

Shining Blind

The brightest light
used to shine
in the darkest time;
the unsound, never found,

see inside hidden walls;
through glass, cloudy,
I am blinded.

Hold up a mirror
to the stream
of white, reflect it (everywhere)
so nothing is seen.

Nothing is seen
through the stream
of white.

The unsound,
never found;
all the colors wrapped inside,
unseen in the
shining blind.

By Jaquelinne Biver