Starlight
I did not want her to leave. Did not want the light turned out, the door left ajar. So I picked the longest book I knew, asked her to read it. We Were Tired of Living in a House, or a chapter from Winnie the Pooh, the House at Pooh Corner. Her voice was a lifeline, kept me tethered to the day, to the lightness of things.

My bedside lamp had a shade with holes poked in it, to simulate stars. Mostly I just liked how the light got through, and at certain angles, made tiny beams, rays of light I’d follow with my eye into the corners of my room. And that it could be turned off, with the click of a switch—this pool of beauty, be gone. I think I thought I was made of light then too. Hadn’t realized yet my body didn’t have to be seen to exist.

Luminosity
I’m not sure if it’s the light or the new snow that has each branch of the Maple lit from above—
Bent and gnarled, curving towards the sun. Who wouldn’t, bend towards the sun on this February day so cold and blue, the sun so hospitable; the sun so energetic, so warm, so close. Who wouldn’t let the sun highlight every flaw, every imperfection—even the shadows can’t hide a thing.

Luster
We tip the oysters into our mouths, swallow the sea.

Even the wine and the glass and the forks honey the light.

The trees outside frosted in new snow flirt with the moon.

I want to paint my body All the colors you have me feeling.

The cinnamon core of midnight, the essence of an orange.

What if what we’re trying to capture is how the world moves, its sheen?

When all we can do is move with it

Be the verb
Of every noun we speak.