

From *A Little Book of Light History* by Christopher Tozier

The Dories, Ogunquit, Hopper 1914

In the harbor after the storm,
the dories turn
toward the exhausted wind.

The mind wants to see blue
water licking,
licking the dories
but it is black
and deep
the winter cold at its heart
the wrack and glass of its heart.

The heart wants to see blue
water begging
forgiveness of the dories,
their men offshore,
their radios blown,
rumors and the lost heaping onto the rocks.

The spirit, oh the spirit
always sees blue
as though a lamp lay inextinguishable
at the crux of the depths
and its bright eye reflects
into the sky and the dories
sing in its light,
bumping and straining and creaking
turning, always turning toward something new.

There is nothing forbidding you
from raising your arms over the sea
and singing too.