Eva Hooker

## THIS IS A MELTING HEART

Its mouth caught wide—the sun drops through branches flat lit,

swallows itself in perpendicular light,

enters the trees and slows-

I am like the candle, panicked by the smallest breath

Clouds break, a sentence whose ending we have not yet come to-

like that middling kind of heart

(not so perfect as to be given, but that the giving mends

them): (not so desperate as not to be accepted, but that the very accepting dignifies them)

The rainbow moves in double, wide-legged red that burns our eyes

Purity of color depends on the size of tears

Grief is a kind of eating

Of sufficiency

(O pouringforth) (O pouring-forth):

none shall see

you except as you

will: sleight of

hand, then rain

"I am like the candle," Edmond Jabes, *Book of Questions*, p. 149 "This is a melting heart," John Donne, *Devotions*, Station 11