

The Shape Delight Takes

Delight does not announce itself.

It does not knock
or ask if you are ready.

It arrives
in the middle of something else.

A shaft of sunlight
across the kitchen floor.
A child laughing
in the next room.

The first bite
of something you loved
before you knew
you loved it.

A song you haven't heard
in twenty years
and somehow
you know every word.

We think joy is supposed
to be large.

Something worth celebrating.
Something worth photographing.
Something that makes us
throw our arms into the air
and say,

Look.

But delight is smaller than that.

It is the moment
you notice.

The bird
standing impossibly
on the telephone wire.

The dog
chasing its own shadow.

The smell of rain
before the rain arrives.

Someone you love
saying something
in exactly the voice
you remember.

And for a moment
you are not thinking
about yesterday
or tomorrow.

You are simply there.

Here.

Alive.

Maybe that is why
delight can feel
almost dangerous
after loss.

Because it asks nothing
of the past.
It does not replace
what was lost.
It does not make
anything right.

It simply says,

Look.

This too
is happening.

And sometimes
that is enough.
A laugh comes back.

A hand reaches
for another hand.

The sun stays
a little longer
on the wall.

You taste something
sweet.

And for one brief moment
you forget
that you are supposed
to be carrying anything.

Then you remember.

But something has changed.

Because delight
does not ask you
to put the grief down.

It sits beside it.

The two can exist
in the same body.

The heart can break
and still be astonished.

It can miss someone
and still laugh.

It can remember
what is gone
and still notice
what is here.

Maybe this is another
shape love takes.

Not the ache
of remembering.

Not the weight
of carrying.

But the sudden,
unexpected recognition
that the world
is still capable
of giving something back.

A moment.

A colour.

A sound.

A face.

A little piece
of ordinary life
that catches you
completely unprepared.

And you smile.

Not because
you have forgotten.

But because
for a moment

you have remembered
that you are alive.

~ Tim Hogue

