

The poem **Shape of Light** was written on the 15th anniversary of my mother's death, recorded in a silo at VCCA

before I was born, my mother swam alongside fish
before the Yucatan had much electricity,
before the reefs were killed by overuse

when I was a teen, I got contact lenses,
and could now see this fluid world of color and pattern
appear as parrot and angel fish, ray, and barracuda.

we snorkeled together she, I and the sea, until shortly before her death.

from her, I learned that spirit is in these watery blues and greens,
in the motion of waves as they covered our feet
as we found treasure in their wake.

I was born a fish
with the horns of a ram

in the year of the cocoon
house, home, body, and bone
became one

each house a color
each body a tone

what is the color of being caught?
what is the color of release?

in the year of the cocoon
house, home, body, and bone
are one

each house a color
each body a tone

in the blue house
is an aquatic embrace
between slippery sea
and wet sky

in the gloaming, in the bluing of the day
cobalt swallows all color from light
in its act of transgression

When the froth of day, or its jaggedness
ruptures sleep
breathe contours of blue to blur,
if just for a moment, into spaciousness.

I dream in sapphire blue
deep enough to bathe the stars.

in the year of the cocoon
house, home, body and bone
became one

each house a color
each body a tone

what is the color of being caught?
what is the color of release?

The answers are sewn into the porousness of our skin.

Shape of Light
an immersive video installation by Suzy Sureck
Music: Parachute Blue by Andrea Clearfield
VCCA, Amherst VA 2021