

Wesley Sexton

*unlikely circumstance*



The windows are gathering plenty  
of late-afternoon light, and

the blinds are chopping the happy  
light into

long,  
thin  
rect-  
angles  
which

are dancing with the brown shadows  
already on my floor; and

somehow that same late-afternoon light has made  
a beautiful tri-colored spread appear

on the corner of my ceiling;  
and just above my head a thin cobweb

looks like it's sparkling and  
hiding behind the fuzzy, late-afternoon light

that is walking in through my  
window;

I have spent years in  
this room without seeing it like this

and you can be sure—it won't  
look quite this way ever again.

