

Old Low Light #2

Kathryn Williams

In a room banging on about the world in words
There's an old low light it flicks on and off
Like our opinions
Three hours without a word
Then you stroke my arm
There's an old low light in me
And it switches on

It's not visible to anyone but our love lives
There- I can feel it glimmer
It's slow and quiet and stares out at years
And it makes me love you more
More, more, more, more

In a different city bed in my sister's house
There's an old low light it keeps me awake
Without the shape of you
Track four on a CD you made for me
There's a note like light and it changes the air
And it makes me love you more
More, more, more, more, more

It's not visible to anyone but our love lives
There- I can feel it glimmer
It's slow and quiet and stares out at years