

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Light, falling like oranges

By D. S. Maolalai

light, falling like oranges
out of overturned boxes
off the back of a truck
in the morning. light
upon pavement
from newsagent night-
time, painting the street
with a wet and red tongue.
I am walking the dog
and the world makes a picture
in angles of tone against
shadow: black edges,
this store as a core
and a focus: activity, deep
as some slime giving life
to a seashell. and more
Edward Hopper
than Thomas
Kinkade. and a man,
the same moment,
crossing the street
and pulling a broken-
framed bicycle.
traffic stopped,
watching him,
headlights over knees
until he passes
from street into spar-shone
light also, past me
and looking briefly
at the dog.
It's a wonderful

thing, this evening of various
details. this man
passing in and out
of shadow. light falling
like oranges, bruising our ankles
and both our legs.
nobody noticing
the flow of free
citrus. nobody
picking them up.