

SPIRAL COMPACT FLUORESCENT

In Jamaica every light spiraled
from its socket the twist like soft

ice cream the glow bare and dim
concrete-diffused and when

we climbed the ridge to your family
home soon to be sold Kingston's orange

gold spread down the slopes clustered
in bright nuclei thin for stretches

thin up the hills where the trees choke
and cloak like we cloak an embrace

a kiss on the black veranda two
shadows come together to block

the light to unravel like a pear skin
wrapped tight around a coiled bulb

Copyright © 2010 by Matthew Hittinger.
All rights reserved.

Published in the Featured Poet/Winter 2010 Issue of [*Blue Fifth Review*](#).