

Why does this light force me back
to my childhood? I wore a yellow
summer dress, and the skirt
made a perfect circle.

Jane Kenyon, from "Evening Sun"
in *The Boat of Quiet Hours*

Great grief and indigo darkness are the places where you learn what is real. I spent my life searching for a fairy-tale ending to ease my despair. Then one morning the world was swollen with light so bright I wanted to press it into a golden book of poems. I do not trust each shiny day but am cautiously grateful for my glimpse into the spectacular. These poems are linked by the articulated creature we know as love. They are woven from strands of hard shadow into a collection of observations of a woman no longer on her knees.