**A Painting of a Lighthouse**

Kit Willett

And, in it, a smiling, waving man. I look   
around the deserted gallery before I touch   
the oil. It feels like smoke, and I fall through.

Life in the lighthouse is as I expected: the man   
looks after me. The weather is unchanging,   
and we have fresh-caught salmon for lunch   
and dinner when we have it, canned lentils

on other days. I develop a love for turtlenecks.   
We marry and I read nautical poetry aloud   
at the top of the lighthouse every night.

My husband comes home from town   
with an oil painting and hangs it   
in our lounge before leaving to fish.   
It is a painting of an art gallery.

And, in it, a smiling waving woman.   
I look around our lounge before I reach   
out, desperate for that life.