

## ***Lost sight of***

Ken Hightower

The brain changes when vision flies,  
off on bat wings scurrying into caves.  
It shrinks as trees become memories;  
it starves as her favorite face flees.  
No more images to stimulate,  
to arouse anticipation, to tease  
like a well presented plate  
to a hungry pair of eyes  
fixed to cranial flesh that dies.  
Eyes that can not eat, she cries.  
She was forty-five when sight came,  
not to orbitals which still were lame.