To a Poet, Going Blind
(For Syd Harrex)

I heard news you’d joined the seers,
blind in your cabin, looking to the hills
where still the muses visit, your amanuenses,
who are writing large those mazy figures,
which chart the staggering progress
of the drunken boat with its heavy cargo
of loss and longing through waves of grief.
Your onward surge suggests the darkness
is not implacable, light shines inside out
by which we all might navigate:
the stars are braille to guide a blind man’s eye;
I see your fingers reach for them and read.

Adrian Caesar