

Light

Carol Leon

Whatever the night may have promised
the shrill alarm ends,
and morning beckons in silence
and shifts restless on the bed.

To be and not to wake,
the spirit in indecision suspends,
but the body insentient
arises, not knowing better yet

hands and legs move
a gravitational pull
to duties that abound
and grind you to the ground.

Loads off one
onto another.
Faces to greet.
Needs to meet.

Holding, turning, lifting, lighting,
the mind the arms and the heart
moving each in separate ways,
pulling apart.

Disarray.

But you know you have to go on,
on with familiarity.
Familiar tasks that wear you to the bone,
familiar masks that force you to don your own.

A

Light flickers small, another day unknown
but while my uncertainties quiver
the light grows and grows,
nourished by a chirping outside and all around.

And on the wall
in my hall
a painting of bluebirds mirrors the sounds
of promise and praise
of goodness and grace.

And so I push on...