

JONATHAN GREENHAUSE

## OUR FEASTS OF LUMINOSITY

When I was a newborn, my parents bathed me in light, Edison bulbs  
filling the tub with plugged-in filaments. Extension cords  
were tangled like serpents, shadows falling prey  
to forked tongues of brightness. My pale skin fed on luminosity,  
developed an affinity for metal ring-bands  
and opaque spheres easing into tubular dimensions,  
my heavy eyelids insufficient to ward off light.

My open palms possessed  
a mass of darkness, a momentary reprieve  
from this harvest of fallen stars;

or at least, that's the way

my parents recall it, how the day I was born, they swear a searing sun  
unfurled inside them, the implausible delivery  
of so much love fitting  
in such a diminutive package. It smacked of exaggeration,  
but I soaked in their hyperboles, tapped into them  
when my existence seemed  
less than necessary. For decades on end, I showered in darkness,  
lights shut off intentionally as if battling against  
the tale of my brilliant infancy.

When my own child was born,  
my eclipse unwound, dotting the sky with stars, my face  
aglow with sunlight emanating from every pore;

or at least,

that's what I whisper to my incandescent son  
once we're done bathing him by the shine of this vagabond moon.