

addiction

Evening light sparks, setting islands on fire,
then fades, wan as a sigh,
over a baby blanket of pink and blue lake
that dimples in concentric circles,
tagging the rocks before returning.

A swallow skims above the water's surface in a tightrope path
while birds with loftier ambitions sail the currents of the sky.

My eyes cannot expand enough to encompass
all that there is of blue and blue.
It reaches beyond horizons' limits
to where solid rock flanks Superior's restless water.
I watch the gulls float, white paper boats.
I see the day move from joyful to somber and back again
as You consider how much light to measure out.

I long to possess all that cannot be contained:
Your beauty a fierce pain in my heart,
a fire that flares on when I am all ash.
You stir an addiction within stronger than any earthly substance.

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