

THE DIFFICULTIES

Dan Campion

Iowa, USA

jecdrc@earthlink.net

■ curl an afghan close around my legs,
Establishing a claim to occupy
■ This chair until compelled to yield. Pain begs
Me not to move. With protest, I'll comply.
The source of hurt's mysterious. Some act,
Omission, visitation, slipup, glitch—
I'm not responsible for what attacked
And don't feel any need to know just which.
Within arm's length are water, tissues, book.
Here's pad and pencil for my thoughts. They'll keep.
Or maybe not. But if I reach, I brook
Contention with fresh pain. Therefore I'll sleep,
And leave the difficulties on their own,
And chisel into dreams with broken bone. ■

BLUES FOR MY FATHER

Dan Campion

Iowa, USA
jecdrc@earthlink.net

We sat for breakfast, coffee on to brew.
My father, gazing out the window, froze:
There's something wrong, Dan. Everything's too blue.
I panicked but I smiled and slowly rose
And turned and looked and saw the normal sky.
Dad's bandage off that morning, my first thought
Was surgery had left a ruined eye.
We dined pretending neither was distraught.
The doctor, when I reached him, set things right.
The cataract had filtered out bright blue;
What Dad was seeing now was normal light,
To which he'd readjust. This soon proved true.
The world of blue was presently restored,
Both eyes as clear as open-tuning chord. ■