

Poetry Porch: Poetry

My mother taught me

By Miriam O'Neal

to want to be the sunlight
 in the bucket
when it's dropped
 into the well,
to come up brimming,
 welcoming
both the water and the dark,
 to remember that
even when the eye shuts,
 closing out the world
it is filled with light

Maybe I have been
too long in the company of words
or too silent in the company of rain

too lost to finch song. All I know
is the space between us needs
widening—there is too much here here

not enough there
not enough when or
sheltering shadow—

or maybe rain-splashed glass
is all we need
to see us through