MAP LIGHT

The Kosta Boda glass votive glows orange-red, a half-orb of ruddy, weighted brilliance thickly translucent with overlapping swirls like wildly skewed orbits of subatomic particles: a radiant cradle gleaming as from a distant star.

Memory navigates by its refracted incandescence.

Unmoored, I troll to a northern childhood port, where a winner-takes-all game of marbles—those seductively curved cat’s-eyes the winking dwarf planets of youthful dare—marked the shining outer limits of intentional risk.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR
The poetry of Connie Ralston ’70 has been anthologized and published in various magazines and journals. For many years, she facilitated the poetry group of the Writers’ Group of the Triad in Greensboro, North Carolina.