

Lost Light  
Texts by Kim Rich

## **I. Autumn in New York**

Late November light  
leans against these old buildings  
like a child weary of play,  
but not ready to call it a day...  
Tired light, just not quite  
ready to say goodnight.

Old miser sun,  
canny, cautious December sun,  
saves its best gilding for last,  
hoarding remnants  
of its slant, shining patina  
against  
the coming of darker days, shorter days...  
Doling it out sparingly  
at dawn  
or twilight...  
using just a trace of light  
to paint the town.

## **II. Haiku: Noon Ghost**

I cast no shadow  
on the long grass; the wind has  
carried it away.

### III. Living Space

When I was a child,  
I lived in a shoe  
and we danced....  
oh, the dances we shared, we two.

Heel and toe.  
Jig-time and slow.  
When you live in a shoe  
there's no need to know  
that life isn't always a reel... a dance...  
There is no need to comprehend  
there will be times when you must stand  
Still...  
so still;  
stand still when you're aching to whirl...  
twirl...  
like a fool.

When you are a child,  
you can live where you please--  
in a shoe,  
in a tree,  
in a shell from the sea...  
But, as you grow up  
the spaces fill up  
Quickly...  
Inevitably...  
And suddenly there's no room.  
No room for wonder, no room for joy...  
Only enough room for doubt.

(I'd like to fit back in my shoe, but my doubts...  
crowd me out.)

Yes, the years have unshaped me  
and stretched me,

and grown me... as years tend to do.  
Now only my foot...  
one foot...  
fits into my shoe.

But I still remember when it was true...  
when I was a child, I could,  
I could...  
I could live in a shoe.

#### **IV. Haiku: Some Summer Senses**

Narrow green scent  
of boxhedge, ribboning through bright curls  
of summer air.

July is a blue-eyed girl  
in a white cotton dress,  
sunning herself.

#### **V. Lost Light**

Lost Light...  
the light that wanders  
from half-shaded windows  
softly, secretly  
slipping away from us into the night.

Lost Light...  
the light we squander  
in cool, neon rainbows  
gaudy and bright...  
spinning away from us  
as if in flight.

Lost Light...  
sent from far galaxies...  
across all space and all time.  
Light from stars and comets and quasars...  
each with its own unique shine.

Light from a streetlamp—a circle of safety.  
Light from a candle—cupped in our hands.  
Light from a marquee—flickering,  
beckoning.  
The moonlight and starlight our dreams understand.

Lost Light...  
so precious and fleeting...  
from mankind's first fire  
to the sun's last goodnight.  
And all framed by a sky full of stars  
that send greetings  
in beacons of long-lost light.

We reach out, as if to call it back...  
as it slips between fingers, softer than sighs.  
Lighter than rain or mist,  
its soft, sure touch  
goes silently by.

Lost Light...  
the light that beckons  
to all who wander...  
like to like.  
Reaching out, seeking out  
all who are lost...  
lost in the night.  
Lost Light.