Another Day Filled with Sleeves of Light

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and I carry ripened plums,

waiting to find the one

who is interested in tasting.

How can we ever be known?

Today the lily sends up

a fifth white-tipped tendril, the promise

of another flower opening,

and I think, this must mean this plant

is happy, here, in this house, by this window.

Is this the right deduction?

The taller plant leans and leans toward the light.

I turn it away, and soon its big hands are reaching again
toward what nourishes it,

but what it can never touch.
Couldn’t the yellowing leaves of the maple
and their falling also be a sign of joy?

Another kind of leaning into.

A letting go of one thing
to fall into another.

A kind of trust I cannot imagine.