

Fall

Joanna Hughes

So much, I know, is unintended
even on the good days,
but the moment
light presses through water
to lay itself in wavering hexagons
over a surface
and someone captures it
in just one corner of a photograph,
or it's there in paint on a canvas
or in the dream where I fall
again and again from a high window
into a sunlit pool,
I'll call that lucky, take it
whenever it happens.