

LUX IN TENEBRIS

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Floating lilies, in streams adrift,
Cast their pale contrast in these
Tenebrous depths teeming the subterranean
Havens; and the seeker of the Lord
Finds a haven for himself
In the ray of life that outlines
The rough-hewn cast of these lifeless images.

Banks of bottle green in the darkening sky
Amidst the shadowy repose of the surrounding groves,
Wreaths of fireflies now start their way, winding
Up and down, tunneling visions in the dark.
And when the moon starts to peek through
The ballooning clouds against the leaden sky
They strike up a golden chant----the chimes of hope and peace.

This month, the early signs of autumn's
Homecoming beckons one to notice the fallen leaves
Crackling under your feet; observe then the seasonal
Trend of people homecoming----the gathering in the caves
At people's doorsteps; and the people themselves, all
Gay and colourful, in new dresses and shawls, call out to
You now in their midst---for then it is that you find lux in tenebris.

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