

## **THE OPENING OF EYES**

**David Whyte**

That day I saw beneath dark clouds  
the passing of light over the water  
and I heard the voice of the world speak out.  
I knew then as I had before  
life is no passing memory of what has been,  
nor the remaining pages in a great book waiting  
to be read.  
It is the opening of eyes long closed.  
It is the vision of far off things  
seen for the silence they hold.  
It is the heart after years  
of secret conversing  
speaking out loud in the clear air.  
It is Moses in the desert  
fallen to his knees before the lit bush.  
It is the man throwing away his shoes  
as if to enter heaven  
and finding himself astonished,  
opened at last,  
fallen in love with solid ground.