

Changing a bulb

by [Jay Paul](#) in the [July 23, 2014](#) issue

I'm always thrown by how fast the ceiling  
comes to meet me. To step toward it  
is to cross a bifocal line in my balance.

And then to loosen a darkened little one  
and cradle it into the last semblance  
of warmth. It's like violating a nest.

Remember the calls of morning after the dusk  
we sawed the low branches off the cedar,  
the unfledged cardinals still alive on the ground?

So I step listening toward the suddenness  
of flight; this time at least with no choice  
but to be there when the light is born.