The Gift

by Gary Charles Wilkens

The gift is not the trees but the forest.
The gift is not the water but the rain.
Trumpets are not your fanfare,
rather the silence thereafter.
Violet petals are not your path
but what you leave as you pass.
Your shoes are the black soil
and the sky your summer hat.
The Milky Way is but the hem
of your gown. All these gifts
you keep in an old shoebox
and think of me occasionally.

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I, Tiresias

by Gary Charles Wilkens

Blind since birth, Tiresias scoffs at the elites who tell him of power called “sight”- what an efficient way to keep him in his place!

He lives in a blind town with a blind wife who smells good and sightless kids with sweet voices. His drab factory produces black bobbles at a prodigious rate, funding the yearly trip to the cave.

He votes for the Blind Party in elections and prays in a church without candles. Doctors who complain of his functionless organs he suspects of being Bolsheviks.

In his dreams he sees blue rivers.

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