

Shine

The breaker popped again this morning, so I go out in my pajamas and Steve's ugly down jacket to snap it back, and because of this I see the curly willow catch a basinful of gold in its spring leaves. The new house they put up next door mostly blocks the sunrise, but today the sun's angle slips that barrier and the tree becomes a transparent chalice of light, if only for a few moments. I remember spring mornings after I fed my horse when I stood on the hillside behind our house and caught the sunrise with my body. An enormous glow surrounded my shadow in a blaze I thought meant I was special. My dog Heidi ran through the sparkle, tongue lolling, yellow fur wet with dew, chasing down morning and the jackrabbits. I'm not sure why it happened, that huge and sparkling ball of light on a green hill, dancing and shimmering around me like some enormous body-halo, but I miss it now: the surety I could shed myself and be subsumed into shine.