

BRUCE MCRAE  
**RADIANCE**

A painterly light petting the nondescript,  
high, wide, and handsome, a treasure found  
in the eye's corner, under a leaf or behind a corn ear.  
A new light bruising molecules and brickwork, in tandem  
with the iris, the retinal glance, and ocular realizations.

Light, and its code of colours and conduct.  
Illumination in the thrall of frequency.  
I want to look and to look away. To shout and to whisper.  
I'm snared between radiance and apparition,  
a fly in its brilliant web, a flaw in its brushstroke.

Light is the engine that powers the wind, pan-global,  
voiceless, unstoppable, a thing to be mimicked in a flare.  
Light pulls back the blankets, revealing our deepest sleep.  
It shows us who we are and what's gone missing.  
Too little and we're purblind.  
Too much and we squint in the sun's awful glare.