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## Blindness Fills My House

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### Cover Page Footnote

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# BLINDNESS FILLS MY HOUSE

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BY MARK OVERMYER

Broken eyes let me enjoy my house  
entering: the cracked walls  
cluttered clumps of clothes  
now mere shadows, blotches  
on blotches on dark clouds  
trying to block the moon

Now the house is lukewarm  
moist air clinging to my skin  
tea brewing on the stove  
light aroma of boiling leaves  
the notes from the guqin  
spiral and wrap around  
form candy cane patterns  
of pure harmonic bliss

I settle down to drink  
pose like the Buddha himself  
a koan remembered  
zazen unperfected  
I sip the tea when my posture  
falters

The only shape I can see  
is the low flame below  
the teapot, soft orange  
strands, to me they are  
strings of fading life  
inside them an epiphany  
Li-Bai played the guqin  
and nobody gave a shit