

The Light at 722 Tenth Avenue

On those rare summer afternoons in the Richmond District
When the fog is held at bay
The light pours in through the big window from the west
Light that reflects off the wood and the glass
And off of the colored spines of hardbound books
Lining the shelves next to the fireplace

Light that finds its way to the darkness of the dining room
And glistens off the facets of the chandelier
And the crystal goblets
And the ivory keys of the piano

At Christmastime, light comes from within the house
From tiny bulbs on the tree
From candles
From the large crackling fire
Casting shadows and yellow hues on the walls and ceiling

Light comes from songs, and food, and drink
And long conversations about family, philosophy, faith, and fear
And about other things that make us who we are

And friends
The light comes especially from friends
Friends who visit, friends who stay, and friends who say good-bye
Heading out the door with a smile
Into that lingering western sun