

WAYNE MILLER

From the Porch

We breathe light.

—James Wright

So what's at issue is light—
our tangling with its silent mythology.

Or what's at issue are shadows—
hiding behind the railing's rungs
as we hide from the sun
like siblings beneath the house's skirt.

What's at issue is air—
words gripping its thick wet fur
while it fills us and leaves us.

Or maybe it's movement—
slipping by in a whisper,
the bay's blue exhaling its luster
as light and time continue their gossip,
Earth endlessly turning away.

Or rhythm—
descending undulations of steps
meeting the endless arrival of waves,
the countless little squares
in the screens, windows of days.

Perhaps what's at issue is surfaces—
planar joints, the walls of the house
sponging up light, the water
rising now in a darkening tide,

creeping up the sandbar
like a hand on a thigh.

Or what's between us—
slack lines knotted too far back
within us to feel; each second
your face in a different light
as a white sail edges across the bay.