

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.