

The New Criterion

Poems

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Weighing light

by [Geoffrey Brock](#)

Often the slightest gesture is most telling,
as when he reaches tenderly in passing
to pluck the yellow leaf from the dark fall

of her hair, or even the absence of all gesture:
the way she doesn't need to turn to know
who, in this gathering of friends, has touched her.

It was as if he dreamed some private garden.
Perhaps he woke from it, mid-reach, to find
his hand too near her hair in this crowded yard,

and maybe even now she's shuttering in
(she's even better than you or I at that)
a storm of worry and recrimination—

did anyone notice? how could he do that here!—
by seamlessly continuing to tell you
about her trip to see her favorite Vermeer

this morning in the Delft show at the Met:
“So now they say she isn't weighing pearls
or gold or anything—it's just the light

glea ...

Geoffrey Brock is the author *Weighing Light* and the translator of several books from the Italian.

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