**Lake Drift**

Kathryn de Lancellotti

*You with your precious eyes, you're blind to the corruption of your life*

 —the blind prophet Tiresias to Oedipus, from *Oedipus Rex*

When the ophthalmologist

told me I have a vertical misalignment,

double vision, she said,

the brain will compensate

to keep things straight

It all started to make sense—

The axis of my life tilted

The center divider, me,

crawling from the driver’s widow

Two scarred faces

in the mirror,

letters floating off the page

Things you never tell your kid:

suicidal thoughts, vodka, Valium,

how you cry

when you realize you’re awake

My boy read *Oedipus Rex* at school today—

*Was it familiar when he entered the place she birthed him?*

*Did his father’s blood land like a kiss?*

Why do they lie to him?

When he found

his mother

slightly

swaying

by the neck

he had no eyes, only fingers

to read her wrists

I told my love

He’ll never understand

aching thighs, blood clots,

the weight—

Mothers lie too

Aren’t dreams the places

we go when we can’t

face the truth?

I dreamt

my son dead

at the bottom of a lake—

I could not reach him, I swear,

I could not wake up—

Son,

Did you know

when he took the brooches

that held her robes

and stabbed his eyes

because he couldn't bear the truth,

that losing them would only make him see again?