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A New Day

Chad Hussey
Denison University

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A New Day

One night,
My eyes were cut loose from their moorings,
And I woke up blind.
I thought it was a dream:
My eyes were the center
Around which I spun,
And I could hear the ferns in the forest
Pushing their soft fiddle heads
Through moist, leafy soil.
It was a darkness unheard of;
Both velvet and hungry.
I eased out of bed
And followed the walls of my room,
My hand tingling,
As I reached for a brass door knob.
Downstairs, to unstick the massive oak door
With its twin lenticular panes.
Outside, the drone of bees
In Lilies of the Valley.
But no light, cascading down
Through the leaves of a sycamore
And onto my arms, can pierce my eyes.
If only I could perceive some semblance of light,
Just a tiny flicker of hope,
Like the sun through a bat's wing.

Chad Hussey