

KATE P. SCHMITT

Ghazal

EXPEDITION

While clouds sit in the gap, it's hard to distinguish the eye
that looks in all directions at once. The unvarnished eye.

The needle-narrow notch won't be passed by. It'll strip off
some
perfidiousness with a dynamo "whoosh" from its eye.

Red maples, white cedars. What with border-crossing acid
rain, every damn thing's the apple of spider's long-lashed eye.

I'll beg the question of whether it's the Venerable
One's ursine glance, or worsening weather flushing the eye.

Hunter on the mountain. Light on the moon. Deep currents
would
tumble my oak-bark helmet into a pit's ashen eye.

I can no more get a bead on a way out of this wood
than I can duck the bespangled branch ambushing my eye.

Nor do these stripes and plaids of public opinion, baro-
metric factors and lashing wind, line up flush with the eye.

Whereupon entering the ramshackle pit, Kate detects
calm. Whispering voices cease their 'Sh-t! Sh-t!' behind her
eyes.