



## That Honey Light

the sound of slow jazz on a crisp afternoon  
an empty reading room beside an amber glow  
the radiant light seeping through the window  
a hot blanket of sun soothing you into oblivion  
the golden specks sparkling in your warm eyes  
a trembling half-light tangled in the chilly air  
the lucid dreaming melting into waxing nightfall  
a sun-induced trance that sends you to sleep

By Sarah Cupitt