

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2

Katherine Hauswirth

For John Milton

Today's first waking hour
saw light pushing
under the eaves
into the den

With it
I found your words again,
considering how
your light
was spent

Forced
to stand and wait,
you mourned the chance
for release
onto the page

But obsolete eyes
failed to seal
your descent

What you spoke
from dim depths
threw whitest sparks,
glazed to permanence
in the limitless kiln
of your mind

In the embarrassment
of light
that comes
from every angle,
my words have been
spent carelessly

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2

Standing
and waiting
for some signal
that will not come

So I consider
how your words
were spent

I sit
bathed in the crescendo
that is day,
warmth greeting my shoulder,
light on the page,
poring over this gift
you have left
for me to see