



Become Light

After visiting the art gallery on my day off work
I am in awe
of how electricity curls out from hung art works

and travels through the plug sockets of our eyeballs
into our bodies,
until our ribs glow like streetlamps.

And I realise people are like art,
buildings and bodies will bend their boastful bones
towards them to receive the light they carry.

And I realise I want to be that kind of light,
the kind others stretch out the matchstick
of their fingers towards

and can borrow
a curl of flame
to keep them warm.

This neighbourhood has the spirit
of a college cheerleader and a pleasant prophet
the way it offers me new ways to access purpose.

And I am reminded that day will come,
when the building I am in will become
a glow stick,

planes passing by
will mistake me for a rocket
and make space.

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