

Magic Hour

David Holper



Not so much the weight of another gray day, waking
in pain, but years ago, getting ready

for a party, waiting
for the guests: the light

paused a moment, masking
the world in gold, catching

in the leaves of the bays and the valley oaks
on the hill above the house, catching

in my throat as I witnessed alchemy. I was neither
boy nor man yet, and lacking root,

I stood uncertainly in the glass doorway
between home and another place,

a locale not quite unfamiliar, not quite
day or night, but this place between, a beckoning,

gilding the air. I called
a friend to explain, but even as the words tarnished

my mouth, it was a wash. There was no illuminating
such a miracle. At best, all I could do was stand uninvited

before the buttery light, raise my hands, and witness
between my fingers how even the dust turned to gold.

