

## Cataracts

Andrew Bird

When our mouths are filled with uninvited tongues of others  
and the strays are pining for their unrequited mothers  
milk that sours is promptly spat  
light will fill our eyes like cats

and they shall enter from the back  
with spears and scepters and squirming sacks  
scribes and tangles between their ears  
faceless scumbled charcoal smears

through the coppice and the chaparral  
the thickets thick with mold  
the bracken and the brier  
catchweed into the fold

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