

Jeff Hardin

Waking in a Room of Books

I've always known that, someday, I would know
a light pouring through every windowpane;
and here I am, propped up in bed, redeemed
by sight to see again what's grown familiar,
having happened just this once, for always,
a *deja vu* of faith made manifest
so that I look again to look again
at light that formed me forming what I see.

It rises out of everything—the floor;
the windowsills; the table's rounded edge;
the camera lens, askew, turned toward the wall.
And from the ridges of the author's names
well-placed. The dust along the spines. The space
between the dust—and what's inside of that.