

K. E. MORASH

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S WIFE

After Mark Waldron

On occasion, when the mood takes her,
as it sometimes does, she will put down

her broom, peel off her rubber gloves,
and ascend to the sweeping beam

for no reason at all, but to feel the tight
sinews at the back of her calves,

her ankles unsteady and breath shallow
as she surveys the metal helix curling

up to the all-seeing eye. Her husband
naps. When she reaches the top vibrations

take over her body and she hums in unison,
a perfect B flat. Her clitoris flares.

Although dizzy, arches pressed to the floor
she leans out to see the waves

as foam on her tea, cliffs as skin cracks
cities as pileups of mitochondria.

She waves her red flag and no one comes
but they all blink in the light. Mouths

gaping open to receive the jelly of salvation
as the beam cuts them from the darkness

momentarily, but they do not want
her spoon. A ship sails

in the wrong direction, away from
the beckoning curve of her biceps.

She climbs the rotating glass, blinded, spread-
eagled, shackled to the light.

Her body casts out a silhouette beacon:
the rocks are not where you think they are.