

Renee Norman

Touching Light

the rush of words has slowed to this:
a contemplation of light
as it enters through an open window

the flap of curtains in the wind
that rides on a shadow of sunshine

my daughters arrive
and the silence where i probed my thoughts
with gentle pen strokes
gives way to their voices

i have learned to compose within a tempest
far from light or shadow
to listen
in the stillness of the morning
hold it
between myself and my children