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The Sure Eyes of the Sickly Child

Although illness consumes her,
There is a carnality of future
In her eyes,
As if already their murdered nostalgia
Were re-peopling a world.

(In the hollow of desire,
She seems to stand,
In a second health,
In the permanent mind.)

Her parents do not explain it.
They are simple folk,
Pillars of fear,
Leaning upon one another
In sterile reluctance

No, hers is a convalescent's faith,
Her vision, the something that survives
The rape of wonder,
Witnessing to me with a love
That affirms even dying.

Greg Mogenson