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Diagnosis

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The clutter in my left eye is debris
from separation of the vitreous
from retina. When age and genes agree,
these structures come apart in some of us
and let us see the stars and ghosts and bolts
of lightning myth and scripture codify.
The peeling's slow, as when an adder molts,
but nothing's shed: the dross stays in the eye.
I picture cavern in Platonic cave,
the fire, procession, shadows—all inside
the humor of one eye!—while I, the slave
of sense impressions, rock from side to side.
The phantoms shift along, now left, now right,
dim silhouettes by day, bright darts by night.

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