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Night-Blindness

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NIGHT-BLINDNESS

I'm aware of the nature involved in adding and subtracting you; in placing you on the table in front of me, and reproducing you, like a clipping, exactly from memory; in saying, "How are you?" and "Where have you been?"; in inviting you to eat with me on Thursday, but forgetting the bread; in drawing you from a knapsack that is not mine, in a country that is not mine, in a room overlooking the sea, where I have the power of sorting words, and call yellow Gold, and carpenter Charpentier; in mistaking the voices of birds for the voices of women in church; in being unable to recognize a sponge except when I touch it by hand; in playing games, and believing there are no streets in London; in knowing the nurses from the doctors because the nurses move in white dresses, white shoes, and they move silently; in naming a lemon by its smell, and a watch and cane by hearing; in keeping the rain out of the bottle; in seeing a beekeeper at the mouth of the hive... I'm aware of the nature involved in loving you, and much else besides.