

# Illumination

By Elizabeth Woody

The irresistible and benevolent light  
brushes through the angel-wing begonias,  
the clippings of ruddy ears for the living room.  
Intimate motes, debris of grounded, forlorn walks,  
speckle through the vitreous quality of blush.  
As fluid lulls turn like trout backs, azure-tipped fins  
oscillate in the shallows, the clear floating  
is dizziness.

Tender events are meeting halves and wholes of affinity,  
the recurrence of whimsy and parallel streams  
flush away the blockage of malaise.  
Incessant gratitude, pliable kindness smolders  
in the husk of these sweet accumulations:  
abalone shells, the thoughtful carvings from friends,  
the stone of another's pocket, the photo of mystified  
moon over water, the smiles of worn chairs.

Austere hopes find pleasure in lately cherished flowers.  
The blooms are articulate deluge, hues of delicacy.  
Petals parted dim renderings, the viable imprint  
of the blood-hot beam of light with reformed courage.  
Beveling the finish to suppression, the blade of choice  
brings the flourish of dividing while adequately doubling  
worth by two. Multiplying. The luminescent burning of space.  
The heat is a domicile as abandoned as red roses budding  
their ascension from stem.

The sun has its own drum contenting itself with the rose  
heart it takes into continual rumbling. The connection  
of surface and hand. The great head of dark clouds finds  
its own place of unraveled repercussions and disruption,  
elsewhere, over the tall, staunch mountains of indemnity.

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