IAIN HIGGINS

The Thing about Light

The thing about light is nothing you can grasp. It flees
the squeezed fist faster even than water does and leaves
only its absence in the disappeared palm. By day
its brimfullness says now is all, by night its dated
spatter speaks time out of mind and gathers in disembodied animal eyes, muted, acute, and candid
as an unimagined god from an uninvented
world. When cupped hands mirror the acceptant eyes you can
catch its emptiness on the rebound in the open
bowl and swirl it round with deliquescent shadows, but
sometimes the thing about light is the light about something that has for just this now forever lost its faceless namelessness and yet escaped its entangling name:
there it stands, beside itself, itself enlarged, alight.