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**No light, just...**  
Kathleen McGookey

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**Kathleen McGookey**

No light, just a sense of satisfaction, something sweet on the tongue. I haven't told enough but don't know every story, only the story of lake and field, high and clear and away, sense enough to stay out of the woods. Here I am, singing in one hour wrung from a bloody clock, a timeless day, a day so empty it leaves me breath-less. But all that luxury silently adds up and someone must pay for the single swan on the lake, though the lake itself is gone. There will be light and time enough to hope, still my soul and the dog in the yard. A single swan in water the color of sky, gray, and the light gone, but the sky streaked with roses. It isn't dark and the dog's in the yard. Our lake is solid gray but not yet frozen, holding all my dogs and fears and letters home. It is too quiet here for such fierce love, but begin the story again, how they met in a museum and then he cooked her dinner. How did she have courage? Or were they standing in a crowd watching street musicians, a juggler, and he offered to take her picture? Were they both far from home? I'd rather not know, rather con-tinue the afternoon as though I owed thanks, go on inside my own happiness. No one has written that story about me, but someone keeps an envelope of my hair in his sock drawer, as I keep the lake's strength to myself, the doves and dogs and rain.