

Leon V. Driskell

(1932- )

To Flannery O'Connor (1925-1964)

In August light, she began her night.  
Closing her eyes, she let in the dark  
Where light had burned so bright.  
She left a legacy of burning rays,  
Darkly to light the works of days.

If for her some welcome darkness  
Came at last when she died,  
We remain now in her greater light,  
Ears dazzled by the Word she cried,  
Eyes opened to let in the dark.

For now, a dark line of trees shivers  
And moves, and we, like blind men cured,  
See not trees but men, and they dance  
The joy of a world of blind men cured,  
As the bush quivers, kindles, flames.

Her vision burns our virtues clean.

Out of darkness comes a burning light  
To burn clean our eyes for the night  
With signs of Grace in multiple eyes  
Of spreading peacock tails, or in one  
Glowing eye of the every-constant sun,  
Ivory-soft as the elevated Host,  
But soaked in sunset blood.

Her darkness is the only light.