

The Light Song

Oh life!
How light is this day
Silver schist and cracked opal
Poured diamond prism of shining cool
The brook spilled up for us
Sweet and ice, platinum and glass
Solved in chill, prised air
Pouring upward
...soon near
Our nest of starlight
So tenderly drawn
Before heaven.

Oh life!
How hollow and bright is time
Her tender seconds dripping as dew gathers
Each blade of grass an emerald point
Teasing the air, soon shedding
Her thick drops of glass fresh wept
From thick air gathered too sweet
To but squander and give.

Oh life!
How cool is her brow of drift and snow
The newest dawn teases her to warmth
And bathes her drifting folds in new amber
Her heart but trembling, rolling and white beneath
Before the sight of beginnings unknown
A prayer unspoken
New, chill and pure.

Oh life!
How I treasure your bounty
And fill my breast to drink of this day
Light poured over and through
My weary beating spirit
Now blessed, anointed and willing
To begin yet again
Unknowing of weight
Cast bright before you
As you am I
A clear pearl melted into light
Opal and diamond flowing round the lip
Of heaven's curve

Above and rising...poured up
To find you.

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