

## I look at the world

I look at the world  
From awakening eyes in a black face—  
And this is what I see:  
This fenced-off narrow space  
Assigned to me.

I look then at the silly walls  
Through dark eyes in a dark face—  
And this is what I know:  
That all these walls oppression builds  
Will have to go!

I look at my own body  
With eyes no longer blind—  
And I see that my own hands can make  
The world that's in my mind.  
Then let us hurry, comrades,  
The road to find.

Langston Hughes

## Seeing For A Moment

I thought I was growing wings—  
it was a cocoon.

I thought, now is the time to step  
into the fire—  
it was deep water.

Eschatology is a word I learned  
as a child: the study of Last Things;

facing my mirror—no longer young,  
the news—always of death,  
the dogs—rising from sleep and clamoring  
and howling, howling,

nevertheless  
I see for a moment  
that's not it: it is  
the First Things.

Word after word  
floats through the glass.  
Towards me.

From *Poems 1972 - 1982*, Denise Levertov