The Light Gatherer

When you were small, your cupped palms
each held a candlesworth under the skin
enough light to begin,
                and as you grew
light gathered in you, two clear raindrops
in your eyes,
        warm pearls, shy,
in the lobes of your ears, even always
the light of a smile after your tears.

Your kissed feet glowed in my one hand,
or I'd enter a room to see the corner you played in
lit like a stage-set,
                the crown of your bowed head spotlit.
When language came, it glittered like a river,
silver, clever with fish,
                and you slept
with the whole moon held in your arms for a night-light....
where I knelt watching.
                Light gatherer.
You fell from a star
into my lap, the soft lamp of the bedside
mirrored in you,
                and now you shine like a snowgirl,...
a buttercup... under a chin,
the wide blue yonder...
you squeal at and fly... in...,like a jeweled cave, turquoise and diamond and gold,
opening out
at the end of a tunnel of years.

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