

Woman at a Conference Lunch

She said: 'My son is going blind.'
The light from the plate-glass window behind
Splintered on the cutlery,
Froze each form in its own idolatry.

'He's only nine';
Leaving only the broken line
Of thought in the candelabred room;
Wands of dust-light, watercoloured gloom.

'I only found out today.'
Eyes that are fugitive slink away.

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