

Poetry

CAPE COD LIGHTHOUSE BY EDWARD HOPPER

(light
to
stone)

by
Mark Burgh

I came to admire Hopper later,
after the cancers and miscarriages
had scored my geology like
a drip of water.

I came to admire Hopper later,
when I saw how he turned
light to stone, to a

solemn weight pressing.
I came to admire Hopper later,

on mornings when sunlight
accused white walls and
plaster of insubstantiality.

My geology understood the grave
weight; my scores were
sure and deep to suck in
such light as Hopper painted.

In Cape Cod Lighthouse, Hopper
weighed how beautiful and mean
light is, how the darkened eye
of the lighthouse blindly stares
out to sea, perched on stones,
a weight of light, terrible
for its brilliance; who paints blind
eye to bright eye who does not
understand how his own geology is scored?

I came to admire Hopper, later.

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