

Ed Shaughnessy in the Eye of God

We are all dismantling
the world we know. We
get up each morning and
imperceptibly place a
bit more gray along
the hair line, or a boy
deepens his voice
just slightly. She
whose whole vocabulary
once consisted of a
well-pointed index finger
is writing her third book.

We don't notice our
journey through space, or
the hand of the dictator
growing palsied, or the owl
near the barn that feels so awkward in its feathers
that it is growing an arm. The eye
of God looks down on this and
looks up on this. Nowhere,
nowhere at all is there
anything but the eye of God.

Fran Quinn