

# Second Sight

by [Martha Shelley](#) (August 2021)



*Moonlight, Strandgade 30, Vilhelm Hammershoi, 1900-05*

**Our second date** in San Francisco.  
We walked the length of the beach  
at the western end of the continent,  
my mind's eye reaching  
across the roars of surf  
to Bali, to Kauai, to Kyoto,  
visions arising of places  
I'd had the luck to see some years ago,  
wishing you with me back then.

Yet we can't rewrite our yesterdays.

We watched the sun descend  
and as the stars emerged  
I called their names for you.

Over the decades those lights diminished,  
one by one winked out, like stray  
sheep wandered away into dark woods,  
until the surgeon with a swipe  
of a near-to-microscopic knife  
rounded them up,  
returned us the numberless flocks of heaven,  
granted us nights of second sight  
to enrich our diminishing days.

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