

LINDA CHRISTENSEN

Standing, 2012
Oil on Canvas, 60 x 48 in



courtesy: the artist

LINDA MCCARRISTON

Light

Rain. I light a fire. The mares were shivering in the pasture. You never entered my house that you didn't leave it warmer. You'd laugh at my struggle to get flames rising toward the stack, then just touch the firebox and make fire. I wish that fire weren't red. I wish it didn't flicker on the wall, red-orange, living as the hair on her head. I wish it didn't feel this close to good to write this. I wish it didn't feel like where I was trying to get to with you, where you two live together now, in that dancing real light. I think I was born for poems. I wish I'd been born for love.

Linda McCarriston is the author of three books of poetry, including *Eva-Mary*, winner of the Terrence Des Pres Prize and short-listed for the National Book Award in Poetry. Her poems have appeared in *The Atlantic*, *Poetry*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Ohio Review*, *Georgia Review*, *Ploughshares*, and *Prairie Schooner*. She teaches in the low-residency MFA program in creative writing at the University of Alaska Anchorage.