

Reading Alone in a Square Room

JENIFER BROWNE LAWRENCE

And do you know the woman who lay in a rectangle of sunlight when the living room was warm as Sunday? And light flowed through the window, a radiant coffin, a milk flare, and like a cat she curled on the floor, and moved with the sun as the afternoon wore on, not so graceful as a cat but grateful, more attentive, and when the sun dropped behind the row of walnut trees, she rose from the carpet sanctified, so light-suckled and mild she was, and the veneration lasted through the evening, and for love she had the moon, lopsided as a licked calf.

