

Near Enough

Occasional deer, wild turkeys,

rabbits or high winds will light

a bulb I've mounted in the yard

to startle flowerbed intruders.

Any sound or presence will ignite

what's always itching to illuminate.

Often at midnight it glows

and tints my neighbor's yard

and half of mine with noon.

Nearness turns it on- just nearness.

Tonight it makes me think

of patients surfacing from comas

after they hear the voice

of one they love.

Or lifelong

mates who have identical

thoughts while working side

by side in silence.

Or those

held dear but long since gone

becoming dearer being gone.

It all comes down to nearness.

At first, nothing.

Then, light.

Then, love.

Otherwise, the darkness.