

A N G E L A L E I G H T O N

Skylight

Something early hesitates out there,
squares up, shows the roof's weak place.
A thin skin of glass lets in
visible greyness, 4 a.m.,

insists like anything, comes close up
against the guarded dark I slept in,
wins a desk back, table, chairs
from where they went, yet still reserves

something secret as it comes,
formally, in time, to light—
dawning squarely like small sums:
a room, a date, a sheet of daylight.