



Soaking in the Light

In the late afternoon
I move a little to my left
to a place I can see the light pouring in.

It covers me

and fills the room.

In this sea of warmth
I focus on my ability to swim,
my ability to breathe in
what surrounds
me
and realize
how it grounds me here.

In this late afternoon baptism.
I remember how to feel the day's
embrace.
I remember the beauty in the sun's
healing touch.

It's my youth I remember,
where each day lasted a lifetime
and the best were spent breaking a sweat,
soaking in the light.

JM
Corinth, VT



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