

Homage Marguerite

what a sun he was –
dazzling and you pale moon

eclipsed and wan in the shadows.
he was the surety of our days

bright anchor his arm there
in the armchair open and you

your elbows deep in dishes
collapsing into yourself.

you were the lamp in the dim
night tending nightmare

and childhood ills breathing heavy
into pre-dawn mornings dragging

yourself through mist to stroke
foreheads and to watch how we

flourished and burned in turn
under the solar of his gaze.

small light you were the candle
in our night's bedrooms he in slumber

his light quite out your lantern
flicker always there in the corners.

I see you I see you

your sorrows scattered at your

ankles I see them

but it's too late to stand with you
and say he was a big light

but interiors – they were your territory
all nuance and subtlety we felt you

more than saw you saw you as
the blind may see all finger-pad

and intuition. we saw you mother
your deep lamp-lit eyes all your

sadness sewn up in your mouth.
all night while the sunlight slept

you bathed our dreaming corridors
with your silken phosphorescence

little fish we were swimming
and diving in the safe lagoon of

your caves. you were the nightlight
to our midnight worlds to the great

heaving creatures of our dreams rolling
off our prayers you were moonlight

for the smuggler the highwayman on
the moors the lone child on the lone

hill your lighthouse blip blinking
– radar for your roaming submarines.

we met our day as your starlight faded

sunlight flooding the ceilings and the floors

running its glare through the stirring house

harsh and stark and swamping.