

## **GIVER OF LIGHT**

**By Beth Noonan-Roberts**

I lived so many years without knowing that I was a paper lantern.  
A lighthouse.  
That candles burned in me.  
That a string of fairy lights buzz where my stomach should be.

I only know because you told me.  
You walked right up to me and climbed in through my left rib:

*Why is the door wide open? It's freezin' you cussed,  
AND all the lights! you fussed more,  
You've got the whole place BLAZING!  
Saw your beacon from two miles away,  
Saw it from across the whole earth.*

Until then I had never known that I was a giver of light