

# From Sisyphus: Light

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Sisyphus speaking to the stars remembers his love

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Even in this darkness I see a light inside of me. I see an orange sun rise above the sea, or is it setting? I see it turn the water red. I see it gleaming over ripples. I see a beach where I am standing, looking out beyond horizons, then looking back to where my footsteps in the sand have brought me. I see gulls gliding high above the water dive then rise lifting what I cannot see. Looking there into the light, I see a candle dripping wax. I see my hand above the fire, the flame glowing in her eyes. I feel the heat on my palms and breathe the incense. I feel its fragrance enter me. I see our bed, the empty pillow where our heads would lie. I see her breasts in the dimness, the nipples I want to kiss. I see the light at dusk. I see summer afternoons. I see us lying in the grass beneath the cypress making love with just our words— listening to our hearts, our tears embracing, our kisses, our smiles sweeter than butter. And almost every night, again and again in darkness, I'm coming home, each footstep taking me to where she's standing in our doorway. I see beneath her skirt, her bare feet running towards the gate. I'm on my knees, my arms around her thighs. the sunlight glowing on her hair. Inside the table is set. Two candles burning there. And there are times I see the swallows flying to their home beneath our roof. I see their wings, their twig like feet. I hear them calling me to fly with them through darkness past the orange sun.