

Varifocal

I can see people walking across Redheugh Bridge
two miles away. See each individual twig on winter trees.
Make out the redwings that used to blur as they sing.
But I can't get used to angling my head to read a book close to.

My uni friend, who turned fifty this year, says it doesn't
take long to relearn how to look, before seeing becomes
second nature again. But she was always good at pool,
understood angles, always made the shots that I would miss.

And when I drive along Barrack Road a month later
and see a cherry tree in full blossom, I know it's a gift
not a trick of the eye. That I can trust my own eyes.
Trust that I have seen what I have seen.

Degna Stone