

Light Was She

She was like a magnifying glass for light, playfully gathered,
drawn in, concentrated, until a rush of joy, an explosion
of energy that sang and twisted its way into
all bones and cells

The burden of it! Waiting...but for what? Perhaps
the antiphons of angels were mere tricks of the
imagination, cruel jokes to make an
uncomfortable truth more
palatable and sane

She squirmed, trying to get comfortable,
as light grew, bringing prickly heat
and pressured bladder. Still, it
pulsed, refusing to be ignored:
a confusion of happiness
and perplexity

For she was like a magnifying
glass: immensely involved,
yet powerless at the same
time; mother for the
light that would
change
life

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