

## Richard Fox

### Visiting hour

Mom tracks my movements as I  
edge between wall and bed  
to stand over her.

Her live pupil peeks thru lashes. Lids part  
deliberately. Iris reflects sunlight. I  
speak distinctly, *love you, Mom.*

The dead eye never blinks. Unyielding  
mound of flesh. Ragged, rust  
scar deflates me.

A glass eye had served as illusion  
for 40 years. Mutilation denied.  
A flaw only she saw.

Mom dreams, barely here. Still socket  
a sentry. I stare, fascinated.  
Won't look away.

When not writing about rock 'n roll or youthful transgressions, **Richard Fox** focuses on cancer from the patient's point of view drawing on hope, humor and unforeseen gifts. He is the author of five poetry collections and the winner of the 2017 Frank O'Hara Prize. [smallpoetatlarge.com](http://smallpoetatlarge.com)