**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.