

How Light Loves You

by Gary Hardaway

Only light loves you more than I.
See, how it throws itself into your hair!
The cataclysm of all those photons
mad to be a part of you

manifests as luster and fire
I could never give you.
And look at how it pours itself
across your skin! It touches you

all at once, embeds itself in you,
and dies in resonating wavelengths
that glow like candlelight suffused
through Japanese paper. My fingers

couldn't touch you all at once
though they might cramp themselves to try.
But light's apotheosis shines inside your eyes.
They sparkle with the soul of light.

I wouldn't try to match that glory.
I can only look in awe,
contrite, reborn, transfixed,
and grateful I'm not blind.

