

# Light Touches

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**KELSEY ANDREWS**

The sun coming through the window is washed by last night's storm. Light must be washed to be at its best, and rain washes it, even when it rains at night. This light is clean and hung to dry in the wind.

The sun touches each of the leaves of the chestnut out the window individually, because it always has time for everyone, whether it be to bless or to burn.

The sun casts its negative on the grass, making a tree out of shade, flat as though it too has been hung to dry. It is called shade as though there is no light there, but that is not true. Even the deepest shade is blessed by the light; one must wait until night to be blessed by the dark.

My mother sits in the shade of the porch and calls her sister. The light of the shade touches her, even in the secret places under her arms, between her legs.

This morning I slept in, and she put the butter and honey on my toast for me. Honey is light decanted and made sweet and slow, the only light you can eat. It is dark as night inside you, and honey is the only light that reaches into those occluded spaces.

But perhaps there is a pink glow all along the inside of the skin, the same as when you're a child in the outhouse and cup your hands over the flashlight. The fingers glow more on the edges, are dusky over bones. A pink that shocks, because of the small blood vessels, as your mother tells you, slightly apologetically, when you ask her. This is why pigs are pink. It is the first time you think of your flesh as meat, and you are not sure you like it.

But maybe that dusky pink glow lies under your skin all day, light persisting, as it does.