

Of Five Fears: Three of them LIGHT.

It refuses to fall from the sky, bloated
arrogance of brightness, a round bird

preening mid-air, whether we watch, or not.
And I came here to watch, that much
is cleanly, almost certain.

Nothing moves with that kind of light
forcing reflections where there should be
only darkening shadows. I am already angry

to have written *shadows, light, darkening*. Anger
is a shunt difficult to remove, tissues
growing around, forming something
of a structure, again, bulked against

light. Letting it in, this light, again
seeing the word here, means imagining

the bird has won-over actually allowing
the Self to see a wing, feel
a ripped feather, watch the feeding.

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