

## LIGHT

## I

Insects in season riot in the streets  
Roughhouse in the roads, zig-zag madly  
Towards the doom of streetlight heat,  
Or become lean diets for lunatic bats.

The ravenous hounds, in full appetite,  
Sniff at hydrants; the unsplayed cats  
Solicit in doorways, primed by owl-light  
To lurk among shadows, to hustle lust.

## II

Within more civilized, intimate suites,  
Perfumed perhaps by hot-house flowers,  
Moonlight drums on pillows and sheets  
And heads. It summons the blood again.

Some begin in shyness and just plain  
Talk; others must rhapsodize on the  
Infinite mysteries of flesh and bone  
Indigenous to selves lost in others.

Some come on with forget-me-nots,  
Or stiff as tulips, or hot as roses;  
Some with the understanding of insects,  
Back-alley tigers, prehensile brutes.

## III

And yet, the genesis beyond any moon,  
Beyond the space of planets and stars,  
Past wind and sea, the sky and the sun,  
Transcending all that is living or dead;

The genius divining the difference between  
Pure human love and primitive lust:  
The one sacred; the other, profane;  
The quintessence past all things finite

Like creatures, flowers, what poems contend:  
Is the alpha that is and has been forever,  
Is the light of that sphere without any end,  
The light that enlightens all but itself.

— *Gus Pelletier*