

Studio

Light fell in by way of two windows
tall enough to stand in.
The green hills of Auvillar
slanted back from the wall.
Magpies and butterflies
were artwork on the wing.
A dog barked, a rooster crowed.

By evening,
she had got from her brain
what it had to give.
Each morning she began again.

We live a mysterious life
in a mysterious setting
on the outskirts of the Milky Way,
and the light from two windows
is enough to clarify
the limits of clarity.

-Kelly Cherry