

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Look for the Light

by Saffron Swansborough

I am the light  
That creeps under the door  
Gold leaf brushing  
Up from your soles  
To the back of that cavern  
You call your mind

I am the sunrise  
Breaking behind the jagged rough bark  
That is your core  
And above your fields of lead  
The nodding gas lamp glow

I am the chink between the bootstraps  
That you tie on  
To kick the living daylights  
Out of yourself  
On days like these

I am the light in your cathedral  
Fractured, but coming back together  
I turn stone into Arabian sand  
Prayer candles  
Igniting one from the other

I am the sparkle on the coal dust  
Pearlescence in the mist

And when the dwarfed pygmies  
Are stamping on your gut  
And your pleasure senses  
Are stymied, cureless  
When it's a struggle  
To lay one thought in front of the other  
(The crazy paving days,  
but without the instructions)  
When Happiness is  
A fragile peace in  
Your own civil war

Let me in  
And I will let you out

You  
are the wick.  
My flame  
is you.