looking glass

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol19/iss2/8
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With just a narrow beam of light,
so late upon a starry night, I walk
along a wooded path where leaves drip down
a dewy bath upon me.

There, right beyond the final bend
where woods and path conspire to end, emerges
sacred Vesper Rock, totem pole, weathered dock, and
Spirits of the soul.

Extending to a distant line
of hardwood trees and needly pine,
as flat and clear as polished steel — a lake
so calm that I can feel its presence, greater
than my own.

Suspended white with solemn grace
across the black of heaven’s face, infinities
of nameless stars and distances
beyond all fars that I
can comprehend.

And then, a miracle appears
not seen before in all the years
that I have stood along a shore and pondered
what a star is for
on nights like this.

Upon the surface of the deep, in memory
for me to keep,
descending from the boldest light
to touch the waters of the night
the image of a

Star.