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The Light

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THE LIGHT

—for Nada Samuels

What will I do
with this glow
which brightens in me?

At thirty-five
I can't be expected to compete
with the forsythia's
yellow gush, the luminous
voice that jumps from the daffodil,
cherry trees dressed like brides;

and when people say I look well these days
I know what they really mean:
it's the light, that's all,
breaking out through the crowsfeet
and laughlines, the cracks
in my lovely old mask of a face
which year by year I weary
into genuine likeness.

For no good reason, I'm a woman
who grows happier. What a fine
old lady I'll make,
with a face like an unsound clay pot,
sweating beads of light.

What a fine old corpse,
the shards of the pot discarded,
and the light free everywhere.