

RICHARD WOLLMAN

Better Light

The light was in and out of the clouds
then nudged away for good. Was it nighttime?
My son was confused.

My mother called
on a cell phone wanting to describe
a sunset the color of Florida.

Before friends came, a dull urge made me go
outside to hack and hack away
at a defenseless shrub—

I'd thought to shape it,
make it round again. The branches pointed at me
when there were no leaves left to speak of

Inside a child stuttered. Something
about the dog didn't look right.

She didn't flinch when I touched her.
Was it possible, in this light,
that she was simply resting on the rug?

Sometime later scattered pieces interlocked,
each part the blueprint of a better truth
seen in better light,

a fiction we needed,
at least for the hours before the light outside
appeared to make the changes on its own.