

Illumination

On those cold, clear winter mornings, I rise in the dark and sit
 beneath a lamp with a pen and paper in a circle of light
barely bright enough for the work. The window beside me is black

and blank, and soon I'm staring only through the window of the page
at whatever I'm drawing from ink and concentration. Hours pass,
 and always, when I least expect it, there's a sudden tide of light

as the sun crests the mountain. When the first rays flood the fields,
the thin, yellow curtain behind me brightens, and the room swells
 with light. Everything is suddenly golden and illuminated,

and for just that one moment, I make the glorious and forgivable
 mistake of thinking it has something to do with me.

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