

Facts of Light

There is light in the world. We are
awash in it.

Photons pouring in on any
surface
not obscured,

and even those: the dimmed
hallways, the
median
depth,

even they get
bathed in ambience
conducive to

action: to making hay,
to cutting wood, to carrying
water from where it

flows
to
where it's needed.

And where there is some light
there is surely more light,

for light
added to light
just makes more light.

And the littlest light is a

sign of the Great Light,
The Light, the
Promethean torch, the

Source of Light.

The yin yang shows us that
darkness is contained within light and
light contained in darkness.
And as a flashlight
dispels the gloom from dingy corners: behind shelves,
beneath tables,

or even yes,
within fears.

As a single electric shaft of
glowing tungsten filament

illuminates the
cobwebs, causes little
critters to scurry, to the
comfort of new shadows,

so too do we dispel the
dangers of our hearts when we
channel electricity through the
light emitting diodes

spinning
up
and
down our
spine.

We are creatures of Light: born of
light, made of light, taught and
led by light.

And as an acorn understands
without trying to

how to change from seed to
sprout, to
sapling, to
young tree,

and finally:

to lush towering verdant giant:
providing shade,
supporting life,
moving
water.

Chewing nutrients for other life to
chew and eating all the free
brilliance
pouring down from the
sky,

so too we know,
without trying to,
how to

move,
direct, and
generate light.

The secret basements where dark
things hide are vulnerable to quick
flashes of comprehension: the
ah ha moment, moment of
satori:

the moment when the first burnt orange glimmerings
emerge
above the curved meridian that
separates
what can be seen from
what cannot –

suspicion of daylight
breaking onto
night, like

waves
tumbling foam
on the liminal mounts of always wet,
degrees of
soaked land.

At the end of the day,
even as daylight gives itself over to the
night:

even then,
it's all just light.