



A SPLASH OF LIGHT

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After I had made my home,
you gave me
the tools to mend
the week's broken circle:
A pair of candlesticks.
I learned to
circle my hands
over the flames,
to splash light on my eyelids,
to whisper prayers and blessings
like magic incantations,
as you did,
seducing the Sabbath Queen,
dispelling the misunderstandings of the week.

While I stared out
the tall Midwestern window
of my childhood,
losing myself
in the Friday's last agonising pastels
as they stretched, thinned into darkness.

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