

One Year

Ms. Fergusen explained the sun's
distance, and I realized
how much light
pours past this planet,
never landing
near anyone. All recess
I watched it sail by
in blue rays to disappear past
invisible stars or write
its name in the dust
of some moon.

I was always drifting
off the planet, or waiting
blankly—as the bus shuddered
to another stop, as I strolled
around the playground
and drew distant galaxies
in my desk's swirling grain—
waiting for now,
I suppose, when I'd arise
less capable of astonishment
but more attentive, able
to meet the eyes of others
without dreaming. I bring myself
back to a boy's eyes
and want to say, the light here
is lucky. It was lucky light.