

Reproduced here from *The Journal of Poetry Therapy*, Vol. 2, No. 3, Spring 1989, p. 206. All rights reserved.

### **The Sure Eyes of the Sickly Child**

Although illness consumes her,  
There is a carnality of future  
In her eyes,  
As if already their murdered nostalgia  
Were re-peopling a world.

(In the hollow of desire,  
She seems to stand,  
In a second health,  
In the permanent mind.)

Her parents do not explain it.  
They are simple folk,  
Pillars of fear,  
Leaning upon one another  
In sterile reluctance

No, hers is a convalescent's faith,  
Her vision, the something that survives  
The rape of wonder,  
Witnessing to me with a love  
That affirms even dying.

Greg Mogenson