

the death of fred clifton

11/10/84

age 49

i seemed to be drawn
to the center of myself
leaving the edges of me
in the hands of my wife
and i saw with the most amazing
clarity
so that i had not eyes but
sight,
and, rising and turning,
through my skin,
there was all around not the
shapes of things
but oh, at last, the things
themselves.

Lucille Clifton

Blessing the Boats: New and Selected Poems, 1988-2000