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## Spilling Light

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## ***SPILLING LIGHT***

MEGAN JESSOP

When you arrived, it was barely morning,  
the earth releasing darkness  
as if she herself were a writer;  
allowing a bloodletting of ink.  
Your solemn face told me all that I needed.

How your demons settled.  
How they were somehow  
quiet in this black isolation I had just disturbed  
with laughter and starlight.

I wanted you to see the magic this world held  
inside her pen. Writing a new beginning  
as light crept in along mountains,  
rivers, roads and front lawns of our college town.  
You seemed to be transformed into a mountain yourself.  
Built altogether of strength  
and dirt and rock and a stubborn will  
to not be moved.

Beneath the surface, a magma—  
glowing and searing, as if consuming your true self.  
The sun is a fire blazing at a distance.  
You kept it there, suspended,  
separate by this mountain so that her light  
could not break through the darkness your body held,  
for fear of her becoming one with the river of flame.  
The river you held within yourself.  
Making love with what is at your core,  
releasing passion to color this earth of gold  
like the morning we now drink.