

Inner Vision

When I was four
and my mother
was distracted
I'd take her face
in my hands
and say *Look at me.*

A half century later
she had a stroke.

She and I had not visited
or spoken in a decade.

I take her hand
and she knows it is me
even though her blind eyes
are pulled far to my left
like weak magnets
by her bleeding
brain.

When I play solo Bach
or church tunes
for her on my violin
she turns her head
towards me and says
I'm so glad to see it.