

What the Sunlight Can Be

by Hannah Siden

I stand shaky in a square of light
Thrown from the window onto the carpet

And a band strikes up, violins swell,
Clara breaks into song:
The light, the light in the piazza

On stage, in Italy,
Soaring out this window by my bed
All I see are miracles

Shakier steps into the hallway
My cat weaves around my legs
And howls through a chorus

We sing to the sunlight
To Broadway lights beaming
From the mirror in the bathroom

To not caring whether my training
Was for an audience ovation or simply
To mark standing upright on my own two feet

To hearing my voice arrive
In a stilted whisper rather than a belt
And still thinking:

There are so many things about joy
That I had not noticed until now

