

MEGAN PINTO

## Chiaroscuro after Caravaggio's Paul

I try and go back to the bottom  
of the placid blue lake, or maybe  
the storm's calm eye. This is how I bargain  
for your love in my mind, like a child.

On this sidewalk in Miami, like a sidewalk  
in New York, I could be anyone. I walk  
toward the boardwalk and the coming of night.  
Am I the void? Or the spirit that fills it?  
When Paul fell, a horse was poised,  
about to trample his head. My teacher  
said those who convert before death  
receive less prominence in the Kingdom of Heaven

but we don't get much time. Could God  
be this moment, between the lurch  
and the stammer of my mind?  
If I were a painting, the light  
would be sensuous. I would tell you something  
about the way your hands still linger  
over my body. Look how I close my eyes.