



**John Blight**

## **FACES IN A CROWD**

When I peer at faces in a  
crowd I see experiments on  
person. Never the same contents  
in each visage. Possessed by angers  
in unripe infancy, in age  
a play of demons. Faces pass  
by in a crowd, but always one  
by one I see each countenance  
searching for the harmony that  
I seek in myself. Stare in the  
mirror as I may, I see my  
imperfections acting grace in  
age. . . then patent flaws. I smile; so  
acquiesce in others' defects.