

i can still see your eyes by julie fitzpatrick

you're in a mask
and so am i.
strange under here,
isn't it?
my voice hushed,
breath warm,
but I can still see you
behind colorful patterns,
scarves, fabric and elastic bands.
yes, there you are:
your eyes.
i see them
darting,
uncertain,
worried,
blue so blue,
tears,
tears,
tears,
ok,
ok,
ok.
stillness.
drier now.
a flicker of hope,
brightness, curiosity, dancing,
smiling even.
breathtaking.
we thought it was only the irish-
how silly of us-
it's everyone-
everyone's eyes
smile now
when you look for a while
and let them get there.

-written on a wet day in the time of masks