

“Blind Man”

Honorable Mention

BY DAVEY MORRISON DILLARD

“Mud in your eye and a beam in theirs.” That’s what he told me, the much talked-of Stranger, when I was led to meet him, stumbling across the unseen jagged terrain which had long since been made familiar in my heels’ most battered memory.

I did not understand why he spit into the dust, why he sullied my already imperfection, adding blackness unto blackness; nor, in wonder (or in, perhaps, confusion) did I question.

And when I washed—I cannot express how very like a paradox it was, darkness cleaving unto darkness until the faintest morning break of light trickled into my newly rendered irises

and I had to shut them for the blindingness of seeing; for the moisture which was entering and exiting without and within, as one too young for walls.

And so, I tell you, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: but one thing I know, That once I was blind and now I see. ■

