

## Sharon Fawcett / EASTER SUNDAY

*ta'wil* in *agnosia*

let the light circulate, aerate  
the ecstasy

“It is my life itself that is surprised”  
Paul Valery said  
after he had eaten of the fruit

No one sees afterwards.  
The light itself circulates  
among men and women

given to worship  
out-of-bounds  
seeing force in the waves & particles  
unbounded

see where it ends  
the land sinks like a lamp  
at daybreak

the moth drops to the kitchen table  
exhausted

a sleepy head drops to the pages  
drools and dreams so that  
words stain the mouth

outside      the great tree      tangled  
spaces fill with blue

dream, dream

little sinner, beloved one  
nothing  
is all you know