

SECOND SIGHT

The first time it happened, my son
was two and we were at the Food Lion:
I turned from him to choose onions,

potatoes for supper, and when I turned back,
a strange woman had called him by name.
He was lit up—*Pam!*—and with that word a rift
appeared and I saw, whole, the life he would learn
that was not me: komodo dragons,
the state motto of Oklahoma, how glass
is blown, the way the melody inverts
in a fugue. *Muscle memory deserts you first,*

he would say as his fingers found notes
I never knew. *The Perseids peak before dawn, and
Always lead with the knight.* His worlds unfurled
beyond my sight: the Greek island of Syros,
the mountain temples of Nepal.
And this morning he saw the sun rise,
the full moon set from the summit
of Mt. Whitney, apex of the Western Divide.

Here, leaves pour down in a honeyed rain;
my midnight sky is curtained by clouds.
A lone swan drifts on the river of my sleep.