

Eleanor Hardy

Bright, Pale Yellow

Our house is in darkness.
I shut my eyes, but
my eyelids are glowing with

bright, pale yellow,
the kind that shines through your
skin in the sunshine.

I press my eyelids from
out of the darkness,
watch the brightness

squirm, then smile, then
strike with white branches in a
flash of white lights against

bright, pale yellow,
the same branches that
during the days are

bloodshot.

How can you sleep in this
blinding light?

How could you
bear to

close your eyes,

how could you

fall

asleep?