



*A Balance from which to Swing*¹

Those impressionists understood,
it's not the detail in a face, but the light
and how it captures a gesture—
like the glimpse of my daughter
through the window— a chance look
of her throwing up her arms
to salute the early morning sun—

the red arms of the rocking chair
open to the new day, reach out as if to clap
—as two other red arms for the back

thrust upwards as if to join my daughter
to salute, not just the sun, but her.

You can see the reflection
of her blue shirt on the shiny green
paint of the porch table...
But that's only if you look carefully...
and feel the glistening of this moment,
how it shines—

how it is so full with embrace.

¹ from Elinor McQuilken, *Momentum*: I have reached a balance in my life
From which to swing. Suspended
From a tranquil bar, I pendulum
Not far, for sure,
The ark is circumscribed, the ends move-in,
But I can watch my shadow growing
and it takes far less to keep me going.