STILL LIFE WITH SUN AND RIVERBED

by Maureen McHugh

Light, light, sometimes you are difficult
Sometimes it's refraction
birch root, mica-fleck, blood
and river water

Simple, simple,
how the light arrived against your brow gently, in waves,

filter of branches barriers voice of flint
how the light beat hard
like a heart constant
a handful of stones How the sun was there, always,

The skin unburned each night though

Love it is not simple as handfuls of silt,
as the sweat on your brow

But the sun was the most faithful lover It came back

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