

The Messenger

Volume 1994
Issue 1 *The Messenger, Spring 1994*

Article 14

Spring 1994

New Light

Kieran Cavanna

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Cavanna, Kieran (1994) "New Light," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1994: Iss. 1, Article 14.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1994/iss1/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

New Light

I awoke with the sun
To see your face not far away,
Peaceably breathing and still dreaming,
Bright night still lingers in you.
The breeze off the lake sends a chorus
Through the trees and the chimes of our porch,
Long tones echo inside and out.
Our home, not hours before stood glowless,
Dark night here to there wrapped all,
Layered in moontide's clean cold light.
Glow gone time waned when the first risings
Let fly against the walls of honey colored wood,
Warming like a fire near damp logs, steaming.
Imagining the blue eyes beneath your lids,
I followed the lines of blonde hair
Falling across your face, ending in disarray.
There are some that at moments of reverie
Awaken from the dream state in a rush for pencil,
Wishing to profess what explodes in their heart.
But I wish nothing.
Nothing save to never move again.
To let the muck and tumble spin on without me,
To let the moment linger on and on,
To stay locked together and not regret
Watching time's flow from a honey wood window
And never read another's words again.

Kieran Cavanna, '94

Winner of the Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize