

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 disem-
bodied 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 some-
thing that has for just this now forever lost its face-

less namelessness and yet escaped its entangling name:
there it stands, beside itself, itself enlarged, alight.