees the world that I have seen before him, reads the words that I afford him, meets the gazes of the eyes that look on me before they look on his that look on me again, at last, before they blink and turn away and inward stray to sights that play beyond the light of day or in the places I can see from on the night stand where I lie.