

Rosann Kozlowski

Saints in Stained Glass

His hands bless the same
woman since the sixteenth century.
For hundreds of lives I look
at the hue. Today the azure

fashions my arm into linden
leaves. When the sun strikes,
my chest bears a kaleidoscope.
I'm all color and prompt.

One breast holds sovereign,
the other snow; my heart is
a study in intaglio, fire
grips my knees; my ribs

raise winter's indigo. If I breathe,
the seasons flare to the rafters.
I'm fired and dazzling:
what have I done with my life?