

LIGHTHOUSE



You are one bright fire and rocks
run with cracks. Your one foot
is an island. And like
an island and a caution,
you have something like a shining knight's
shield—a reflector—like a heart or
like an eye that blinks out
what your heart cannot—
because your heart is a spiral
of stairs, cracked walls—meaning
what is in you is an absence—
like the absence the soft whelk
leaves in her polished chamber.
You keep your fire behind glass.
But you do sing. Only when already
obscured. Not shy, but reserved.
You have a foot—it is an island—
or you are. You have some fire—
enough—the thing in you like a moon
throws the fire out into the dark—
far over the water— and if anyone sees,
you cannot say.

