

# Studio One

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## Moonblind

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## **Moonblind**

On the day that the sun eclipsed in our town, I  
stared directly at it, as shadow parted from  
candied kiss of fire. Upon that midnighted noon,  
I cared not for my sight.

They told me I'd go blind,  
promised that temptation would scorch my retinas,  
promised this giving sun would turn cruel eyes on me.

That night, the air in our chimney rattled the flue.  
And the bare, unburned wood in our fireplace sang  
to the monsoon knocking at our door. Even dead  
trees still ache for water.

The rain promised me: "I will soothe your aching eyes.  
I can extinguish the fire that consumes your body."  
My eyes did not ache; they did not sting. I begged of  
the sun to make me blind.

I wanted the sun to brand my eyes with its light.  
I wanted to feel it, the fire. Something to raze,  
to make something of me.

I wanted to burn.

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