

IN MY EYES

My eyes play tricks—on me.

They look at the unreality

of memories,

look at dreams that never were--

flashes of light in a series,

mind-cinema, flickering but sure.

When I look at you--

I see first the younger you;

I see your younger eyes,

searching my depth, fiery, widely wise,

searching for my lips,

prone only to honest lies.

In the mirror my old face--

my fallen cratered face--is now still

a shining reflection

of your love,--settled into place.

--J. F. Lowe