

Seeing Is Believing

Winner of the 2024 Jean Corrie Poetry Prize

The sun,
A plump, shining
Tangerine in the milky sky,
Is the naked eye.

The tongue is
The falling, misshapen woman
Levitating, as if an invisible string
Is pulling her to the sky.
It is a calling,
A vocation she must obey.

The reapers,
the watchdogs they are,
In their long charcoal robes,
Watch her go upwards
With their own midnight eyes.
They see as the birds do,
The blackbird and the heron,
With their glass bead eyes.
They are her guardians.

They see and know the unspoken,
The unsplit wishbones,
The fishing hooks never sent to the sea,
They see too.

We are all
 Falling,
 Flying,
 Soaring
Like birds in a giant, pink
lung-shaped fruit.

And when we too
Are pulled up from our bellies
Guided into the bright above,
The marvel, the spectacle of it all,
The ripples of the setting sun,
Tossed like red ribbons unfurled for
All the world to see.

We will know sleep.
We too, will watch.



Barbara Bullock, *Seeing is Believing*, 2011.