

The Same Light

by Jill Chan

On the second day of the year,
the air seems fresh,
new to the ways of beginning.
I stumble out of bed,
waking from a sleep that lightens,
that makes my morning
into day, into action.
Happiness.
How little it has changed.
No matter the differences,
we can be happy
in similar measures.
The same light,
the same adoration
of someone or something,
the same unmendable love.

