

Domestic Interior
Eavan Boland
for Kevin

The woman is as round
As the new ring
Ambering her finger.
The mirror weds her.
She has long since been bedded.

There is a glow
About it all.
A quiet search for attention
Like the unexpected shine
Of a despised utensil.

The old oils,
The varnishes,
The cracked light,
The worm of permanence -
All of them supplied by Van Eyck

By whose edict she will stay
Burnished, fertile,
On her wedding day,
Interred in her joy.
Love, turn:

The convex of your eye
That is so loving, bright
And constant yet shows
Only this woman in her varnishes
Who won't improve in the light.

But there's a way of life
That is its own witness:
Put the kettle on, shut the blind.
Home is a sleeping child,
An open mind

And our effects,
Shrugged and settled
In the sort of light
Jugs and kettles
Grow important by.