LIGHT DAWNS GRADUALLY

It dawns piecemeal,
over varied demonstrations—
lifting one's finger
and asking where one wills it,
passing eyes over squiggles
and asking whether one reads it,
reminding how easily
we can see pain
in another's eyes,
marveling at the blueness
of the sky with a friend,
and not once wondering
whether your blue is theirs too.
Gesturing with a skin scratch
so as to say "fuck you,"
and asking, "What's the logical
form of that?"
Looking at the myriads
of games, of pains,
wandering every which way,
realizing we never
thought to define these before—
when we had the examples,
and never needed more.
Calling out for a slab,
seeing that one word
worked, and that more
words would be a distraction.

PHILIP BOLD

Noticing that
walking over to you
requires the roughness
of the ground; that if
all were smooth as ice,
we'd get nothing done—
that our life requires
respecting the dazzling variety
of varieties under the sun.
Our elder world of words
is ancient, yet it holds,
and still it grows,
beyond those old churches
at its gilded,
weather-beaten center—
our natural history,
our mutual need;
in the beginning
was the deed.

PHILIP BOLD