

In this new light
silence dreams of running free again

dreams of itself as a sugar cane stalk
weeping its love in clear drops
down the tender jade shaft

and a brook pouts
wanting more sun
which is denied in palms of shadow

air performs against a fallen
form of wood
its encore is unseen

it dances nonetheless
and summons brio
to sing a high pitched note
its tongue a throttling of leaves

in this new light
beggars gain closer to the throne
their rags glint in the eyes of
children whose lesser obstruction
allows them to discern
royal robes beneath the squalor

in this new light
suffering's point begins to summarize

despair heaps against the inner walls
of the human heart

microscopic fissures spread from the
chambers out into arterial canyon walls

our dam of social delusion shows its
age against the strain

insects animals and perforated souls
sense the impending flood
and together take to the sky
in flocks of story

they meet in the meadow
between moon and sun

from that patch of dewy revelation
they sing praise and the sky
falls down in rain
where it forms a brave torrent
across our arid earth

some of us toe the water
some leap in and are carried
lost and found
in this new light.

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