

BLIND

Alice said her sister said
we'd all go blind
playing games like that
in the basement

Finger faintly at my breast as faintly
as the stroking of a wounded bird, so

we played that spring
in Alice's basement, strands
of russet and chocolate and honey brown
hair mingled
on the white of pillowslips
amid sprinted breath
over secret
blinding
books and Jo, suddenly
switching out the light
Alice screaming
and screaming in the dark
like a madwoman
and we, falling back
in our quilted nest
dizzy lumps of laughter

Finger lightly down my back as lightly
as a spider's tiptoe on the skin, so

we played that spring
in Alice's basement, waiting
to go blind

Dian Beck