

Prismic Ghosts

My left eye is not serving me well.

Ptoxis, more a nod

than a wink.

Posterior Vitreous Detachment

of a year past.

Kaleidoscopic fragments,

Floaters, specters, prismic ghosts,

visiting in daylight;

perhaps, too, in twilight—

I cannot tell.

Ophthalmologic access is within reach

across and through this murky sea; yet,

I appear and behave as a pirate

on a desultory ship.